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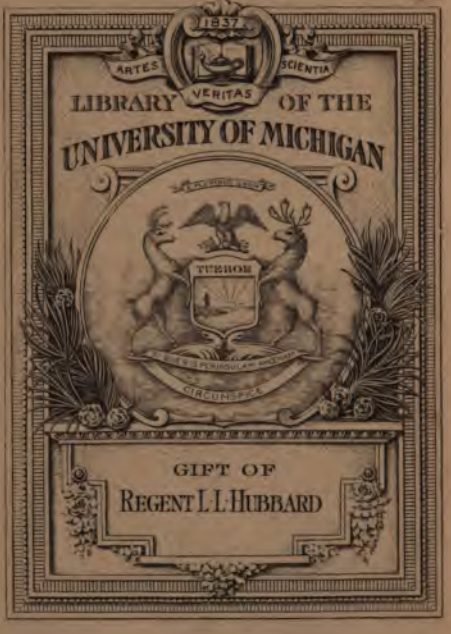

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WORKS

OF

Dr JONATHAN SWIFT

Dean of St Patrick's, Dublin.

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MEMOIRS of the extraordinary Life, Works, and Diſcoveries of MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

INTRODUCTION to the READER.

IN the reign of Queen ANNE, (which, notwithſtanding thoſe happy times which ſucceeded, every Engliſhman may remember) thou mayſt poſſibly, gentle reader, have ſeen a certain venerable perſon who frequented the outſide of the palace of St. James's, and who, by the gravity of his deportment and habit, was generally taken for a decayed gentleman of Spain. His ſtature was tall, his viſage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black and even, his eyes hollow yet piercing, his noſe inclined to aquiline, his beard neglected and mixed with grey. All this contributed to ſpread a ſolemn melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more ſilent, Pyrrho more motionleſs, nor Zeno more auſtere. His wig was as black and ſmooth as the plumes of a raven, and hung as ſtrait as the hair of a river-god riſing from the water. His cloak ſo completely covered his whole perſon, that whether or no he had any other cloaths (much leſs any linen) under it, I ſhall not ſay; but his ſword appeared a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was ſo ſtiff, that it ſeemed grown to his thigh. His whole figure was ſo utterly unlike any thing of this world, that it was not natural for any man to aſk him a queſtion without bleſſing himſelf firſt. Thoſe who never ſaw a *Jeſuite*, took him for one, and others believed him ſome *High-Prieſt of the Jews*.

But under this macerated form was concealed a mind replete with ſcience, burning with a zeal of benefiting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honeſt conſcious pride, mixed with a ſcorn of doing, or ſuffering, the leaſt thing beneath the dignity of a philoſopher. Accordingly he had a ſoul that would not let him accept of any offers of cha-

rity, at the ſame time that his body ſeemed but too much to require it. His lodging was in a ſmall chamber up four pair of ſtairs, where he regularly paid for what he had when he eat or drank; and he was often obſerved wholly to abſtain from both. He declined ſpeaking to any one, except the Queen, or her firſt Miniſter, to whom he attempted to make ſome applications; but his real buſineſs or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the Queen's miniſtry; who, either out of jealouſy or envy, had him ſpirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous perſon, without any regard to the known laws of the kingdom.

One day, as this gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happened that a manuſcript dropt from under his cloak, which my ſervant picked up, and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contained many moſt profound ſecrets, in an unuſual turn of reaſoning and ſtile. The firſt leaf was inſcribed with theſe words, *Codicillus, ſeu liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri.* The book was of ſo wonderful a nature, that it is incredible what a deſire I conceived that moment to be acquainted with the author, who I clearly perceived was ſome great philoſopher in diſguiſe. I ſeveral times endeavoured to ſpeak to him, which he as often induſtriouſly avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he ſtood under the Piazza by the dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him in the Latin tongue, that his manuſcript was fallen into my hands; and ſaying this, I preſented it to him, with great encomiums on the learned author. Hereupon he took me aſide, ſurveyed me over with a fixed attention, and opening the claſps of the parchment cover, ſpoke (to my great ſurprize) in Engliſh, as follows.

"Courteous ſtranger, whoever thou art, I embrace "thee as my beſt friend; for either the ſtars and my art "are deceitful, or the deſtined time is come which is to "manifeſt Martinus Scriblerus to the world, and thou the "perſon choſen by fate for this taſk. What thou ſeeſt "in me is a body exhauſted by the labours of the mind. "I have found in Dame nature not indeed an unkind, "*but a very coy miſtreſs.* Watchful nights, anxious "*days, ſlender meals,* and endleſs labours, muſt be the "lot

" lot of all who purſue her, through her labyrinths and " mæanders. My firſt vital air I drew in this iſland (a " ſoil fruitful of philoſophers), but my complexion is be- " come aduſt, and my body arid by viſiting lands, (as " the poet has it) *alio ſub ſole calentes*. I have, " through my whole life, paſſed under ſeveral diſguiſes " and unknown names, to ſcreen my ſelf from the envy " and malice which mankind expreſs againſt thoſe who " are poſſeſſed of the *Arcanum Magnum*. But at pre- " ſent I am forced to take ſanctuary in the Britiſh court, " to avoid the revenge of a cruel Spaniard, who has " purſued me almoſt through the whole terraqueous globe. " Being, about four years ago, in the city of Madrid, in " queſt of natural knowledge, I was informed of a lady " who was marked with a pomegranate upon the inſide of " her right thigh, which bloſſomed, and, as it were, " ſeemed to ripen in the due ſeaſon. Forthwith was I " poſſeſſed with an inſatiable curioſity to view this won- " derful phænomenon. I felt the ardour of my paſſion " increaſe as the ſeaſon advanced, till, in the month of " July, I could no longer contain. I bribed her duenna, " was admitted to the bath, ſaw her undreſſed, and the " wonder diſplayed. This was ſoon after diſcovered by " the huſband, who finding ſome letters I had writ to the " duenna, containing expreſſions of a doubtful meaning, " ſuſpected me of a crime moſt alien from the purity of " my thoughts. Incontinently I left Madrid by the ad- " vice of friends; have been purſued, dogged, and " way-laid through ſeveral nations, and even now ſcarce " think myſelf ſecure within the ſacred walls of this pa- " lace. It has been my good fortune to have ſeen all " the grand phænomena of nature, excepting an earth- " quake, which I waited for in Naples three years in " vain; and now, by means of ſome Britiſh ſhip, (whoſe " colours no Spaniard dare approach *) I impatiently ex- " pect a ſafe paſſage to Jamaica, for that benefit. To " thee, my friend, whom fate has marked for my hiſto- " riographer, I leave theſe my Commentaries, and others " of my works. No more---be faithful and impartial."

* This marks the *time when* the introduction was written.

He ſoon after performed his promiſe, and left me the Commentaries, giving me alſo further lights by many conferences; when he was unfortunately ſnatched away, as I before related, by the jealouſy of the Queen's miniſtry.

Though I was thus, to my eternal grief, deprived of his converſation, he, for ſome years, continued his correſpondence, and communicated to me many of his projects for the benefit of mankind. He ſent me ſome of his writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others, ſtraggling about the world, and aſſumed by other men. The laſt time I heard from him, was on occaſion of his ſtrictures on the Dunciad: ſince when, ſeveral years being elapſed, I have reaſon to believe this excellent perſon is either dead, or carried, by his vehement thirſt of knowledge, into ſome remote, or perhaps undiſcovered region of the world. In either caſe, I think it a debt no longer to be delayed, to reveal what I know of this prodigy of ſcience, and to give the hiſtory of his life, and of his extenſive merits, to mankind; in which I dare promiſe the reader, that, whenever he begins to think any one chapter dull, the ſtile will be immediately changed in the next.

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS of MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS *.

BOOK I. CHAP. I.

Of the parentage and family of Scriblerus, how he was begot, what care was taken of him before he was born, and what prodigies attended his birth.

IN the city of Munſter in Germany, lived a grave and learned Gentleman, by profeſſion an antiquary; who, among all his invaluable curioſities, eſteemed none more highly, than a ſkin of the true Pergamenian parchment, which hung at the upper end of his hall.

* Mr. Pope, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Dr. Swift projected to write a ſatire in conjunction, *on the abuſes of human learning*; and to make it the better received, they propoſed to do it in the manner of Cervantes (the original author of this ſpecies of ſatire) under the hiſtory of ſome feigned adventures. They had obſerved thoſe *abuſes* ſtill kept their ground againſt all that the ableſt and graveſt authors could ſay to diſcredit them; they concluded therefore, the force of ridicule was wanting to quicken their diſgrace; which was here in its place, when the abuſes had been already detected by ſober reaſoning; and *truth* in no danger to ſuffer by the *premature* uſe of ſo powerful an inſtrument. But the ſeparation of Mr. Pope's friends, which ſoon after happened, with the death of one and the infirmities of the other, put a final ſtop to their project, when they had only drawn out an imperfect eſſay towards it, under the title of *The firſt book of the Memoirs of Scriblerus.*

Polite letters never loſt more than in the defeat of this ſcheme, in which, each of this illuſtrious triumvirate would have found exerciſe for his own peculiar talent; beſides conſtant employment for that they all had in common. Dr. Arbuthnot was ſkilled in every thing which related to *ſcience*; Mr. Pope was a maſter in the *fine arts*: and Dr. Swift excelled in the *knowledge of the world.* WIT they had all in equal meaſure, and this ſo large, as no age *perhaps* ever produced three men, to whom *Nature had more bountifully* beſtowed it, or *Art* brought it *to higher perfection. Warburton.*

On this was curiouſly traced the ancient pedigree of the *Scribleri*, with all their alliances and collateral relations, (among which were reckoned Albertus Magnus, Paracelſus Bombaſtus, and the famous Scaligers in old time Princes of Verona), and deduced even from the times of the Elder Pliny to Cornelius Scriblerus: for ſuch was the name of this venerable perſonage; whoſe glory it was, that, by the ſingular virtue of the women, not one had a head of a different caſt from his family.

His wife was a lady of ſingular beauty, whom not for that reaſon only he eſpouſed, but becauſe ſhe was undoubted daughter either of the great Scriverius, or of Gaſpar Barthius. It happened on a time, the ſaid Gaſpar made a viſit to Scriverius at Harlem, taking with him a comely Lady of his acquaintance, who was ſkilful in the Greek tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius became ſo enamoured, as to inebriate his friend, and be familiar with his miſtreſs. I am not ignorant of what Columeſius * affirms, that the learned Barthius was not ſo overtaken, but he perceived it; and in revenge ſuffered this unfortunate gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs. Scriblerus (the iſſue of that amour) was a living proof of the falſhood of this report. Dr. Cornelius was farther induced to his marriage, from the certain information that the aforeſaid Lady, the mother of his wife, was related to Cardan on the father's ſide, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's: beſides which, her anceſtors had been profeſſors of phyſic, aſtrology, or chemiſtry, in German univerſities, from generation to generation.

With this fair gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable union for about ten years: but this our ſober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity, and with a conſtant and frequent compliance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were yet unhappy, in that Heaven had not bleſſed them with any iſſue. This was the utmoſt grief to the good man; eſpecially conſidering what exact precautions and methods he had uſed to procure that bleſſing: for he never had cohabitation with his ſpouſe, but he pondered on the rules of the ancients, for the generation

* *Columeſius* relates this from Iſaac Voſſius, in his Opuſcul. p. 102. *Pope.*

tion of children of wit. He ordered [illegible] diet according to the preſcription of Galen, commanding [illegible] and his wife, for almoſt the whole firſt year, to feed [illegible] milk and honey *. It unfortunately befel her, when ſhe was about four months gone with child, to long for ſomewhat, which that author inveighs againſt as prejudicial to the underſtanding of the infant. This her huſband thought fit to deny her, affirming, it was better to be childleſs, than to become the parent of a fool. His wife miſcarried; but as the abortion proved only a female fœtus, he comforted himſelf, that, had it arrived to perfection, it would not have anſwered his account; his heart being wholly fixed upon the learned ſex. However he diſdained not to treaſure up the embryo in a vial, among the curioſities of his family.

HAVING diſcovered that Galen's preſcription could not determine the ſex, he forthwith betook himſelf to Ariſtotle. Accordingly he with-held the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the ſouth; this author † aſſerting, that the groſſneſs and moiſture of the ſoutherly winds occaſion the procreation of females, and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was at weſt; a wind on which that great philoſopher beſtowed the encomiums of fatner of the earth, breath of the Elyſian fields, and other glorious elogies. For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the ſemina, out of which animals are produced, are animalcula ready formed, and received in with the air ‡.

UNDER theſe regulations, his wife, to his unexpreſſible joy, grew pregnant a ſecond time; and, (what was no ſmall addition to his happineſs) he juſt then came to the poſſeſſion of a conſiderable eſtate by the death of her uncle, a wealthy Jew who reſided at London. This made it neceſſary for him to take a journey to England; nor would the care of his poſterity let him ſuffer his wife to remain behind

* Galen. Lib. de Cibis boni et mali ſucci, cap. 3. *Pope.*

† Ariſt. xiv. Sect. Prob. 5. P.

‡ Religion of Nature, ſect. 5. parag. 15. The ſerioufneſs with which *this ſtrange opinion*, on ſo myſterious a point, is *advanced, very well deſerved* this ſtroke of ridicule. Pope and *Warburton.*

behind him. During the voyage, he was perpetually taken up on the one hand, how to employ his great riches; and on the other, how to educate his child. He had already determined to set apart several annual sums, for the recovery of Manuscripts, the effossion of Coins, the procuring of Mummies; and for all those curious discoveries by which he hoped to become (as himself was wont to say) a second Peireskius *. He had already chalked out all possible schemes for the improvement of a male child, yet was so far prepared for the worst that could happen, that before the nine months were expired, he had composed two treatises of education; the one he called, *A daughter's mirrour*, and the other, *A son's monitor*.

This is all we can find relating to Martinus, while he was in his mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a concert of music once in twenty four hours, according to the custom of the Magi: and that on a particular day †, he was observed to leap and kick exceedingly, which was on the first of April, the birth day of the great *Basilius Valentinus*.

The truth of this, and every preceeding fact, may be depended upon, being taken literally from the Memoirs. But I must be so ingenuous as to own, that the accounts are not so certain of the exact time and place of his birth. As to the first, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his age: as to the second, I only remember to have heard him say, that he first saw the light in St. Giles's parish. But in the investigation of this point, Fortune hath favoured our diligence. For one day, as I was passing by the *Seven Dials*, I overheard a dispute concerning the place of nativity of a great astrologer, which each man alledged to have been in his own street. The circumstances of the time, and the description of the person, made

* There was a great deal of trifling pedantry and curiosity in that great man's character. *Warburton.*

† Ramsay's Cyrus. It was with judgment, that the authors chose rather to ridicule the modern relator of this ridiculous practice, than the ancients from whence he took it; as it is a sure *instance of folly*, when amongst the many excellent things which *may be learned* from antiquity, we find a modern writer only *picking out their* absurdities. *Pope* and *Warburton*.

made me imagine it might be that univerſal genius whoſe life I am writing. I returned home, and having maturely conſidered their ſeveral arguments, which I found to be of equal weight, I quieted my curioſity with this natural concluſion, that he was born in ſome point common to all the ſeven ſtreets; which muſt be that on which the column is now erected. And it is with infinite pleaſure that I ſince find my conjecture confirmed, by the following paſſage in the Codicil to Mr. Neale's will.

I appoint my executors to engrave the following inſcription on the column in the centre of the ſeven ſtreets which I erected.

LOC. NAT. INCLVT. PHILOS. MAR. SCR.

But Mr. Neale's order was never performed, becauſe the executors durſt not adminiſter.

Nor was the birth of this great man unattended with prodigies: he himſelf has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs Scriblerus dreamed ſhe was brought to bed of a huge *ink-horn*, out of which iſſued ſeveral large ſtreams of ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her huſband thought to ſignify, that the child ſhould prove a very voluminous writer. Likewiſe a *crab-tree* *, that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a ſudden laden with a vaſt quantity of crabs. This ſign alſo the old gentleman imagined to be a prognoſtic of the acuteneſs of his wit. A great ſwarm of *waſps* †, played round his cradle without hurting him, but were very troubleſome to all in the room beſides. This ſeemed a certain preſage of the effects of his ſatire. A dunghill was ſeen within the ſpace of one night to be covered all over with *muſhrooms* This ſome interpreted to promiſe the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works; but the father was of another opinion.

But what was of all moſt wonderful, was a thing that ſeemed a monſtrous *fowl*, which juſt then dropt through the

* *Virgil's Laurel Donat. Pope.*
† *Plato, Lucan, &c. Pope.*

the ſky-light, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little diſproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at firſt ſight for a ſwan, and was concluding his ſon would be a poet: but, on a nearer view, he perceived it to be ſpeckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a paper-kite which had broke its leaſh by the impetuoſity of the wind. His back was armed with the art military, his belly was filled with phyſic, his wings were the wings of Quarles and Withers, the ſeveral nodes of his voluminous tail were deverſified with ſeveral branches of ſcience; where the Doctor beheld, with great joy, a knot of logic, a knot of metaphyſic, a knot of caſuiſtry, a knot of polemical divinity, and a knot of common law, with a *lanthorn* of *Jacob Behmen*.

There went a report in the family, that, as ſoon as he was born, he uttered the voice of nine ſeveral animals: he cried like a calf, bleated like a ſheep, chattered like a mag-pye, grunted like a hog, neighed like a foal, croaked like a raven, mewed like a cat, gabbled like a gooſe, and brayed like an aſs. And the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two owls, which came down the chimney. His father greatly rejoiced at all theſe ſigns, which betokened the variety of his eloquence, and the extent of his learning; but he was more particularly pleaſed with the laſt, as it nearly reſembled what happened at the birth of Homer.

CHAP. II.

The ſpeech of Cornelius over his ſon, at the hour of his birth.

NO ſooner was the cry of the infant heard, but the old gentleman ruſhed into the room, and ſnatching it in his arms, examined every limb with attention. He was infinitely pleaſed to find, that the child had the wart of Cicero, the wry neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them ſhorter than the other like

† Vid. Euſtath. in Odyſſ. l. xii. ex Alex. Paphio, et Leo. Allat. de patr. Hom. p. 45. *Pope.*

like Ageſilaus. The good Cornelius alſo hoped he would come to ſtammer like Demoſthenes, in order to be as eloquent; and in time arrive at many other defects of famous men. He held the child ſo long, that the midwife, grown out of all patience, ſnatched it from his arms, in order to ſwaddle it. "Swaddle him!" quoth he, "far "be it from me to ſubmit to ſuch a pernicious cuſtom! "Is not my ſon a man? and is not man the Lord of the "univerſe? Is it thus you uſe this monarch at his firſt "arrival in his dominions, to manacle and ſhackle him "hand and foot? Is this what you call to be free-born? "If you have no regard to his natural liberty, at leaſt "have ſome to his natural faculties. Behold with what "agility he ſpreadeth his toes, and moveth them with as "great variety as his fingers! a power, which, in the "ſmall circle of a year, may be totally aboliſhed, by the "enormous confinement of ſhoes and ſtockings. His ears "(which other animals turn with great advantage to"wards the ſonorous object) may, by the miniſtry of "ſome accurſed nurſe, for ever lie flat and immoveable. "Not ſo the antients, they could move them at plea"ſure, and accordingly are often deſcribed *arrectis auri*"*bus*." "What a devil," quoth the midwife, "would you "have your ſon move his ears like a drill?" "Yes, fool," (ſaid he) "why ſhould he not have the perfection of a "drill, or of any other animal?" Mrs Scriblerus, who lay all this while fretting at her huſband's diſcourſe, at laſt broke out to this purpoſe. "My dear, I have had "many diſputes with you upon this ſubject before I was "a month gone: we have but one child, and cannot af"ford to throw him away upon experiments. I will have "my boy bred up like other gentlemen, at home, and "always under my own eye." All the goſſips, with one voice, cried, Ay, ay; but Cornelius broke out in this manner. "What! bred at home! Have I taken all this "pains for a creature that is to lead the inglorious life "of a cabbage, to ſuck the nutricious juices from the "ſpot where he was firſt planted? No; to preambu"late this terraqueous globe is too ſmall a range; were "it permitted, he ſhould at leaſt make the tour of the "whole ſyſtem of the ſun. Let other mortals pore upon "maps, and ſwallow the legends of lying travellers;

"the

" the ſon of Cornelius ſhall make his own legs his com-
" paſſes; with thoſe he ſhall meaſure continents, iſlands,
" capes, bays, ſtreights, and iſthmus's: he ſhall himſelf
" take the altitude of the higheſt mountains, from the
" peak of Derby to the peak of Teneriff; when he has
" viſited the top of Taurus, Imaus, Caucaſus, and the
" famous Ararat, where Noah's ark firſt moored, he may
" take a ſlight view of the ſnowy Riphæans; nor would I
" have him neglect Athos and Olympus, renowned for poe-
" tical fictions. Thoſe that vomit fire will deſerve a more
" particular attention: I will therefore have him obſerve,
" with great care, Veſuvius, Ætna, the burning moun-
" tain of Java, but chiefly Hecla the greateſt rarity in
" the northern regions. Then he may likewiſe contem-
" plate the wonders of the Mephitic cave. When he has
" dived into the bowels of the earth, and ſurveyed the
" works of nature under ground, and inſtructed himſelf
" fully in the nature of vulcanos, earthquakes, thunders,
" tempeſts, and hurricanes, I hope he will bleſs the world
" with a more exact ſurvey of the deſerts of Arabia and
" Tartary, than as yet we are able to obtain. Then
" will I have him croſs the ſeven gulphs, meaſure the
" currents in the fifteen famous ſtreights, and ſearch for
" thoſe fountains of freſh water that are at the bottom
" of the ocean."—At theſe laſt words Mrs. Scriblerus fell into a trembling: the deſcription of this terrible ſcene made too violent an impreſſion upon a woman in her condition, and threw her into a ſtrong hyſteric fit; which might have proved dangerous, if Cornelius had not been puſhed out of the room by the united force of the women.

CHAP. III.

Shewing what befel the Doctor's ſon and his ſhield, on the day of the chriſtening.

THE day of the chriſtening being come, and the houſe filled with goſſips, the levity of whoſe converſation ſuited but ill with the gravity of Dr. Cornelius, he caſt about how to paſs this day more agreeably *to his character;* that is to ſay, not without ſome profita-

ble

ble conference, nor wholly without obſervance of ſome antient cuſtom.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the cradle of Hercules was a ſhield; and being poſſeſſed of an antique buckler, which he held as a moſt ineſtimable relic, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the ſtudy, to be ſhewn to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this ſhield, had cauſed him formerly to compile a diſſertation concerning it*, proving, from the ſeveral properties, and particularly the colour of the ruſt, the exact chronology thereof.

With this treatiſe, and a moderate ſupper, he propoſed to entertain his gueſts; tho' he had alſo another deſign, to have their aſſiſtance in the calculation of his ſon's nativity.

He therefore took the buckler out of a caſe (in which he always kept it, leſt it might contract any modern ruſt), and intruſted it to his houſe-maid, with orders, that when the company was come, ſhe ſhould lay the child carefully in it, covered with a mantle of blue ſattin.

The gueſts were no ſooner ſeated, but they entered into a warm debate about the *Triclinium* and the manner of *Decubitus* of the antients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner.

"This day, my friends, I purpoſe to exhibit my ſon "before you; a child not wholly unworthy of inſpecti- "on, as he is deſcended from a race of virtuoſi. Let "the phyſiognomiſts examine his features; let the chi- "rographiſts behold his palm; but above all let us con- "ſult for the calculation of his nativity. To this end, as "the child is not vulgar, I will not preſent him unto you "in a vulgar manner. He ſhall be cradled in my an- "tient ſhield, ſo famous thro' the univerſities of Eu- "rope. You all know how I purchaſed that invaluable "piece of antiquity at the great (tho' indeed inade- "quate) expence of all the plate of our family, how "happily I carried it off, and how triumphantly I tranſ- "ported it hither, to the inexpreſſible grief of all Ger-

* *See the diſſertation on* Dr Woodward's ſhield.

" many. Happy in every circumſtance, but that it broke " the heart of the great Melchior Inſipidus !"

HERE he ſtopped his ſpeech, upon ſight of the maid, who entered the room with the child. He took it in his arms, and proceeded.

" BEHOLD then my child, but firſt behold the ſhield: " behold this ruſt,—or rather let me call it this precious " ærugo,—behold this beautiful varniſh of time,—this " venerable verdure of ſo many ages———

IN ſpeaking theſe words, he ſlowly lifted up the mantle which covered it, inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till, on ſight of the whole, the tremor became univerſal. The ſhield and the infant both dropt to the ground; and he had only ſtrength enough to cry out, " O God! my ſhield, my ſhield !"

THE truth was, the maid (extremely concerned for the reputation of her own cleanlineſs, and her young maſter's honour) had ſcoured it as clean as her andirons †.

CORNELIUS ſunk back on a chair, the gueſts ſtood aſtoniſhed, the infant ſqualed, the maid ran in, ſnatched it up again in her arms, flew into her miſtreſs's room, and told what had happened. Down ſtairs in an inſtant hurried all the goſſips, where they found the Doctor in a trance. Hungary water, hartſhorn, and the confuſed noiſe of ſhrill voices, at length awakened him: when opening his eyes, he ſaw the ſhield in the hands of the houſe-maid. " O woman! woman!" he cried (and ſnatched it violently from her), " was it to thy ignorance " that this relic owes its ruin? where, where is the beau- " tiful cruſt that covered thee ſo long? where thoſe " traces of time, and *fingers*, as it were, of antiquity? " Where all thoſe beautiful obſcurities, the cauſe of " much delightful diſputation, where doubt and curioſi- " ty went hand in hand, and eternally exerciſed the ſpe- " culations of the learned? All this the rude touch of " an ignorant woman hath done away! The *curious* " *prominence* at the belly of that figure, which ſome ta- " king for the *cuſpis* of a ſword, denominated a Roman ſoldier;

† Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his ſhield was ſcour'd.

" ſoldier; others accounting the *inſignia virilia*, pro-
" nounced to be one of the *Dii Termini*; behold ſhe hath
" cleaned it in like ſhameful ſort, and ſhewn to be the
" head of a nail. O my ſhield! my ſhield! well may
" I ſay with Horace, *non bene relicta Parmula.*"

THE goſſips, not at all inquiring into the cauſe of his ſorrow, only aſked if the child had no hurt? and cried, " come, come, all is well; what has the woman done " but her duty? a tight cleanly wench I warrant her; " what a ſtir a man makes about a *baſon*, that an hour " ago, before this labour was beſtowed upon it, a coun-" try barber would not have hung at his ſhop door." " A *baſon!*" (cried another), " no ſuch matter; it is no-" thing but a paultry old *ſconce*, with the nozzle broke " off." The learned gentlemen, who till now had ſtood ſpeechleſs, hereupon looking narrowly on the ſhield, declared their aſſent to this latter opinion; and deſired Cornelius to be comforted, aſſuring him it was a *ſconce*, and no other. But this, inſtead of comforting, threw the Doctor into ſuch a violent fit of paſſion, that he was carried off groaning and ſpeechleſs to bed; where, being quite ſpent, he fell into a kind of ſlumber.

CHAP. IV.

Of the ſuction and nutrition of the great Scriblerus in his infancy, and of the firſt rudiments of his learning.

AS ſoon as Cornelius awaked, he raiſed himſelf on his elbow, and caſting his eye on Mrs Scriblerus, ſpoke as follows. " Wiſely was it ſaid by Homer, that " in the celler of Jupiter are two barrels, the one of good, " the other of evil, which he never beſtows on mortals " ſeparately, but conſtantly mingles them together. Thus " at the ſame time hath Heaven bleſſed me with the birth " of a ſon, and afflicted me with the ſcouring of my " ſhield. Yet let us not repine at his diſpenſations, who " gives, and who takes away; but rather join in prayer, " that the ruſt of antiquity which he hath been pleaſed " to take from my ſhield, may be added to my ſon; and " that ſo much of it, as it is my purpoſe he ſhall con-

" tract in his education, may never be destroyed by any " modern polishing."

He could no longer bear the sight of the shield, but ordered it should be removed for ever from his eyes. It was not long after purchased by Dr Woodward, who, by the assistance of Mr Kemp, incrusted it with a new rust, and is the same whereof a cut hath been engraved, and exhibited to the great contentation of the learned.

Cornelius now began to regulate the suction of his child Seldom did there pass a day without disputes between him and the mother, or the nurse, concerning the nature of aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her some dish or other, which he judged prejudicial to her milk. One day she had a longing desire to a piece of beef; and as she stretched her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and spoke to this effect. " Hadst thou read the antients, O nurse, thou " wouldst prefer the welfare of the infant which thou " nourishest, to the indulging of an irregular and voracious " appetite. Beef, it is true, may confer a robustness on the " limbs of my son, but will hebetate and clog his intel- " lectuals." While he spoke thus, the nurse looked upon him with much anger, and now and then cast a wishful eye upon the beef.—" Passion" (continued the Doctor, still holding the dish), " throws the mind into too violent " a fermentation; it is a kind of fever of the soul, or, " as Horace expresses it, a *short madness*. Consider, " woman, that this day's suction of my son may cause " him to imbibe many ungovernable passions, and in a " manner spoil him for the temper of a philosopher. Ro- " mulus by sucking a wolf, became of a fierce and sa- " vage disposition; and were I to breed some Ottoman " emperor, or founder of a military commonwealth, per- " haps I might indulge thee in this carnivorous appe- " tite."—What! interrupted the nurse, beef spoil the understanding! that's fine indeed—How then could our parson preach as he does upon beef, and pudding too, if you go to that? Do not tell me of your antients; had not you almost killed the poor babe with a dish of dæmonial black broth?—" Lacedæmonian black broth, thou " would say," (replied Cornelius); " but I cannot al- " low the *forfeit* to have been occasioned by that diet, " since

" ſince it was recommended by the divine Lycurgus. No, " nurſe, thou muſt certainly have eaten ſome meats of ill " digeſtion the day before, and that was the real cauſe " of his diſorder. Conſider, woman, the different tem- " peraments of different nations. What makes the En- " gliſh phlegmatic and melancholy, but beef? what ren- " ders the Welſh ſo hot and choleric, but cheeſe and " leeks? the French derive their levity from the ſoups, " frogs, and muſhrooms: I would not let my ſon dine " like an Italian, leſt, like an Italian, he ſhould be jea- " lous and revengeful: the warm and ſolid diet of Spain " may be more beneficial, as it might endue him with a " profound gravity, but at the ſame time he might ſuck " in with their food their intolerable vice of pride. " Therefore, nurſe, in ſhort, I hold it requiſite to deny " you at preſent, not only beef, but likewiſe whatſoever " any of thoſe nations eat." During this ſpeech, the nurſe remained pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would ſhe touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old gentleman obſerving, ordered that the child, to avoid the riſk of imbibing ill humours, ſhould be kept from her breaſt all that day, and be fed with butter mix- ed with honey, according to a preſcription he had met with ſomewhere in Euſtathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the child a great looſeneſs; but he was not concern- ed at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompenſed by the improve- ments of his underſtanding. But from thenceforth he in- ſiſted every day upon a particular diet to be obſerved by the nurſe; under which having been long uneaſy, ſhe at laſt parted from the family, on his ordering her for din- ner the *paps* of a *ſow* with pig; taking it as the higheſt indignity, and a direct inſult upon her ſex and calling.

Four years of young Martin's life paſſed away in ſquabbles of this nature. Mrs Scriblerus conſidered it was now time to inſtruct him in the fundamentals of re- ligion, and to that end took no ſmall pains in teaching him his catechiſm. But Cornelius looked upon this as a tedious way of inſtruction, and therefore employed his head to find out more pleaſing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would fre- quently carry him to the puppet-ſhow of the creation of

the world, where the child with exceeding delight, gained a notion of the hiſtory of the bible. His firſt rudiments in profane hiſtory were acquired by ſeeing of raree-ſhows, where he was brought acquainted with all the princes of Europe. In ſhort, the old gentleman ſo contrived it, to make every thing contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dreſs. He invented for him a geographical ſuit of cloaths, which might give him ſome hints of that ſcience, and likewiſe ſome knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He had a French hat with an African feather, Holland ſhirts, and Flanders lace, Engliſh cloth lined with Indian ſilk; his gloves were Italian, and his ſhoes were Spaniſh. He was made to obſerve this, and daily catechiſed thereupon, which his father was wont to call "travelling at "home." He never gave him a fig or an orange but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came. In natural hiſtory he was much aſſiſted by his curioſity in ſign-poſts, inſomuch that he hath often confeſſed he owed to them the knowledge of many creatures which he never found ſince in any author, ſuch as white lions, golden dragons, *&c.* He once thought the ſame of green men, but had ſince found them mentioned by Kircherus, and verified in the hiſtory of William of Newbury *.

His diſpoſition to the mathematics was diſcovered very early, by his drawing parallel † lines on his bread and butter, and interſecting them at equal angles, ſo as to form the whole ſuperficies into ſquares. But in the midſt of all theſe improvements, a ſtop was put to his learning the alphabet; nor would he let him proceed to letter D, till he could truly and diſtinctly pronounce C in the antient manner, at which the child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was alſo obliged to delay his learning to write, having turned away the writing-maſter, becauſe he knew nothing of Fabius's waxen tables.

CORNELIUS

* Gul. Neubrig. book i. ch. 27. *Pope.*

† Paſcal's life—Locke of Educat. *&c.*—There are ſome extravagant lies told of the excellent Paſcal's amazing genius for *mathematics in his early youth*; and ſome trifling directions *given for the introduction* to the elements of ſcience, in Mr *Locke's book of Education.* *Pope* and *Warburton.*

CORNELIUS having read and ſeriouſly weighed the methods by which the famous Montaigne was educated*, and reſolving in ſome degree to exceed them, reſolved he ſhould ſpeak and learn nothing but the learned languages, and eſpecially the Greek; in which he conſtantly eat and drank, according to Homer. But what moſt conduced to his eaſy attainment of this language, was his love of ginger-bread; which his father obſerving, cauſed it to be ſtamped with the letters of the Greek alphabet; and the child, the very firſt day, eat as far as Iota. By his particular application to this language above the reſt, he attained ſo great a proficiency therein, that Gronovius ingenuouſly confeſſes he durſt not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old †; and at fourteen he compoſed a tragedy in the ſame language, as the younger Pliny ‡ had done before him.

HE learned the oriental languages of Erpenius, who reſided ſome time with his father for that purpoſe. He had ſo early a reliſh for the eaſtern way of writing, that even at this time he compoſed (in imitation of it) the *thouſand and one Arabian tales*, and alſo the *Perſian tales*, which have been ſince tranſlated into ſeveral languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance, by Mr Ambroſe Philips. In this work of his childhood, he was not a little aſſiſted by the hiſtorical traditions of his nurſe.

CHAP.

* Who was taught Latin in his nurſe's arms, and not ſuffered to hear a word of his mother-tongue, till he could ſpeak the other perfectly. *Warburton.*

† So Montaigne ſays of his Latin—*George Buchanan et Mark Antoine Muret, mes precepteurs domeſtiques, m'ont dit ſouvent que j'avois ce langage en mon enfance ſi preſt et ſi à main qu'ils craignoient a m'accoſter.—Somme, nous nous latinizames tant, qu'il en regorgea juſque à nos villages tout autour, ou il y a encores, et ont pris pied par l'uſage, pluſieurs appellations Latines d'Artiſans et d'outils.* Warburton.

‡ Plin. Epiſt. lib. 7. *Pope.*

CHAP. V.

A dissertation upon play-things.

HERE follow the instructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the plays and play-things to be used by his son Martin.

"*PLAY* was invented by the Lydians as a remedy against hunger. Sophocles says of Palamedes, that he "invented dice to serve sometimes instead of a dinner. "It is therefore wisely contrived by nature, that children, as they have the keenest appetites, are most addicted to plays. From the same cause, and from the "unprejudiced and incorrupt simplicity of their minds "it proceeds, that the plays of the antient children are "preserved more entire than any other of their customs*. "In this matter I would recommend to all who have "any concern in my son's education, that they deviate "not in the least from the primitive and simple antiquity.

"To speak first of the *whistle*, as it is the first of all "play-things: I will have it exactly to correspond with "the antient *fistula*, and accordingly to be composed "*septem paribus disjuncta sicutis*.

"I heartily wish a diligent search may be made after "the true *crepitaculum* or *rattle* of the antients, for that "(as *Archytas Tarentinus* was of opinion) kept the children from breaking earthen ware. The *China* cups "in these days are not at all the safer for the modern "*rattles*; which is an evident proof how far their *crepitacula* exceeded ours.

"I would not have Martin as yet to scourge a *top*, till "I am better informed whether the *trochus*, which was "recommended by *Cato*, be really our present *top*, or "rather the *hoop* which the boys drive with a stick. Neither *cross* and *pile*, nor *ducks* and *drakes* are quite so "antient

* Dr Arbuthnot used to say, that notwithstanding all the boasts of the safe conveyance of tradition, it was no where preserved pure and uncorrupt but amongst children; whose games and plays are delivered down invariably from one generation to another. *Warburton.*

" antient as *handy dandy*, tho' Macrobius and St Au-
" guſtine take notice of the firſt, and Minutius Felix de-
" ſcribes the latter; but *handy-dandy* is mentioned by
" Ariſtotle, Plato, and Ariſtophanes.

" THE play which the Italians call *cinque*, and the
" French *mourre*, is extremely antient; it was played at
" by *Hymen* and *Cupid* at the marriage of *Pſyche*, and
" termed by the Latins, *digitis micare*.

" Julius Pollux deſcribes the *omilla* or *chuck-farthing*;
" tho' ſome will have our modern *chuck-farthing* to be
" nearer the *aphetinda* of the antients. He alſo men-
" tions the *baſilinda*, or *king I am*; and *myinda*, or
" *hoopers-hide*.

" BUT the *chytrindra* deſcribed by the ſame author is
" certainly not our *hot-cockle*; for that was by pinching,
" and not by ſtriking; tho' there are good authors who
" affirm the *rathapygiſmus* to be yet nearer the modern
" *hot-cockles*. My ſon Martin may uſe either of them
" indifferently, they being equally antic.

" *Building of houſes*, and *riding upon ſticks*, have been
" uſed by children in all ages, *Ædificare caſas, equitare*
" *in arundine longa*. Yet I much doubt whether the rid-
" ing upon ſticks did not come into uſe after the age of
" the *centaurs*.

" THERE is one play which ſhews the gravity of anti-
" ent education, called the *acinetinda*, in which children
" contend who could longeſt *ſtand ſtill*. This we have
" ſuffered to periſh entirely; and, if I might be allowed
" to gueſs, it was certainly firſt loſt among the French.

" I will permit my ſon to play at *apodidaſcinda*, which
" can be no other than our *puſs in a corner*.

" Julius Pollux, in his ninth book, ſpeaks of the *me-*
" *lolonthe*, or the *kite*; but I queſtion whether the kite
" of antiquity was the ſame with ours: and tho' the
" Ορτυξοκοπία, or *quail-fighting*, is what is moſt taken no-
" tice of, they had doubtleſs *cock-matches* alſo, as is evi-
" dent from certain antient gems and relievos.

" In a word, let my ſon Martin diſport himſelf at any
" game truly antic, except one, which was invented by
" a people among the Thracians, who hung up one of
" their companions in a rope, and gave him a knife to
" cut himſelf down; which if he failed in, he was ſuf-
" fered

"fered to hang till he was dead; and this was only "reckoned a sort of joke. I am utterly against this, as "barbarous and cruel.

"I cannot conclude, without taking notice of the "beauty of the *Greek* names, whose etymologies ac- "quaint us with the nature of the sports; and how in- "finitely, both in sense and sound, they excel our bar- "barous names of plays."

NOTWITHSTANDING the foregoing injunctions of Dr Cornelius, he yet condescended to allow the child the use of some few modern play-things; such as might prove of any benefit to his mind, by instilling an early notion of the sciences. For example, he found that *marbles* taught him *percussion* and the *laws of motion*; *nut-crackers* the use of the *leaver*; *swinging* on the ends of a board, the *balance*; *bottle screws*, the *vice*; *whirli-gigs*, the *axis* and *peritrochia*; *bird-cages*, the *pully*; and *tops*, the *centrifugal* motion.

OTHERS of his sports were further carried to improve his tender soul even in virtue and morality. We shall only instance one of the most useful and instructive, *bob-cherry*, which teaches at once two noble virtues, patience and constancy; the first in adhering to the pursuit of one end, the latter in bearing a disappointment.

BESIDES all these, he taught him as a diversion, an odd and secret manner of *stealing*, according to the custom of the Lacedæmonians; wherein he succeeded so well, that he practised it to the day of his death.

CHAP. VI.

Of the gymnastics, in what exercises Martinus was educated; something concerning music, and what sort of a man his uncle was.

NOR was Cornelius less careful in adhering to the rules of the purest antiquity, in relation to the *exercises* of his son. He was stript, powdered, and anointed, but not constantly bathed, which occasioned many heavy complaints of the laundress about dirtying his linen. *When he played* at quoits, he was allowed his breeches

and

and ſtockings; becauſe the *diſcoboli* (as Cornelius well knew) were naked to the middle only. The mother often contended for modern ſports, and common cuſtoms; but this was his conſtant reply, "Let a daughter be the "care of her mother, but the education of a ſon ſhould "be the delight of his father."

It was about this time, he heard, to his exceeding content, that the *harpaſtus* of the antients was yet in uſe in *Cornwall*, and known there by the name of *hurling*. He was ſenſible the common *foot-ball* was a very imperfect imitation of that exerciſe; and thought it neceſſary to ſend Martin into the weſt, to be initiated in that truly antient and manly part of the *gymnaſtics*. The poor boy was ſo unfortunate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius looked upon but as a ſlight ailment, and promiſed his mother he would inſtantly cure it. He ſlit a green reed, and caſt the knife upward, then tying the two parts of the reed to the disjointed place, pronounced theſe words *, *Daries, daries, aſtataries, diſſunapiter; huat, hanat, huat, iſta, piſta, fiſta, domi abe, damnuſtra.* But finding, to his no ſmall aſtoniſhment, that this had no effect, in five days he condeſcended to have it ſet by a modern ſurgeon.

Mrs Scriblerus, to prevent him from expoſing her ſon to the like dangerous exerciſes for the future, propoſed to ſend for a dancing-maſter, and to have him taught the minuet and rigadoon. "Dancing' (quoth Cornelius) "I much approve, for *Socrates* ſaid the beſt dancers were "the beſt warriors; but not thoſe ſpecies of dancing "which you mention: they are certainly corruptions of "the comic and ſatyric dance, which were utterly diſ"liked by the founder antients. Martin ſhall learn the "tragic dance only, and I will ſend all over Europe, till "I find an antiquary able to inſtruct him in the *ſaltatio* "*Pyrrhica*. Scaliger †, from whom my ſon is lineally "deſcended,

* Plin. Hiſt. Nat. lib. xvii. in fine. *Carmen contra luxata membra, cujus verba inſerere non equidem ſerio auſim, quanquam a Catone prodita.* Vid. Caton. de re ruſt. c. 160. *Pope.*

† Scalig. Poetic. lib. i c. 9. *Hanc ſaltationem* Pyrrhicam, *nos ſepe et diu, juſſu Bonifacii patrui, coram* Divo Maximiliano, non

" descended, boasts to have performed this warlike dance " in the presence of the emperor, to the great admira- " tion of all Germany. What would he say, could he " look down and see one of his posterity so ignorant, as " not to know the least step of that noble kind of *sal-* " *tation?*"

THE poor lady was at last enured to bear all these things with a laudable patience, till one day her husband was seized with a new thought. He had met with a saying, that "*spleen*, *garter*, and *girdle* are the three im- " pediments to the *cursus*." Therefore Pliny (*lib.* xi. *c.* 37.) says, that such as excel in that exercise have their *spleen* cautorized, " My son" (quoth Cornelius) " runs " but heavily; therefore I will have this operation per- " formed upon him immediately. Moreover, it will cure " that immoderate laughter to which I perceive he is " addicted: for laughter" (as the same author hath it, *ibid.*) " is caused by the bigness of the spleen." This design was no sooner hinted to Mrs Scriblerus, but she burst into tears, wrung her hands, and instantly sent to his brother Albertus, begging him for the love of God to make haste to her husband.

ALBERTUS was a discreet man, sober in his opinions, clear of pedantry, and knowing enough both in books and in the world, to preserve a due regard for whatever was useful or excellent, whether antient or modern: if he had not always the authority, he had at least the art, to divert Cornelius from many extravagances. It was well he came speedily, or Martin could not have boasted the entire quota of his viscera. " What does it signify" (quoth Albertus) " whether my nephew excells in the " *cursus* or not? Speed is often a symptom of cowardice, " witness hares and deer."—" Do not forget Achilles" (quoth Cornelius) " I know that running has been con- " demned by the proud Spartans, as useless in war; and " yet Demosthenes could say, Ἀνὴρ ὁ φεύγων καὶ πάλιν μαχό- " μενος; a thought which the English Hudibras has well " rendered;

For

was sine stupore totius Germaniæ, repræsentavimus. Quo tempore vox illa imperatoris, Hic puer aut thoracem pro pelle aut pro cuniculo habuit. Pope.

For he that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain.

"That's true" (quoth Albertus) "but pray conſider on "the other ſide, that animals * ſpleened grow extreme-"ly ſallacious, an experiment well known in dogs." Cornelius was ſtruck with this, and replied gravely; "If it "be ſo, I will defer the operation, for I will not increaſe "the powers of my ſon's body at the expence of thoſe "of his mind. I am indeed diſappointed in moſt of my "projects, and fear I muſt ſit down at laſt contented "with ſuch methods of education as modern barbarity "affords. Happy had it been for us all, had we lived "in the age of Auguſtus. Then my ſon might have heard "the philoſophers diſpute in the Porticoes of the Palæſtra, "and at the ſame time formed his body and his under-"ſtanding." "It is true" (replied Albertus) "we have "no *exedra* for the philoſophers, adjoining to our tennis-"courts; but there are ale-houſes where he will hear "very notable argumentations. Though we come not up "to the antients in the *tragic-dance*, we excel them in "the κυβιστικὴ, or the art of *tumbling*. The antients would "have beat us at *quoits*, but not ſo much at the *jaculum* "or *pitching the bar*. The *pugilatus* † is in as great per-"fection in England as in old Rome, and the *corniſh-hug* "in the *luctus* ‡ is equal to the *volutatoria* of the an-"tients." "You could not" (anſwered Cornelius) "have "produced a more unlucky inſtance of modern folly and "barbarity, than what you ſay of the *jaculum*. The Cre-"tans wiſely forbid their ſervants gymnaſtics, as well as "arms ||, and yet your modern footmen exerciſe them-"ſelves daily in the *jaculum* at the corner of *Hyde-Park*, "whilſt their enervated lords are lolling in their chariots, "(a ſpecies of vectitation ſeldom uſed amongſt the anti-"ents, except by old men)." "You ſay well" (quoth Albertus), "and we have ſeveral other kinds of vectita-"tion unknown to the antients; particularly flying cha-"riots,

* Blackmore's Eſſay on Spleen. *Pope.*
† Fiſty Cuffs. *Pope.*
‡ Wreſtling. *Pope.*
|| *Ariſtot. Politic. lib. ii. cap. 3.* *Pope.*

" riots, where the people may have the benefit of this " exerciſe at the ſmall expence of a farthing. But ſup- " poſe (which I readily grant) that the antients excelled " us almoſt in every thing, yet why this ſingularity? " your ſon muſt take up with ſuch maſters as the preſent " age affords; we have dancing-maſters, writing-ma- " ſters, and muſic-maſters."

THE bare mention of *muſic* threw Cornelius into a paſ- ſion. " How can you dignify" (quoth he) " this mo- " dern fiddling with the name of muſic? Will any of " your beſt hautboys encounter a wolf now-a-days with " no other arms but their inſtruments, as did that anti- " ent piper Pythocaris? Have ever wild boars, ele- " phants, deer, dolphins, whales, or turbots, ſhewed " the leaſt emotion at the moſt elaborate ſtrains of your " modern ſcrapers, all which have been, as it were, " tamed and humanized by antient muſicians? Does not " Ælian * tell us how the Lybian mares were excited " to horſing by muſic? (which ought in truth to be a " caution to modeſt women againſt frequenting operas; " and conſider, brother, you are brought to this dilemma, " either to give up the virtue of the ladies, or the pow- " er of your muſic). Whence proceeds the degeneracy " of our morals? Is it not from the loſs of antient mu- " ſic, by which (ſays Ariſtotle) they taught all the vir- " tues? Elſe might we turn Newgate into a college of " Dorian muſicians, who ſhould teach moral virtues to " thoſe people. Whence comes it that our preſent diſ- " eaſes are ſo ſtubborn? whence is it that I daily deplore " my ſciatical pains? Alas! becauſe we have loſt their " true cure, by the melody of the pipe. All this was " well known to the antients, as Theophraſtus † aſſures " us, (whence Cælius ‡ calls it *loca dolentia decantare*); " only indeed ſome ſmall remains of this ſkill are preſerv- " ed in the cure of the tarantula. Did not Pythagoras ‖ " ſtop a company of drunken bullies from ſtorming a ci- " vil

* Ælian. Hiſt. Animal. lib. xi. cap. 18. and lib. xii. cap. 44. *Pope.*

† *Athenæus*, lib. xiv. *Pope.*

‡ *Lib. de* Sanitate tuenda, cap. 2. Pope.

‖ *Quintilian.* lib. i. cap. 10. Pope.

" vil houſe, by changing the ſtrain of the pipe to the ſo-
" ber ſpondæus? and yet your modern muſicians want
" art to defend their windows from common nickers. It
" is well known, that when the Lacedæmonian mob
" were up, they commonly ſent for a Leſbian muſician
" to appeaſe them, and they immediately grew calm as
" ſoon as they heard Terpander ſing *: yet I do not be-
" lieve, that the Pope's whole band of muſic, though
" the beſt of this age, could keep his Holineſs's image
" from being burnt on a fifth of November." " Nor would
" Terpander himſelf," (replied Albertus) " at Billingſ-
" gate, nor Timotheus at Hockley in the Hole, have a-
" ny manner of effect, nor both of them together bring
" Horneck † to common civility." " That's a groſs mi-
" ſtake," (ſaid Cornelius, very warmly); " and to prove
" it ſo, I have here a ſmall lyra of my own, framed,
" ſtrung, and tuned after the antient manner. I can play
" ſome fragments of Leſbian tunes, and I wiſh I were
" to try them upon the moſt paſſionate creatures alive."
" You never had a better opportunity," (ſays Albertus),
" for yonder are two apple-women ſcolding, and juſt rea-
" dy to uncoif one another." With that Cornelius, un-
dreſſed as he was, jumps out into his balcony, his lyra
in hand, in his ſlippers, with his breeches hanging
down to his ancles, a ſtocking upon his head, and waiſt-
coat of murrey-coloured ſattin upon his body: he touch-
ed his lyra with a very unuſual ſort of an harpegiatura,
nor were his hopes fruſtrated. The odd equipage, the un-
couth inſtrument, the ſtrangeneſs of the man and of the
muſic, drew the ears and eyes of the whole mob that
were got about the two female champions, and at laſt of
the combatants themſelves. They all approached the
balcony, in as cloſe attention as Orpheus's firſt audience
of cattle, or that of an Italian opera, when ſome favourite
air is juſt awakened. This ſudden effect of his muſic en-
couraged him mightily, and it was obſerved he never
touched his lyre in ſuch a truly chromatic and enharmo-
nic manner, as upon that occaſion. The mob laughed,

* Suidas in Timotheo. *Pope.*

† Horneck, *a ſcurrilous* ſcribler, who wrote a weekly paper, *called, The High German Doctor.* Pope.

ſung, jumped, danced, and uſed many odd geſtures, all which he judged to be cauſed by the various ſtrains and modulations. "Mark" (quoth he) "in this, the power "of the Ionian; in that, you ſee the effect of the Æolian." But in a little time they began to grow riotous, and threw ſtones. Cornelius then withdrew, but with the greateſt air of triumph in the world. "Brother," ſaid he, "do "you obſerve I have mixed unawares too much of the "*Phrygian*; I might change it to the *Lydian*, and ſoften "their riotous tempers. But it is enough. Learn from "this ſample to ſpeak with veneration of antient mu-"ſic. If this lyre, in my unſkilful hands, can perform "ſuch wonders, what muſt it not have done in thoſe of "a Timotheus or a Terpander?" Having ſaid this, he retired with the utmoſt exultation in himſelf, and contempt of his brother; and, it is ſaid, behaved that night with ſuch unuſual haughtineſs to his family, that they all had reaſon to wiſh for ſome antient tibicen to calm his temper.

CHAP. VII.

Rhetoric, logic, and metaphyſics.

CORNELIUS having, as hath been ſaid, many ways been diſappointed in his attempts of improving the bodily forces of his ſon, thought it now high time to apply to the culture of his internal faculties. He judged it proper, in the firſt place, to inſtruct him in *rhetoric*. But herein we ſhall not need to give the reader any account of his wonderful progreſs, ſince it is already known to the learned world by his treatiſe on this ſubject: I mean the admirable diſcourſe Περὶ Βάθους, which he wrote at this time, but concealed from his father, knowing his extreme partiality for the antients. It lay by him concealed, and perhaps forgot among the great multiplicity of other writings, till, about the year 1727, he ſent it us to be printed, with many additional examples drawn from the excellent live poets of this preſent age. We proceed, *therefore*, to *logic* and *metaphyſics*.

THE *wiſe* Cornelius was convinced, that theſe being Pole-

Polemical arts, could no more be learned alone, than fencing or cudgel-playing. He thought it therefore neceſſary to look out for ſome youth of pregnant parts, to be a ſort of humble companion to his ſon in thoſe ſtudies. His good fortune directed him to one of the moſt ſingular endowments, whoſe name was Conrandus Crambe, who, by the father's ſide, was related to the *Crouches* of Cambridge, and his mother was couſin to Mr. *Swan*, gameſter and punſter of the city of London. So that from both parents he drew a natural diſpoſition to ſport himſelf with *words*, which, as they are ſaid to be the counters of wiſe men, and ready money of fools, Crambe had great ſtore of caſh of the latter ſort. Happy Martin in ſuch a parent, and ſuch a companion! What might not he atchieve in arts and ſciences!

HERE I muſt premiſe a general obſervation of great benefit to mankind, That there are many people who have the uſe only of one operation of the intellect, though, like ſhort-ſighted men, they can hardly diſcover it themſelves: they can form *ſingle apprehenſions* *, but have neither of the other two faculties, the *judicium* or *diſcurſus*. Now, as it is wiſely ordered, that people deprived of one ſenſe have the others in more perfection, ſuch people will form ſingle ideas with a great deal of vivacity; and happy were it indeed if they would confine themſelves to ſuch, without forming *judicia*, much leſs *argumentations*.

CORNELIUS quickly diſcovered, that theſe two laſt operations of the intellect were very weak in Martin, and almoſt totally extinguiſhed in Crambe; however, he uſed to ſay that rules of logic are ſpectacles to a purblind underſtanding, and therefore he reſolved to proceed with his two pupils.

MARTIN's underſtanding was ſo totally immerſed in *ſenſible objects*, that he demanded examples from material things of the abſtracted ideas of logic. As for Crambe,

* When a learned friend once urged to our author the authority of a famous dictionary-maker againſt the Latinity of the expreſſion, *amor publicus*, which he had uſed in an inſcription, he replied, *that he would allow a dictionary-maker to underſtand a ſingle word, but not two words put together.* *Warburton.*

he contented himself with the words, and when he could but form some conceit upon them, was fully satisfied. Thus Crambe would tell his instructor, that all men were not *singular*; that individuality could hardly be prædicated of any man, for it was commonly said, that a man *is* not the same he *was*; that madmen are *beside themselves*, and drunken men *come to themselves*; which shows, that few men have that most valuable logical endowment, individuality *. Cornelius told Martin, that a shoulder of mutton was an individual; which Crambe denied, for he had seen it cut into commons: that is true, quoth the tutor, but you never saw it cut into shoulders of mutton: if it could, quoth Crambe, it would be the most lovely individual of the university. When he was told, a *substance* was that which was *subject to accidents*; then soldiers, quoth Crambe, are the most substantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of *accident*, that it could be *present* or *absent without the destruction of the subject*; since there are a great many accidents that destroy the subject, as burning does a house, and death a man. But as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a *natural death*, and a *logical death*; that though a man, after his natural death, was not capable of the least parish-office, yet he might still keep his stall amongst the logical prædicaments.

Cornelius was forced to give Martin sensible images. Thus calling up the coachman, he asked him what he had seen in the Bear-garden? the man answered, he saw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a serjeant in the guards; the other black, a butcher; the serjeant had red breeches, the butcher blue; they fought upon a stage

* "But if it be possible for the same man to have distinct "incommunicable consciousness at different times, it is without "doubt the same man would, at different times, make different "persons. Which we see is the sense of mankind in not punish-"ing the mad man for the sober man's actions, nor the sober man "for what the mad man did, thereby making them two persons; "which is somewhat explained by our way of speaking in *English* "when they say such an one *is not himself*, or *is besides himself*." *Locke's Essay on Hum. Under.* book ii. c. 27. *Warburton.*

ſtage about four o'clock, and the ſerjeant wounded the butcher in the leg. "Mark" (quoth Cornelius) "how "the fellow runs through the prædicaments. Men, "*ſubſtantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; "ſerjeant and butcher, *relatio*; wounded the other, "*actio et paſſio*; fighting, *ſitus*; ſtage, *ubi*; two a clock, "*quando*; blue and red breeches, *habitus*." At the ſame time he warned Martin, that what he now learned as a logician, he muſt forget as a natural philoſopher; that though he now taught him that accidents inhered in the ſubject, they would find in time there was no ſuch thing; and that colour, taſte, ſmell, heat, and cold, were not in the things, but only phantaſms of our brains. He was forced to let them into this ſecret; for Martin could not conceive, how a habit of dancing inhered in the dancing-maſter, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the characteriſtics of relations. Crambe uſed to help him out by telling him, a cuckold, a loſing gameſter, a man that had not dined, a young heir that was kept ſhort by his father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this laſt caſe, the paternity and filiation leave very ſenſible impreſſions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greateſt difficulty was when they came to the tenth prædicament. Crambe affirmed, that his *habitus* was more a ſubſtance than he was; for his cloaths could better ſubſiſt without him, than he without his cloaths.

MARTIN ſuppoſed an *univerſal man* to be like a knight of a ſhire, or burgeſs of a corporation, that repreſented a great many individuals. His father aſked him, if he could not frame the idea of an univerſal Lord Mayor? Martin told him, that, never having ſeen but one Lord Mayor, the idea of that Lord Mayor always returned to his mind; that he had great difficulty to abſtract a Lord Mayor from his fur gown, and gold chain; nay, that the horſe he ſaw the Lord Mayor ride upon not a little diſturbed his imagination. On the other hand, Crambe, to ſhow himſelf of a more penetrating genius, ſwore that he could frame a conception of a Lord Mayor not only without his horſe, gown, and gold chain, but even without ſtature, feature, colour, hands, head, feet, or any body; which

which he ſuppoſed was the abſtract of a Lord Mayor ‡. Cornelius told him, that he was a lying raſcal; that an *univerſale* was not the object of imagination, and that there was no ſuch thing in reality, or *a parte rei*. But I can prove, quoth Crambe, that there are *clyſters a parte rei*, but *clyſters* are *univerſales*; *ergo*. Thus I prove my minor. *Quod aptum eſt ineſſe multis*, is an *univerſale* by definition: but every clyſter before it is adminiſtered has that quality; therefore every clyſter is an *univerſale*.

He alſo found fault with the advertiſements, that they were not ſtrict logical *definitions*: in an advertiſement of a dog ſtoln or ſtrayed, he ſaid it ought to begin thus, *An irrational animal* of the *genus caninum*, &c. Cornelius told them, that though thoſe advertiſements were not framed according to the exact rules of logical definitions, being only *deſcriptions* of things *numero differentibus*, yet they contained a faint image of the *prædicabilia*, and were highly ſubſervient to the common purpoſes of life; often diſcovering things that were loſt, both animate and inanimate. *An Italian greyhound, of a mouſe colour, a white ſpeck in the neck, lame of one leg, belongs to ſuch a lady.* Greyhound, *genus*; mouſe-coloured, *&c. differentia*; lame of one leg, *accidens*; belongs to ſuch a lady, *proprium*.

Though I am afraid I have tranſgreſſed upon my reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing more extraordinary than any yet mentioned; which was Crambe's *Treatiſe of Syllogiſms*. He ſuppoſed that a philoſopher's brain was like a great foreſt, where ideas ranged like animals of ſeveral kinds; that thoſe ideas copulated, and engendered concluſions; that when thoſe of different ſpecies copulate, they bring forth monſters or abſurdities; that the *major* is the male, the *minor* the female, which copulate by the middle term, and engender the concluſion. Hence they are called the *præmiſſa*, or predeceſſors of the concluſion; and it is properly ſaid by the logicians, *quod pariant ſcientiam, opinionem*, they *beget*

‡ This is not a fair repreſentation of what is ſaid in the *Eſſay on Human Underſtanding*, concerning *general and abſtract ideas*. But *ſerious writers* have done that philoſopher the ſame injuſtice. *Warburton.*

beget ſcience, opinion, &c. Univerſal propoſitions are perſons of quality; and therefore in logic they are ſaid to be of the firſt *figure*. Singular propoſitions are private perſons, and therefore placed in the third or laſt figure, or rank. From thoſe principles all the rules of ſyllogiſms naturally follow.

I. That there are only three terms, neither more nor leſs; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.

II. From univerſal premiſſes there follows an univerſal concluſion, as if one ſhould ſay, that perſons of quality always beget perſons of quality.

III. From the ſingular premiſſes follows only a ſingular concluſion, that is, if the parents be only private people, the iſſue muſt be ſo likewiſe.

IV. From particular propoſitions nothing can be concluded, becauſe the *individua vaga* are (like whore-maſters and common ſtrumpets) barren.

V. There cannot be more in the concluſion than was in the premiſſes, that is, children can only inherit from their parents.

VI. The concluſion follows the weaker part, that is, children inherit the diſeaſes of their parents.

VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or ſeparation there can come no iſſue.

VIII. The medium cannot enter the concluſion, that being logical inceſt.

IX. An hypothetical propoſition is only a contract, or a promiſe of marriage; from ſuch therefore there can ſpring no real iſſue.

X. When the premiſſes or parents are neceſſarily joined (or in lawful wedlock) they beget lawful iſſue; but contingently joined, they beget baſtards.

So much for the affirmative propoſitions; the negative muſt be deferred to another occaſion.

CRAMBE uſed to value himſelf upon this ſyſtem, from whence he ſaid one might ſee the propriety of the expreſſion, *ſuch a one has a barren imagination*; and how common is it for ſuch people to *adopt* concluſions that are

not

not the iſſue of their premiſſes? therefore as an abſurdity is a *monſter*, a falſity is a *baſtard*; and a true concluſion that followeth not from the premiſſes, may properly be ſaid to be *adopted*. But then what is an enthymem! (quoth Cornelius.) Why, an enthymem (replied Crambe) is when the major is indeed married to the minor, but the marriage *kept ſecret*.

METAPHYSICS were a large field in which to exerciſe the weapons *logic* had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe uſed to engage like any prize-fighters, before their father, and his other learned companions of the ſympoſiacs. And as prize-fighters will agree to lay aſide a buckler, or ſome ſuch defenſive weapon, ſo would Crambe promiſe not to uſe *ſimpliciter et ſecundum quid*, provided Martin would part with *materialiter et formaliter*: but it was found, that without the help of the defenſive armour of thoſe diſtinctions, the arguments cut ſo deep, that they fetched blood at every ſtroke. Their *theſes* were picked out of Suarez, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on thoſe ſubjects. I ſhall give the reader a taſte of ſome of them.

I. If the innate deſire of the knowledge of metaphyſics was the cauſe of the fall of Adam; and the *arbor Porphyriana*, the tree of knowledge of good and evil? *affirmed.*

II. If tranſcendental goodneſs could be truly prædicated of the devil? *affirmed.*

III. Whether one, or many be firſt? or if one doth not ſuppoſe the notion of many? *Suarez.*

IV. If the deſire of news in mankind be *appetitus innatus*, not *elicitus*? *affirmed.*

V. Whether there is in human underſtandings potential falſities? *affirmed.*

VI. Whether God loves a *poſſible angel* better than an *actually-exiſtent fly*? *denied.*

VII. If angels paſs from one extreme to another without going through the middle? *Aquinas.*

VIII. If angels know a thing more clearly in a morning? *Aquinas.*

IX. Whether every angel hears what one angel ſays to another? *denied. Aquinas.*

X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the devil? *denied. Aquinas.*

XI. Whether one devil can illuminate another? *Aquinas.*

XII. If there would have been any females born in the ſtate of innocence? *Aquinas.*

XIII. If the creation was finiſhed in ſix days, becauſe ſix is the moſt perfect number? or if ſix be the moſt perfect number, becauſe the creation was finiſhed in ſix days? *Aquinas.*

There were ſeveral others, of which in the courſe of the life of this learned perſon we may have occaſion to treat; and one particularly that remains undecided to this day; it was taken from the learned Suarez.

XIV. *An præter* eſſe reale *actualis eſſentiæ ſit aliud* eſſe neceſſarium *quo res actualiter exiſtat?* In Engliſh thus. Whether beſides the real being of actual being, there be any other being neceſſary to cauſe a thing to be?

THIS brings into my mind a project to baniſh metaphyſics out of Spain, which was ſuppoſed might be effectuated by this method: that no body ſhould uſe any compound or decompound of the ſubſtantial verbs but as they are read in the common conjugations: for every body will allow, that if you debar a metaphyſician from *ens*, *eſſentia*, *entitas*, *ſubſiſtentia*, &c. there is an end of him.

CRAMBE regretted extremely, that *ſubſtantial forms*, a race of harmleſs beings which had laſted for many years, and afforded a comfortable ſubſiſtence to many poor philoſophers, ſhould be now hunted down like ſo many wolves, without the poſſibility of a retreat. He conſidered that it had gone much harder with them than with *eſſences*, which had retired from the *ſchools* into the *apothecaries ſhops*, where ſome of them had been advanced into the degree of *quinteſſences*. He thought there ſhould be a retreat for poor *ſubſtantial forms*, amongſt the gentlemen-uſhers at court; and that there were indeed *ſubſtantial forms*, ſuch as *forms of prayer*, and *forms of government*, without which the things themſelves could never long ſubſiſt. *He alſo uſed to* wonder that there was not a reward

ward for such as could find out a *fourth figure* in *logic*, as well as for those who should discover the *longitude*.

CHAP. VIII.

ANATOMY.

CORNELIUS, it is certain, had a most superstitious veneration for the antients; and if they contradicted each other, his reason was so pliant and ductile, that he was always of the opinion of the last he read. But he reckoned it a point of honour never to be vanquished in a dispute; from which quality he acquired the title of *invincible Doctor*. While the professor of anatomy was demonstrating to his son the several kinds of *intestines*, Cornelius affirmed that there were only two, the *colon* and the *aichos*, according to Hippocrates, who it was impossible could ever be mistaken. It was in vain to assure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole canal of the guts: say what you please, he replied, this is both mine and Hippocrates's opinion. You may, with equal reason (answered the professor) affirm, that a man's liver hath five lobes, and deny the circulation of the blood. Ocular demonstration, said Cornelius, seems to be on your side, yet I shall not give it up: show me any viscus of a human body, and I will bring you a monster that differs from the common rule in the structure of it. If nature shews such variety in the same age, why may she not have extended it further in several ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an antediluvian; of the strength of Samson, or the size of the giants. If in the whole, why not in parts of the body, may it not be possible the present generation of men may differ from the antients? The moderns have perhaps lengthened the channel of the guts by gluttony, and diminished the liver by hard drinking. Though it shall be demonstrated that modern blood circulates, yet I will believe, with Hippocrates, that the blood of the antients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a tide. Consider how luxury hath introduced new diseases, and with them not improbably altered the whole course of the fluids. Consider how

how the current of mighty rivers, nay, the very channels of the ocean are changed from what they were in antient days; and can we be ſo vain to imagine that the microcoſm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I queſtion not but plauſible conjectures may be made even as to the time when the blood firſt began to circulate.—Such diſputes as theſe frequently perplexed the profeſſor to that degree, that he would now and then in a paſſion leave him in the middle of a lecture, as he did at this time.

THERE unfortunately happened ſoon after, an unuſual accident, which retarded the proſecution of the ſtudies of Martin. Having purchaſed the body of a malefactor, he hired a room for its diſſection near the Peſt-fields in St Giles's, at a little diſtance from Tyburn road. Crambe (to whoſe care this body was committed) carried it thither about twelve a clock at night in a hackney-coach, few houſe-keepers being very willing to let their lodgings to ſuch kind of operators. As he was ſoftly ſtalking up ſtairs in the dark, with the dead man in his arms, his burthen had like to have ſlipped from him, which he (to ſave from falling) graſped ſo hard about the belly, that it forced the wind through the *anus*, with a noiſe exactly like the *creſitus* of a living man. Crambe (who did not comprehend how this part of the animal œconomy could remain in a dead man) was ſo terrified, that he threw down the body, ran up to his maſter, and had ſcarce breath to tell him what had happened. Martin with all his philoſophy could not prevail upon him to return to his poſt.—You may ſay what you pleaſe, quoth Crambe, no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay, he ſeemed to be mightily relieved by it.—The rolling of the corpſe down ſtairs made ſuch a noiſe that it awaked the whole houſe. The maid ſhrieked, the landlady cried out thieves: but the landlord, in his ſhirt as he was, taking a candle in one hand, and a drawn ſword in the other, ventured out of the room. The maid with only a ſingle petticoat ran up ſtairs, but ſpurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a ſwoon. Now the landlord ſtood ſtill and liſtened, then he looked behind him, and ventured down in this manner one ſtair after another, till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corpſe unknown. The

wife ran into the ſtreet and cried out murder! the watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down ſtairs. The watch imagined they were making their eſcape, ſeized them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring juſtice; where, upon ſearching them, ſeveral kind of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The juſtice firſt examined Crambe—What is your name? ſays the Juſtice. I have acquired, quoth Crambe, no great name as yet; they call me Crambe or Crambo, no matter which, as to myſelf; though it may be ſome diſpute to poſterity.—What is yours and your maſter's profeſſion? "It is our buſineſs to "imbrue our hands in blood; we cut off the heads, and "pull out the hearts of thoſe that never injured us; we "rip up big-bellied women, and tear children limb from "limb." Martin endeavoured to interrupt him; but the Juſtice, being ſtrangely aſtoniſhed with the frankneſs of Crambe's confeſſion, ordered him to proceed; upon which he made the following ſpeech:

"MAY it pleaſe your Worſhip, as touching the body "of this man, I can anſwer each head that my accuſers "alledge againſt me, to a hair. They have hitherto "talked like num-ſculs without brains; but if your wor-"ſhip will not only give ear, but regard me with a fa-"vourable eye, I will not be brow-beaten by the ſuper-"cilious looks of my adverſaries, who now ſtand cheek "by jowl by your worſhip. I will prove to their faces, "that their foul mouths have not opened their lips with-"out a falſity; though they have ſhowed their teeth as "if they would bite off my noſe. Now, Sir, that I may "fairly ſlip my neck out of the collar, I beg this matter "may not be ſlightly ſkinned over. Though I have no man "here to back me, I will unboſom myſelf, ſince truth "is on my ſide, and ſhall give them their bellies full, "though they think they have me upon the hip. Where-"as they ſay I came into their lodgings, with arms, and "murdered this man without their privity, I declare I "had not the leaſt finger in it; and ſince I am to ſtand "upon my own legs, nothing of this matter ſhall be left "till I ſet it upon a right foot. In the vein I am in, I "*cannot* for my heart's blood and guts bear this uſage: "*I ſhall not* ſpare my lungs to defend my good name.

"I

"I was ever reckoned a good liver; and I think I have "the bowels of compaſſion. I aſk but juſtice, and from "the crown of my head, to the ſoal of my foot, I ſhall "ever acknowledge myſelf your worſhip's humble ſer-"vant."

The Juſtice ſtared, the landlord and landlady lifted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talked in this rambling incoherent manner; till at length Martin begged to be heard. It was with great difficulty that the Juſtice was convinced, till they ſent for the finiſher of human laws, of whom the corpſe had been purchaſed; who looking near the left ear, knew his own work, and gave oath accordingly.

No ſooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a paſſion at Crambe. "What Dæmon, he cried, hath "poſſeſſed thee, that thou wilt never forſake that imper-"tinent cuſtom of punning? Neither my counſel nor "my example have thus miſled thee; thou governeſt "thyſelf by moſt erroneous maxims." Far from it, anſwers Crambe, my life is as orderly as my dictionary, for by my dictionary I order my life. I have made a kalender of radical words for all the ſeaſons, months, and days of the year: every day I am under the dominion of a certain word: but this day in particular I cannot be miſled, for I am governed by one that rules all ſexes, ages, conditions, nay, all animals, rational and irrational. Who is not governed by the word *led*? Our noblemen and drunkards are pimp-led, phyſicians and pulſes fee-led, their patients and organs pil-led, a new-married man and an aſs are bridle-led, an old married man and a pack-horſe ſad-led, cats and dice are rat-led, ſwine and nobility are ſty-led, a coquette and a tinder-box are ſpark-led, a lover and a blunderer are grove-led. And that I may not be tedious—Which thou art (replied Martin, ſtamping with his foot) which thou art, I ſay, beyond all human toleration. Such an unnatural, anaccountable, uncoherent, unintelligible, unprofitable---There it is now! (interrupted Crambe) this is your day for *uns*. Martin could bear no longer—however, compoſing his countenance, Come hither, he cried, there are five pounds, ſeventeen ſhillings and nine pence: thou haſt been with me eight months, three weeks, two days, and four hours. Poor

Crambe, upon the receipt of his salary, fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burst forth in these words:——O Cicero, Cicero! if to pun be a crime, it is a crime I have learned from thee! O Bias, Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example was I biassed.—— Whereupon Martin (considering that one of the greatest of orators, and even a sage of Greece had punned) hesitated, relented, and reinstated Crambe in his service.

CHAP. IX.

How Martinus became a great critic.

IT was a most peculiar talent in Martinus, to convert every trifle into a serious thing, either in the way of life, or in learning. This can no way be better exemplified, than in the effects which the puns of Crambe had on the mind and studies of Martinus. He conceived, that somewhat of a like talent to this of Crambe, of *assembling parallel sounds*, either *syllables*, or *words*, might conduce to the emendation and correction of *antient authors*, if applied to their works, with the same *diligence*, and the same *liberty*. He resolved to try first upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence; concluding, that, if the *most correct* authors could be so served with any reputation to the critic, the amendment and alteration of *all the rest* would easily follow; whereby a new, a vast, nay, boundless field of glory would be opened to the true and *absolute critic*.

THIS specimen on Virgil he has given us, in the addenda to his notes on the Dunciad. His Terence and Horace are in every body's hands, under the names of Richard B—ley, and Francis H—re. And we have convincing proofs, that the late edition of Milton, published in the name of the former of these, was in truth the work of no other than our Scriblerus.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Of Martinus's uncommon practice of phyſic, and how he applied himſelf to the diſeaſes of the mind.

BUT it is high time to return to the hiſtory of the progreſs of Martinus in the ſtudies of phyſic, and to enumerate ſome at leaſt of the many diſcoveries and experiments he made therein.

ONE of the firſt was his method of inveſtigating latent diſtempers, by the ſagacious quality of *jetting-dogs* and *pointers*. The ſucceſs and adventures that befel him, when he walked with theſe animals, to ſmell them out in the parks and public places about London, are what we would willingly relate; but that his own account, together with a *liſt of thoſe gentlemen and ladies* at whom they made a *full ſet*, will be publiſhed in time convenient. There will alſo be added the repreſentation, which, on occaſion of one diſtemper which was become almoſt epidemical, he thought himſelf obliged to lay before both houſes of parliament, intitled, *A propoſal for a general flux*, to exterminate at one blow the p—x out of this kingdom.

BUT being weary of all practice on *fœtid bodies*; from a certain niceneſs of conſtitution (eſpecially when he attended Dr Woodward through a twelve-months courſe of vomition) he determined to leave it off entirely, and to apply himſelf only to diſeaſes of the *mind*. He attempted to find out ſpecifics for all the *paſſions*; and as other phyſicians throw their patients into ſweats, vomits, purgations, *&c.* he caſt them into love, hatred, hope, fear, joy, grief, *&c.* And indeed the great irregularity of the paſſions in the Engliſh nation, was the chief motive that induced him to apply his whole ſtudies, while he continued among us, to the diſeaſes of the mind.

To this purpoſe he directed, in the firſt place, his late acquired ſkill in *anatomy*. He conſidered *virtues* and *vices* as certain habits which proceed from the natural formation and ſtructure of particular parts of the body. A bird flies becauſe it has wings, a duck ſwims becauſe it is web-footed: and there can be no queſtion but the aduncity of the *pounces* and beaks of the hawks, as well as

the length of the fangs, the ſharpneſs of the teeth, and the ſtrength of the crural and maſſeter-muſcles * in lions and tygers, are the cauſe of the great and habitual immorality of thoſe animals.

1ſt, He obſerved, that the ſoul and body mutually operate upon each other, and therefore if you deprive the mind of the outward inſtruments whereby ſhe uſually expreſſeth that paſſion, you will in time abate the paſſion itſelf, in like manner as caſtration abates luſt.

2dly, That the ſoul in mankind expreſſeth every paſſion by the motion of ſome particular *muſcles*.

3dly, That all muſcles grow ſtronger and thicker by being *much uſed*; therefore the habitual paſſions may be diſcerned in particular perſons by the *ſtrength* and *bigneſs* of the muſcles uſed in the expreſſion of that paſſion.

4thly, That a muſcle may be ſtrengthened or weakened by weakning or ſtrengthning the force of its antagoniſt. Theſe things premiſed he took notice,

THAT *complaiſance*, *humility*, *aſſent*, *approbation*, and *civility*, were expreſſed by nodding the head and bowing the body forward: on the contrary, *diſſent*, *diſlike*, *refuſal*, *pride*, and *arrogance*, were marked by toſſing the head, and bending the body backwards: which two paſſions of *aſſent* and *diſſent* the Latins rightly expreſſed by the words *adnuere* and *abnuere*. Now, he obſerved that complaiſant and civil people had the flexors of the head very ſtrong; but in the proud and inſolent there was a great overbalance of ſtrength in the extenſors of the neck and the muſcles of the back, from whence they perform, with great facility, the motion of *toſſing*, but with great difficulty that of *bowing*, and therefore have juſtly acquired the title of *ſtiff-necked*: in order to reduce ſuch perſons to a juſt balance, he judged that the pair of muſcles called *recti interni*, the maſtoidal, with other flexors of the head, neck, and body muſt be ſtrengthened; their antagoniſts, the *ſplenii complexi*, and the extenſors of the ſpine weakened: for which purpoſe nature herſelf ſeems to have directed mankind to correct this muſcular immorality by tying ſuch fellows *neck and heels*.

CONTRARY to this, is the pernicious cuſtom of mothers, who

* Μασσητῆρες μῦες.

who aboliſhed the natural ſignature of modeſty in their daughters, by teaching them *toſſing* and *bridling*, rather than the baſhful poſture of *ſtooping*, and *hanging down the head*. Martinus charged all huſbands to take notice of the *poſture of the head* of ſuch as they courted to matrimony, as that upon which their future happineſs did much depend.

FLATTERERS, who have the flexor muſcles ſo ſtrong that they are always bowing and cringing, he ſuppoſed might, in ſome meaſure, be corrected by being tied down upon a tree by the back, like the children of the Indians; which doctrine was ſtrongly confirmed by his obſerving the ſtrength of the *levatores ſcapulæ*: this muſcle is called the muſcle of *patience*, becauſe in that affection of mind people ſhrug and raiſe up the ſhoulder to the tip of the ear. This muſcle alſo he obſerved to be exceedingly ſtrong and large in *benpecked huſbands*, in *Italians*, and in *Engliſh miniſters*.

IN purſuance of his theory, he ſuppoſed the *conſtrictors* of the *eye-lids*, muſt be ſtrengthened in the ſupercilious, the *abductors* in drunkards and contemplative men, who have the ſame ſteddy and grave motion of the eye. That the *buccinators* or blowers up of the *cheeks*, and the *dilators* of the *noſe*, were too ſtrong in the choleric people; and therefore nature here again directed us to a remedy, which was to correct ſuch extraordinary dilatation by *pulling by the noſe*.

THE rolling amorous eye, in the paſſion of love, might be corrected by frequent looking through glaſſes. Impertinent fellows that jump upon tables, and cut capers, might be cured by relaxing medicines applied to the *calves* of their *legs*, which in ſuch people are too ſtrong.

BUT there were two caſes which he reckoned extremely difficult. Firſt, *Affectation*, in which there were ſo many muſcles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and the whole body, all in a falſe tone, that it required an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

THE ſecond caſe was immoderate *laughter*: when any of that riſible ſpecies were brought to the Doctor, and when he conſidered what an infinity of muſcles theſe laughing raſcals threw into a convulſive motion at the ſame time; whether we regard the ſpaſms of the diaphragm

and

and all the muſcles of reſpiration, the horrible *rictus* of the mouth, the diſtortion of the lower jaw, the criſping of the noſe, twinkling of the eyes, or ſphærical convexity of the cheeks, with the tremulous ſucceſſion of the whole human body: when he conſidered, I ſay, all this, he uſed to cry out, *Caſus plane deplorabilis!* and gave ſuch patients over.

CHAP. XI.

The caſe of a young Nobleman at court, with the Doctor's preſcription for the ſame.

AN eminent inſtance of Martinus's ſagacity in diſcovering the deſtempers of the mind, appeared in the caſe of a young Nobleman at court, who was obſerved to grow extremely affected in his ſpeech, and whimſical in all his behaviour. He began to aſk odd queſtions, talk in verſe to himſelf, ſhut himſelf up from his friends, and be acceſſible to none but flatterers, poets, and pick-pockets; till his relations and old acquaintance judged him to be ſo far gone, as to be a fit patient for the Doctor.

As ſoon as he had heard and examined all the ſymptoms, he pronounced his diſtemper to be *love*.

His friends aſſured him, that they had, with great care, obſerved all his motions, and were perfectly ſatisfied there was no woman in the caſe. Scriblerus was as poſitive that he was deſperately in love with ſome perſon or other. "How can that be," (ſaid his aunt, who came to aſk the advice) "when he converſes almoſt with none but himſelf?" Say you ſo? he replied, why then he is in love with himſelf, one of the moſt common caſes in the world. I am aſtoniſhed, people do not enough attend this diſeaſe, which has the ſame cauſes and ſymptoms, and admits of the ſame cure with the other: eſpecially ſince here the caſe of the patient is the more helpleſs and deplorable of the two, as this unfortunate paſſion is more blind than the other. There are people who diſcover, from their very youth, a moſt amorous inclination to themſelves; which is unhappily nurſed by ſuch mothers as, *with their good*-will, would never ſuffer their children to be

be *croſſed in love*. Eaſe, luxury, and idleneſs, blow up this flame as well as the other: conſtant opportunities of converſation with the perſon beloved (the greateſt of incentives) are here impoſſible to be prevented. Bawds and pimps in the other love, will be perpetually doing kind offices, ſpeaking a good word for the party, and carry about billet doux. Therefore I aſk you, Madam, if this Gentleman has not been much frequented by flatterers, and a ſort of people who bring him dedications and verſes? "O Lord! Sir," (quoth the aunt) "the "houſe is haunted with them."—There it is, replied Scriblerus, thoſe are the bawds and pimps that go between a man and himſelf. Are there no civil ladies, that tell him he dreſſes well, has a gentlemanly air, and the like? "Why truly, Sir, my nephew is not aukward."—*Look you*, Madam, this is a misfortune to him: in *former days* theſe ſort of lovers were happy in one reſpect, that they never had any rivals, but of late they have all the ladies ſo—Be pleaſed to anſwer a few queſtions more. Whom does he generally talk of? Himſelf, quoth the aunt.—Whoſe wit and breeding does he moſt commend? His own, quoth the aunt.—Whom does he write letters to? Himſelf.——Whom does he dream of? All the dreams I ever heard were of himſelf.—Whom is he ogling yonder? Himſelf in his looking-glaſs.—Why does he throw back his head in that languiſhing poſture? Only to be bleſt with a ſmile of himſelf as he paſſes by.—— Does he ever ſteal a kiſs from himſelf, by biting his lips? Oh continually, till they are perfect vermilion.—Have you obſerved him to uſe familiarities with any body? "With none but himſelf: he often embraces himſelf "with folded arms, he claps his hand often upon his "hip, nay, ſometimes thruſts it into his breaſt."

MADAM, ſaid the Doctor, all theſe are ſtrong ſymptoms; but there remain a few more. Has this amorous gentleman preſented himſelf with any love toys; ſuch as gold ſnuff-boxes, repeating watches, or tweezer-caſes? thoſe are things that in time will ſoften the moſt obdurate heart. "Not only ſo," (ſaid the aunt,) "but he bought the o-"ther day a very fine brilliant diamond ring for his own "wearing."—Nay, if he has accepted of this ring, the intrigue *is very forward indeed*, and it is high time for friends

to

to interpose—Pray Madam, a word or two more: Is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themselves with respect enough? will he bear jokes and innocent freedoms? "By no means; a familiar appellation makes "him angry; if you shake him a little roughly by the "hand, he is in a rage; but if you chuck him under the "chin, he will return you a box on the ear."—Then the case is plain: he has the true pathognomic sign of love, *jealousy*; for no-body will suffer his mistress to be treated at that rate. Madam, upon the whole this case is extremely dangerous. There are some people who are far gone in this passion of self love; but then they keep a *very secret intrigue* with themselves, and hide it from all the world besides. But this patient has not the least care of the reputation of his beloved, he is downright scandalous in his behaviour with himself; he is enchanted, bewitched, and almost past cure. However, let the following methods be tried upon him.

First. Let him *** *Hiatus.* *** Secondly, Let him wear a bob wig. Thirdly, Shun the company of flatterers, nay, of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be amiss if he travelled over England in a stage-coach, and made the Tour of Holland in a track-scoute. Let him return the snuff-boxes, tweezer-cases (and particularly the diamond ring) which he has received from himself. Let some knowing friend represent to him the many vile qualities of this mistress of his: let him be shewn that her extravagance, pride, and prodigality, will infallibly bring him to a morsel of bread: let it be proved, that he has been false to himself, and if treachery is not a sufficient cause to discard a mistress, what is? In short, let him be made to see, that no mortal, besides himself, either loves or can suffer this creature. Let all looking-glasses, polished toys, and even clean plates be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all those tender airs, affected smiles, languishing looks, wanton tosses of the head, coy motions of the body, that mincing gait, soft tone of voice, and all that enchanting woman-like behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let *him surprize* the beauty he adores at a disadvantage, sur-

vey

vey himſelf naked, diveſted of artificial charms, and he will find himſelf a forked ſtradling animal, with bandy legs, a ſhort neck, a din hide, and a pot belly. It would be yet better, if he took a ſtrong purge once a week, in order to contemplate himſelf in that condition: at which time it will be convenient to make uſe of the letters, dedications, &c. aboveſaid. Something like this has been obſerved by Lucretius, and others, to be a powerful remedy in the caſe of women. If all this will not do, I muſt even leave the poor man to his deſtiny. Let him *marry himſelf*, and when he is condemned eternally to himſelf, perhaps he may run to the next pond to get rid of himſelf, the fate of moſt violent ſelf-lovers.

CHAP. XII.

How Martinus endeavoured to find out the ſeat of the ſoul, and of his correſpondence with the Free-thinkers.

IN this deſign of Martin, to inveſtigate the diſeaſes of the mind, he thought nothing ſo neceſſary as an enquiry after the *ſeat* of the *ſoul*; in which, at firſt, he laboured under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion, that it lodged in the brain, ſometimes in the ſtomach, and ſometimes in the heart. Afterwards he thought it abſurd to confine that ſovereign lady to one apartment, which made him infer, that ſhe ſhifted it according to the ſeveral functions of life: the brain was her ſtudy, the heart her ſtate-room, and the ſtomach her kitchen. But as he ſaw ſeveral offices of life went on at the ſame time, he was forced to give up this hypotheſis alſo. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the ſoul to perform ſeveral operations by her little miniſters, the *animal ſpirits*, from whence it was natural to conclude, that ſhe reſides in different parts according to different inclinations, ſexes, ages, and profeſſions. Thus in Epicurus he ſeated her in the mouth of the ſtomach, philoſophers have her in the brain, ſoldiers in their heart, women in their tongues, fidlers in their fingers, and rope-dancers in their toes. At length he grew fond of the *glandula pinealis*, diſſecting many ſubjects to find out the *different figure of this gland*, from whence he might diſcover

cover the cauſe of the different tempers in mankind. He ſuppoſed, that in factious and reſtleſs-ſpirited people he ſhould find it ſharp and pointed, allowing no room for the ſoul to repoſe herſelf; that in quiet tempers it was flat, ſmooth, and ſoft, affording to the ſoul, as it were, an eaſy cuſhion. He was confirmed in this by obſerving, that calves and philoſophers, tygers and ſtateſmen, foxes and ſharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-ſparrows and coquets, monkeys and players, courtiers and ſpaniels, moles and miſers, exactly reſemble one another in the conformation of the *pineal gland*. He did not doubt likewiſe to find the ſame reſemblance in highwaymen and conquerors: in order to ſatisfy himſelf in which, it was, that he purchaſed the body of one of the firſt ſpecies (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happineſs of one of the latter too, under his anatomical knife.

We muſt not omit taking notice here, that theſe enquiries into the *ſeat* of the *ſoul* gave occaſion to his firſt correſpondence with the ſociety of *Free-thinkers*, who were then in their infancy in England, and ſo much taken with the promiſing endowments of Martin, that they ordered their ſecretary to write him the following letter.

To the learned inquiſitor into nature, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS: *the ſociety of Free-thinkers greeting.*

Grecian Coffee-Houſe, May 7.

IT is with unſpeakable joy we have heard of your inquiſitive genius, and we think it great pity that it ſhould not be better employed, than in looking after that theological non-entity commonly called the *ſoul*: ſince after all your inquiries, it will appear you have loſt your labour in ſeeking the reſidence of ſuch a chimera, that never had being but in the brains of ſome dreaming philoſophers. Is it not *demonſtration* to a perſon of your ſenſe, that, ſince *you cannot find it*, there is *no ſuch thing?* In order to ſet ſo hopeful a genius right in this matter, we have ſent you an anſwer to the ill-grounded ſophiſms of thoſe crack-brained fellows, and likewiſe an eaſy *mechanical explication* of *perception* or *thinking*.

Our

ONE of their chief arguments is †, that *self-conſciouſneſs* cannot inhere in any ſyſtem of matter, becauſe all matter is made up of ſeveral diſtinct beings, which never can make up one individual thinking being.

THIS is eaſily anſwered by a familiar inſtance. In every *jack* there is a *meat-roaſting* quality, which neither reſides in the fly, nor in the weight, nor in any particular wheel of the jack, but is the reſult of the whole compoſition: ſo in an animal, the ſelf-conſciouſneſs is not a real quality inherent in one being (any more than meat-roaſting in a jack) but the reſult of ſeveral modes or qualities in the ſame ſubject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, *&c.* make one jack, ſo the ſeveral parts of the body make one animal. As perception or conſciouſneſs is ſaid to be inherent in this animal, ſo is meat-roaſting ſaid to be inherent in the jack. As ſenſation, reaſoning, volition, memory, *&c.* are the ſeveral modes of thinking; ſo roaſting of beef, roaſting of mutton, roaſting of pullets, geeſe, turkeys, *&c.* are the ſeveral modes of meat-roaſting. And as the general quality of meat-roaſting, with its ſeveral modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, *&c.* does not inhere in any one part of the jack; ſo neither does conſciouſneſs, with its ſeveral modes of ſenſation, intellection, volition, *&c.* inhere in any one, but is the reſult from the mechanical compoſition of the whole animal.

JUST ſo, the quality or diſpoſition in a fiddle to play tunes, with the ſeveral modifications of this *tune-playing* quality in playing of preludes, ſarabands, jigs, and gavotts, are as much real qualities in the inſtrument, as the thought or the imagination is in the mind of the perſon that compoſes them.

THE parts, ſay they, of an animal body are perpetually changed, and the fluids which ſeem to be the ſubject of conſciouſneſs, are in a perpetual circulation; ſo that the ſame individual particles do not remain in the brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of individual conſciouſneſs muſt be conſtantly tranſlated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for

† *This whole chapter is* an inimitable ridicule on Collins's *arguments againſt Clarke*, to prove the ſoul only a quality. W.

example, must not only be conscious, but conscious that it is the same being with the particle B that went before.

We answer; this is only a fallacy of the imagination, and is to be understood in no other sense than that maxim of the English law, that the *King never dies*. This power of thinking, self-moving, and governing the whole machine, is communicated from every particle to its immediate successor; who, as soon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the government, which still preserves the unity of the whole system.

They make a great noise about this individuality: how a man is conscious to himself that he is the same individual he was twenty years ago; notwithstanding the flux state of the particles of matter that compose his body. We think this is capable of a very plain answer, and may be easily illustrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darned so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings. Now, supposing those stockings of Sir John's endued with some degree of consciousness at every particular darning, they would have been sensible, that they were the same individual pair of stockings both before and after the darning; and this sensation would have continued in them through all the succession of darnings: and yet after the last of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be silk stockings, as was said before.

And whereas it is affirmed, that every animal is conscious of some individual self-moving, self-determining principle; it is answered, that, as in the House of Commons all things are determined by a *majority*, so it is in every animal system: As that which determines the house is said to be the reason of the whole assembly; it is no otherwise with thinking beings, who are determined by the greater force of several particles; which, like so many unthinking members, compose one thinking system.

And whereas it is likewise objected, that punishments cannot be just that are not inflicted upon the same individual, which cannot subsist without the notion of a *spiritual substance*; we reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a corporation, which is likewise

a flux

a flux body, may be puniſhed for the faults, and liable to the debts, of their predeceſſors.

We proceed now to explain, by the ſtructure of the brain, the ſeveral modes of thinking. It is well known to anatomiſts, that the brain is a congeries of glands, that ſeparate the finer parts of the blood, called animal ſpirits; that a gland is nothing but a canal of a great length, variouſly intorted and wound up together. From the arietation and motion of the ſpirits in thoſe canals, proceed all the different ſorts of thoughts. Simple ideas are produced by the motion of the ſpirits in one ſimple canal; when two of theſe canals diſembogue themſelves into one, they make what we call a propoſition; and when two of theſe propoſitional channels empty themſelves into a third, they form a ſyllogiſm, or a ratiocination. Memory is performed in a diſtinct apartment of the brain, made up of veſſels ſimilar, and like ſituated to the ideal, propoſitional, and ſyllogiſtical veſſels, in the primary parts of the brain. After the ſame manner it is eaſy to explain the other modes of thinking; as alſo why ſome people think ſo wrong and perverſely, which proceeds from the bad configuration of thoſe glands. Some, for example, are born without the propoſitional or ſyllogiſtical canals; in others, that reaſon ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the ſpirits is retarded; in trifling geniuſes, weak and ſmall; in the over-refining ſpirits, too much intorted and winding; and ſo of the reſt.

We are ſo much perſuaded of the truth of this our hypotheſis, that we have employed one of our members, a great virtuoſo at Nuremberg, to make a ſort of an hydruliс engine, in which a chemical liquor, reſembling blood, is driven thro' elaſtic channels reſembling arteries and veins, by the force of an embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatic machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pullies, like the nerves, tendons, and muſcles: and we are perſuaded, that this our artificial man will not only walk, and ſpeak, and perform moſt of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reaſon as well as moſt of your country parſons.

We wait with the utmoſt impatience for the honour of

having you a member of our ſociety, and beg leave to aſſure you that we are, *&c.*

WHAT return Martin made to this obliging letter we muſt defer to another occaſion: let it ſuffice at preſent to tell, that Crambe was in a great rage at them, for ſtealing, as he thought, a hint from his *Theory of ſyllogiſms*, without doing him the honour ſo much as to mention him. He adviſed his maſter by no means to enter into their ſociety, unleſs they would give him ſufficient ſecurity, to bear him harmleſs from any thing that might happen after this preſent life.

CHAP. XIII.

Of the ſeceſſion of Martinus, and ſome hint of his travels.

IT was in the year 1699 that Martin ſet out on his *travels*. Thou wilt certainly be very curious to know what they were. It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

THOU ſhalt know then, that in his firſt voyage he was carried by a proſperous ſtorm, to a diſcovery of the remains of the antient Pygmæan empire.

THAT in his ſecond, he was as happily ſhipwrecked on the land of the *giants*, now the moſt humane people in the world.

THAT in his third voyage, he diſcovered a whole kingdom of *philoſophers*, who govern by the *mathematics*; with whoſe admirable ſchemes and projects he returned to benefit his own dear country; but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious miniſters of Queen Anne, and himſelf ſent treacherouſly away.

AND hence it is, that in his fourth voyage he diſcovers a vein of melancholy proceeding almoſt to a diſguſt of his ſpecies; but above all, a mortal deteſtation to the whole flagitious race of *miniſters*, and a final reſolution not to give in any *memorial* to the *Secretary of ſtate*, in order to ſubject the lands he diſcovered to the *crown* of Great Britain.

Now if, by theſe hints, the reader can help himſelf to a far-

a farther diſcovery of the nature and contents of theſe travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him; I am obliged, by all the ties of honour, not to ſpeak more openly.

But if any man ſhall ever ſee ſuch very extraordinary voyages, into ſuch very extraordinary nations, which manifeſt the moſt diſtinguiſhing marks of a philoſopher, a politician, and a legiſlator; and can imagine them to belong to a *ſurgeon of a ſhip*, or a captain of a *merchantman*, let him remain in his ignorance.

And whoever he be, that ſhall farther obſerve, in every page of ſuch a book, that cordial love of *mankind*, that inviolable *regard* to *truth*, that *paſſion* for his *dear country*, and that particular attachment to the excellent princeſs Queen Anne; ſurely that man deſerves to be pitied, if by all thoſe viſible ſigns and characters, he cannot diſtinguiſh and acknowledge the great Scriblerus *.

CHAP. XIV.

Of the diſcoveries and works of the great Scriblerus, made and to be made, written and to be written, known and unknown.

Here therefore, at this great period, we end our firſt book. And here, O reader, we entreat thee utterly to forget all thou haſt hitherto read, and to caſt thy eyes only forward, to that boundleſs field the next ſhall open unto thee; the fruits of which (if thine, or our ſins do not prevent) are to ſpread and multiply over this our work, and over all the face of the earth.

In the mean time, know what thou oweſt, and what thou yet mayſt owe, to this excellent perſon, this prodigy of our age; who may well be called, *The Philoſopher of ultimate cauſes*, ſince, by a ſagacity peculiar to himſelf, he hath diſcovered effects in their very cauſes; and without the trivial helps of experiments, or obſervations, hath been the inventor of moſt of the modern ſyſtems and hypotheſes.

* *Gulliver's Travels* were firſt intended as a part of Scriblerus's *Memoirs*. *Warburton.*

He hath enriched mathematics with many preciſe and geometrical *quadratures* of the *circle*. He firſt diſcovered the *cauſe* of *gravity*, and the inteſtine *motion* of *fluids*.

To him we owe all the obſervations on the *parallax*, of the *pole-ſtar*, and all the new *theories* of the *deluge*.

He it was that firſt taught the right uſe ſometimes of the *fuga vacui*, and ſometimes of the *materia ſubtilis*, in reſolving the grand phænomena of nature.

He it was that firſt found out the *palpability* of *colours*; and by the delicacy of his touch, could diſtinguiſh the different vibrations of the heterogeneous rays of light.

His were the projects of *perpetuum mobiles*, *flying engines*, and *pacing ſaddles*; the method of diſcovering the *longitude* by *bomb-veſſels*, and of encreaſing the *trade-wind* by vaſt plantations of *reeds* and *ſedges*.

I ſhall mention only a few of his philoſophical and mathematical works.

1. A complete digeſt of the laws of nature, with a review of thoſe that are obſolete or repealed, and of thoſe that are ready to be renewed and put in force.

2. A mechanical explanation of the formation of the univerſe, according to the Epicurean hypotheſis.

3. An inveſtigation of the quantity of real matter in the univerſe, with the proportion of the ſpecific gravity of ſolid matter to that of fluid.

4. Microſcopical obſervations of the figure and bulk of the conſtituent parts of all fluids. A calculation of the proportion in which the fluids of the earth decreaſe, and of the period in which they will be totally exhauſted.

5. A computation of the duration of the ſun, and how long it will laſt before it be burned out.

6. A method to apply the force ariſing from the immenſe velocity of *light* to mechanical purpoſes.

7. An anſwer to the queſtion of a curious gentleman; how long a *new ſtar* was lighted up before its appearance to the inhabitants of our earth? To which is ſubjoined, a calculation, how much the inhabitants of the *moon* eat for ſupper, conſidering that they paſs a night equal to fifteen of our natural days.

8. *A demonſtration of the natural dominion of the inhabi-*

habitants of the earth over thoſe of the moon, if ever an intercourſe ſhould be opened between them. With a propoſal of a *partition-treaty*, among the earthly potentates, in caſe of ſuch diſcovery.

9. Tide-tables, for a comet, that is to approximate towards the earth.

10. The number of the inhabitants of London determined by the reports of the gold-finders, and the tonnage of their carriages; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of the *ingeſta* and *egeſta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left under dead walls, and dry ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his ſtudies were directed to the univerſal benefit of mankind. Numerous have been his projects to this end, of which *two* alone will be ſufficient to ſhow the amazing grandeur of his genius. The firſt was a propoſal, by a general contribution of all princes, to pierce the firſt cruſt or *nucleus* of this our *earth*, quite through, to the next concentrical ſphere. The advantage he propoſed from it was, to find the *parallax* of the *fixt ſtars*; but chiefly to refute Sir Iſaac Newton's Theory of *Gravity*, and Mr. Halley's of the *Variations*. The ſecond was, to build *two poles* to the *meridian*, with immenſe light-houſes on the top of them; to ſupply the defect of nature, and to make the longitude as eaſy to be calculated as the latitude. Both theſe he could not but think very practicable, by the power of all the potentates of the world.

May we preſume after theſe to mention, how he deſcended from the ſublime to the beneficial parts of knowledge, and particularly his extraordinary practice of *phyſic*. From the age, complexion, or weight of the perſon given, he contrived to preſcribe at a diſtance, as well as at a patient's bed-ſide. He taught the way to many modern phyſicians, to cure their patients by *intuition*, and to others to cure *without looking on them at all*. He projected a menſtruum to diſſolve the ſtone, made of Dr Woodward's *univerſal deluge water*. His alſo was the device to relieve conſumptive or aſthmatic perſons by bringing freſh air out of the country to town, by pipes of the nature of the recipients of air-pumps: and to introduce the native air of a man's country into any other in

which

which he ſhould travel, with a ſeaſonable intromiſſion of ſuch ſteams as were moſt familiar to him; to the inexpreſſible comfort of many Scotſmen, Laplanders, and white bears.

In *phyſiognomy*, his penetration is ſuch, that from the *picture* only of any perſon, he can write his *life*; and from the features of the parents, draw the portrait of any child that is to be born.

Nor hath he been ſo enrapt in theſe ſtudies, as to neglect the polite arts of painting, architecture, muſic, poetry, *&c.* It was he that gave the firſt hint to our modern *painters*, to improve the *likeneſs* of their portraits by the uſe of ſuch *colours* as would faithfully and conſtantly accompany the *life*, not only in its preſent ſtate, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itſelf.

In *architecture*, he builds not with ſo much regard to preſent ſymmetry or conveniency, as with a thought well worthy a true lover of antiquity, to wit, the noble effect the building will have to poſterity, when it ſhall fall and become a ruin.

As to *muſic*, I think Heidegger has not the face to deny that he has been much beholden to his ſcores.

In *poetry*, he hath appeared under a hundred different names, of which we may one day give a catalogue.

In *politics*, his writings are of a peculiar caſt, for the moſt part ironical, and the drift of them often ſo delicate and refined as to be miſtaken by the vulgar. He once went ſo far as to write a perſuaſive to people to eat their own children, which was ſo little underſtood as to be taken in ill part *. He has often written againſt *liberty* in the name of *Freeman* and *Algernon Sidney*, in vindication of the meaſures of Spain under that of Raleigh, and in praiſe of *corruption* under thoſe of Cato and Publicola.

It is true, that at his laſt departure from England, in the reign of Q. Anne, apprehending leſt any of theſe might be perverted to the ſcandal of the weak, or encouragement of the flagitious, he caſt them all, without mercy, into a bog-houſe near St. James's. Some however have

* Swift's ironical tract on that ſubject, intitled, *A modeſt propoſal for preventing the children of poor people in Ireland from being a burden to their parents*, &c, vol. iii.

have been with great diligence recovered, and fiſhed up with a hook and line, by the miniſterial writers, which make at preſent the great ornaments of their works.

WHATEVER he judged beneficial to mankind, he conſtantly communicated (not only during his ſtay among us, but ever ſince his abſence) by ſome method or other in which oſtentation had no part. With what incredible modeſty he concealed himſelf, is known to numbers of thoſe to whom he addreſſed ſometimes Epiſtles, ſometimes Hints, ſometimes whole Treatiſes, Advices to friends, Projects of firſt miniſters, Letters to members of parliament, Accounts to the Royal Society, and innumerable others.

ALL theſe will be vindicated to the true author, in the courſe of theſe memoirs. I may venture to ſay they cannot be unacceptable to any, but to thoſe, who will appear too much concerned as *plagiaries*, to be admitted as *judges*. Wherefore we warn the public, to take particular notice of all ſuch as manifeſt any indecent paſſion at the appearance of this work, as perſons moſt certainly involved in the guilt.

The End of the Firſt Book.

MARTINUS

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

OR,

Of the ART of SINKING in POETRY.

Written in the year 1727.

CHAP. I.

IT hath been long, my dear countrymen, the ſubject of my concern and ſurprize, that whereas numberleſs poets, critics, and orators have compiled and digeſted the art of antient poeſy, there hath not riſen among us one perſon ſo public-ſpirited, as to perform the like for the modern. Although it is univerſally known, that our every way induſtrious moderns, both in the weight of their writings, and in the velocity of their judgments, do ſo infinitely excel the ſaid antients.

NEVERTHELESS, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paved to their ὕψος, or ſublime; no tract has been yet chalked out to arrive at our βάθος, or profound. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and us, make uſe of the word *altitudo*, which implies equally height and depth. Wherefore conſidering, with no ſmall grief, how many promiſing geniuſes of this age are wandering, as I may ſay, in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but neceſſary taſk, to lead them, as it were by the hand, and ſtep by ſtep, the gentle downhill way to the *bathos*; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra*, of true modern poeſy!

WHEN I conſider, my dear countrymen, the extent, fertility, and populouſneſs of our lowlands of Parnaſſus, *the flouriſhing* ſtate of our trade, and the plenty of our

ma-

manufacture; there are two reflections, which administer great occasion of surprize; the one, that all dignities and honours should be bestowed upon the exceeding few meagre inhabitants of the top of the mountain; the other, that our own nation should have arrived to that pitch of greatness it now possesses, without any regular system of laws. As to the first, it is with great pleasure I have observed of late the gradual decay of delicacy and refinement among mankind, who are become too reasonable to require, that we should labour with infinite pains to come up to the taste of these mountaineers, when they without any may condescend to ours. But as we have now an unquestionable majority on our side, I doubt not, but we shall shortly be able to level the highlanders, and procure a farther vent for our own product, which is already so much relished, encouraged, and rewarded by the nobility and gentry of Great Britain.

THEREFORE, to supply our former defect, I purpose to collect the scattered rules of our art into regular institutes, from the example and practice of the deep genius's of our nation; imitating herein my predecessors, the master of Alexander, and the secretary of the renowned Zenobia: and in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more success than has attended even those great critics; since their laws, though they might be good, have ever been slackly executed, and their precepts however strict obeyed only by fits, and by a very small number.

AT the same time I intend to do justice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnassus; who taking advantage of the rising ground are perpetually throwing down rubbish, dirt, and stones upon us, never suffering us to live in peace. These men, while they enjoy the crystal stream of helicon, envy us our common water, which (thank our stars) though it is somewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greatest injustice, that we have to complain of: for though it is evident, that we never made the least attempt or inroad into their territories, but lived contented in our native fens; they have often not only committed petty larcenies upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried *off at once whole cart*-loads of our manufacture; to re-

reclaim ſome of which ſtoln goods is part of the deſign of this treatiſe.

For we ſhall ſee, in the courſe of this work, that our greateſt adverſaries have ſometimes deſcended towards us; and doubtleſs might now and then have arrived at the *bathos* itſelf, had it not been for that miſtaken opinion they all entertained, that the rules of the antients were equally neceſſary to the moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous error, as will be amply proved in the following diſcourſe.

And indeed when any of theſe have gone ſo far, as by the light of their own genius to attempt *new* models, it is wonderful to obſerve, how nearly they have approached us in thoſe particular pieces; though in their others they differ *toto cælo* from us.

CHAP. II.

That the bathos, or profound, is the natural taſte of man, and in particular of the preſent age.

The taſte of the *bathos* is implanted by nature itſelf in the ſoul of man; till perverted by cuſtom or example, he is taught, or rather compelled to reliſh the *ſublime*. Accordingly, we ſee the unprejudiced minds of children delight only in ſuch productions, and in ſuch images, as our true modern writers ſet before them. I have obſerved, how faſt the general taſte is returning to this firſt ſimplicity and innocence: and if the intent of all poetry be to divert and inſtruct, certainly that kind, which diverts and inſtructs the *greateſt number*, is to be preferred. Let us look round among the admirers of poetry; we ſhall find thoſe, who have a taſte of the *ſublime*, to be very few; but the *profound* ſtrikes univerſally, and is adapted to every capacity. It is a fruitleſs undertaking to write for men of a nice and ſoppiſh guſto, whom after all it is almoſt impoſſible to pleaſe; and it is ſtill more chimerical to write for poſterity, of whoſe taſte we cannot make any judgment, and whoſe applauſe we can never enjoy. It muſt be confeſſed, our wiſer authors have a preſent end,

Et prodeſſe volunt, et delectare poetæ.

Their true deſign is profit or gain; in order to acquire which, it is neceſſary to procure applauſe by adminiſtring pleaſure to the reader: from whence it follows demonſtrably, that their productions muſt be ſuited to the *preſent* taſte. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that though we have made indeed great progreſs in all other branches of luxury, we are not yet debauched with any high reliſh in poetry, but are in this one taſte leſs nice than our anceſtors. If any art is to be eſtimated by its ſucceſs, I appeal to experience, whether there have not been, in proportion to their number, as many ſtarving good poets, as bad ones?

NEVERTHELESS, in making gain the principal end of our art, far be it from me to exclude any great geniuſes of *rank* or *fortune* from diverting themſelves this way. They ought to be praiſed no leſs than thoſe princes, who paſs their vacant hours in ſome ingenious mechanical or manual art. And to ſuch as theſe, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAP. III.

The neceſſity of the bathos phyſically conſidered.

FARTHERMORE, it were great cruelty and injuſtice, if all ſuch authors as cannot write in the other way, were prohibited from writing at all. Againſt this I draw an argument from what ſeems to me an undoubted phyſical maxim; that *poetry is a natural morbid ſecretion from the brain.* As I would not ſuddenly ſtop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's iſſue, I would as little hinder him from neceſſary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any human creature paſt childhood, but at one time or other has had ſome poetical evacuation, and no queſtion was much the better for it in his health; ſo true is the ſaying, *naſcimur poetæ.* Therefore is the deſire of writing properly termed *pruritus*, the "titillation of the generative faculty of "the brain," and the perſon is ſaid to conceive; now ſuch *as conceive muſt bring* forth. I have known a man thought-

thoughtful, melancholy, and raving for divers days, who forthwith grew wonderfully eaſy, lightſome, and cheerful, upon a diſcharge of the peccant humour in exceeding purulent metre. Nor can I queſtion, but abundance of untimely deaths are occaſioned for want of this laudible vent of unruly paſſions; yea, perhaps, in poor wretches (which is very lamentable) for mere want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows, that a ſuppreſſion of the very worſt poetry is of dangerous conſequence to the ſtate. We find by experience, that the ſame humours which vent themſelves in ſummer in ballads and ſonnets, are condenſed, by the winter's cold, into pamphlets and ſpeeches for and againſt the miniſtry: nay, I know not, but many times a piece of poetry may be the moſt innocent compoſition of a miniſter himſelf.

It is therefore manifeſt, that *mediocrity* ought to be allowed, yea, indulged, to the good ſubjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has ſwallowed the contrary maxim upon the ſingle authority of Horace *. Why ſhould the golden mean, and quinteſſence of all virtues, be deemed ſo offenſive in this art? or coolneſs or mediocrity be ſo amiable a quality in man, and ſo deteſtable in a poet?

However, far be it from me to compare theſe writers with thoſe great ſpirits, who are born with a *vivacité de peſanteur*, or (as an Engliſh author calls it) an "alacrity of ſinking †;" and who by ſtrength of nature alone can excel. All I mean, is to evince the neceſſity of rules to theſe of leſſer geniuſes, as well as the uſefulneſs of them to the greater.

CHAP. IV.

That there is an art of the bathos, or profound.

We come now to prove, that there is an *art of ſinking in poetry*. Is there not an architecture of vaults

* ——— *Mediocribus eſſe poetis*
Non dii, non homines, &c. ——— Hor. *Pope.*

† Spoken by Falſtaff of himſelf in Shakeſpear's merry wives of Windſor. *Hawkeſworth.*

vaults and cellars, as well as of lofty domes and pyramids? Is there not as much ſkill and labour in making ditches, as in raiſing mounts? Is there not an art of diving as well as of flying? and will any ſober practitioner affirm, that a diving engine is not of ſingular uſe in making him long-winded, aſſiſting his deſcent, and furniſhing him with more ingenious means of keeping under water?

IF we ſearch the authors of antiquity, we ſhall find as few to have been diſtinguiſhed in the true *profound*, as in the true *ſublime*. And the very ſame thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagined of that, as now of this: namely, that it was entirely the gift of nature. I grant, that to excel in the *bathos* a genius is requiſite; yet the rules of art muſt be allowed ſo far uſeful, as to add weight, or, as I may ſay, hang on lead to facilitate and enforce our deſcent, to guide us to the moſt advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man, who is amongſt the loweſt of the creation, at the very bottom of the atmoſphere; to deſcend beneath himſelf, is not ſo eaſy a taſk unleſs he calls in art to his aſſiſtance. It is with the *bathos* as with ſmall beer, which is indeed vapid and inſipid, if left at large and let abroad; but being, by our rules, confined and well ſtopt, nothing grows ſo frothy, pert, and bouncing.

THE *ſublime* of nature is the ſky, the ſun, moon, ſtars, *&c.* The *profound* of nature is gold, pearls, precious ſtones, and the treaſures of the deep, which are ineſtimable as unknown. But all that lies between theſe, as corn, flower, fruits, animals, and things for the mere uſe of man, are of mean price, and ſo common as not to be greatly eſteemed by the curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true uſe, cannot be invaluable: which affords a ſolution, why common ſenſe hath either been totally deſpiſed, or held in ſmall repute, by the greateſt modern critics and authors.

CHAP. V.

Of the true genius for the profound, and by what it is conſtituted.

AND I will venture to lay it down, as the firſt maxim and corner-ſtone of this our art; that whoever would excel therein, muſt ſtudiouſly avoid, deteſt, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that peſtilent foe to wit, and deſtroyer of fine figures, which is known by the name of *common ſenſe*. His buſineſs muſt be to contract the true *gout de travers*; and to acquire a moſt happy, uncommon, unaccountable way of thinking.

He is to conſider himſelf as a groteſque painter, whoſe works would be ſpoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of deſign. He is to mingle bits of the moſt various, or diſcordant kinds, landſcape, hiſtory, portraits, animals, and connect them with a great deal of flouriſhing, by head or tail, as it ſhall pleaſe his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by ſtrong oppoſitions of colours, and ſurprize by contrariety of images.

Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni. Hor.

His deſign ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which no body can get clear but himſelf. And ſince the great art of all poetry is to mix truth with fiction, in order to join the *credible* with the *ſurprizing*; our author ſhall produce the credible, by painting nature in her loweſt ſimplicity, and the ſurprizing, by contradicting common opinion. In the very manners he will affect the *marvellous*; he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a prince talking like a jack-pudding; a maid of honour telling bargains; a footman ſpeaking like a philoſopher; and a fine gentleman like a ſcholar. Whoever is converſant in modern plays, may make a moſt noble collection of this kind, and at the ſame time form a complete body of *modern ethics and morality*.

Nothing ſeemed more plain to our great authors, than *that the world* hath long been weary of *natural things*.

Hora

How much the contrary are formed to pleaſe, is evident from the univerſal applauſe daily given to the admirable entertainments of *harlequins* and *magicians* on our ſtage. When an audience behold a coach turned into a wheel-barrow, a conjurer into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels ſhould be; how are they ſtruck with tranſport and delight? which can only be imputed to this cauſe, that each object is changed into that which hath been ſuggeſted to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himſelf maſter of this happy and *anti-natural* way of thinking to ſuch a degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furniſh his imagination with ideas infinitely *below* it. And his eyes ſhould be like unto the wrong end of a perſpective glaſs, by which all the objects of nature are leſſened.

For example; when a true genius looks upon the ſky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue *lute-ſtring*, or a child's mantle.

> The ſkies, whoſe ſpreading volumes ſcarce have room,
> Spun thin, and wove in nature's fineſt loom,
> The new-born world in their ſoft lap embrac'd,
> And all around their ſtarry mantle caſt *.

If he looks upon a tempeſt, he ſhall have an image of a tumbled bed, and deſcribe a ſucceeding calm in this manner;

> The ocean, joyed to ſee the tempeſt fled,
> New lays his waves, and ſmooths his ruffled bed †.

The triumphs and acclamations of the angels at the creation of the univerſe preſent to his imagination "the "rejoicings on the Lord Mayor's day;" and he beholds thoſe glorious beings celebrating their Creator, by huzzaing, making illuminations and flinging ſquibs, crackers, and ſky-rockets.

> Glorious illuminations, made on high
> By all the ſtars and planets of the ſky.

* *Prince Arthur*, p. 41, 42. † P. 14.

In juſt degrees, and ſhining order plac'd,
Spectators charm'd, and the bleſt dwellings grac'd.
Through all the enlighten'd air ſwift fire-works flew,
Which with repeated ſhouts glad cherubs threw.
Comets aſcended with their ſweeping train,
Then fell in ſtarry ſhowers and glittering rain.
In air ten thouſand meteors blazing hung,
Which from th' eternal battlements were flung *.

If a man, who is violently fond of *wit*, will ſacrifice to that paſſion his friend or his God, would it not be a ſhame, if he who is ſmit with the love of the *bathos*, ſhould not ſacrifice to it all other tranſitory regards? You ſhall hear a zealous proteſtant deacon invoke a ſaint, and modeſtly beſeech her to do more for us than Providence.

Look down, bleſt ſaint, with pity then look down,
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the miſts of providence,
In which we ſtray —— †.

Neither will he, if a goodly ſimile come in his way, ſcruple to affirm himſelf an eye-witneſs of things never yet beheld by man, or never in exiſtence; as thus,

Thus *have I ſeen* in Araby the bleſt
A phœnix couch'd upon her funeral neſt ‡.

But to convince you, that nothing is ſo great, which a marvellous genius prompted by this laudable zeal is not able to leſſen; hear how the moſt ſublime of all beings is repreſented in the following images.

First

* Prince Arthur, p. 50.

N. B. In order to do juſtice to theſe great poets, our citations are taken from the beſt, the laſt, and moſt correct editions of their works. That which we uſe of Prince Arthur, is in duodecimo, 1714, the fourth edition reviſed. *Pope.*

† A. Philips on the death of Q. Mary.

‡ Anon.

First he is a PAINTER.

Sometimes the Lord of nature in the air
Spreads forth his clouds, his sable canvas, where
His pencil, dipt in heavenly colour bright,
Paints his fair rain-bow, charming to the sight *.

Now he is a CHEMIST.

Th' almighty chemist does his work prepare,
Pours down his waters on the thirsty plain,
Digests his lightening, and distils his rain †.

Now he is a WRESTLER.

Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,
And with such mighty force my body shook,
That the strong grasp my members sorely bruis'd,
Broke all my bones, and all my sinews loos'd ‡.

Now a RECRUITING OFFICER.

For clouds the sun-beams levy fresh supplies,
And raise recruits of vapours, which arise
Drawn from the seas, to muster in the skies ||.

Now a peaceable GUARANTEE.

In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them God was guarantee ¶.

Then he is an ATTORNEY.

Job, as a vile offender, God indites,
And terrible decrees against me writes,
God will not be my advocate,
My cause to manage or debate **.

In

* Black. opt. edit. duod. 1716. p. 172.
† Black. Psal. civ. p. 263. ‡ Page 75.
|| Page 170. ¶ P. 70. ** P. 61.

In the following lines he is a GOLD-BEATER.

Who the rich metal beats, and then with care
Unfolds the golden leaves to gild the fields of air †.

Then a FULLER.

——————th' exhaling reeks, that ſecret riſe,
Born on rebounding ſun-beams through the ſkies,
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, till they grow
A heavenly fleece ——————— ‡.

A MERCER, or PACKER.

Didſt thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,
And help the bales of æther to unfold;
Say, which cærulean pile was by thy hand enroll'd ‡‡?

A BUTLER.

He meaſures all the drops with wondrous ſkill,
Which the black clouds, his floating bottles, fill ||.

And a BAKER.

God in the wilderneſs his table ſpread,
And in his airy ovens bak'd their bread. ||||.

CHAP. VI.

Of the ſeveral kinds of genuſes in the profound, and the marks and characters of each.

I DOUBT not, but the reader, by this cloud of examples, begins to be convinced of the truth of our aſſertion, that the *bathos* is an *art*; and that the genius of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of nature,

† *Black. Pſ.* civ. p. 181. ‡ P. 18. ‡‡ P. 174.
|| P 131. |||| Black. Song of Moſes, P. 218.

ture, and unaſſiſted with an habitual, nay, laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images ſo wonderfully low and unnacountable. The great author, from whoſe treaſury we have drawn all theſe inſtances, (the father of the *bathos*, and indeed the Homer of it) has, like that immortal Greek, confined his labours to the greater poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due ſhare of praiſe in inferior kinds. Many painters, who could never hit a noſe or an eye, have, with a felicity, copied a ſmall-pox, or been admirable at a toad or a red-herring: and ſeldom are we without geniuſes for *ſtill-life*, which they can work up and ſtiffen with incredible accuracy.

An univerſal genius riſes not in an age; but when he riſes, armies riſe in him! he pours forth five or ſix epic poems with greater facility, than five or ſix pages can be produced by an elaborate and ſervile copier after nature or the antients. It is affirmed by Quintilian, that the ſame genius, which made Germanicus ſo great a general, would with equal application have made him an excellent heroic poet. In like manner, reaſoning from the affinity there appears between arts and ſciences, I doubt not, but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern-drawer, an induſtrious collector of ſhells, a laborious and a tuneful bag-piper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might ſeverally excel in their reſpective parts of the *bathos*.

I ſhall range theſe confined and leſs copious geniuſes under proper claſſes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of *animals* of ſome ſort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the firſt ſight of ſuch as ſhall daily come forth, to know to what kind to refer, and with what authors to compare them.

1. The *flying fiſhes*: theſe are writers, who now and then riſe upon their fins, and fly out of the *profound*; but their wings are ſoon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The *ſwallows* are authors, that are eternally ſkimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to *catch flies*. L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The *oſtriches* are ſuch, whoſe heavineſs rarely permits them *to raiſe* themſelves from the ground; their wings

wings are of no use to lift them up, their motion is between flying and walking; but then they *run very fast*. D. F. L. E. the Hon. E. H.

4. The *parrots* are they, that repeat *another's* words in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them seem their *own*. W. B. W. S. C. C. the Rev. D. D.

5. The *didappers* are authors, that keep themselves long out of sight, under water, and come up now and then, where you least expected them. L. W. G. D. Esq; the Hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The *porpoises* are unwieldy and big; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The *frogs* are such, as can neither walk nor fly, but can *leap* and *bound* to admiration: they live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise, whenever they thrust their heads above water. E. W. I. M. Esq; T. D. Gent.

8. The *eels* are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The *tortoises* are slow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have, for the most part, a fine embroidered shell, and underneath it a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. the right Honourable E. of S.

These are the chief *characteristics* of the *bathos*, and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be blessed with sundry and manifold choice spirits in this our island.

CHAP. VII.

Of the profound, when it consists in the thought.

WE have already laid down the principles, upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his thought by familiarizing his mind to the *lowest objects*; to which, it may be added, that *vulgar conversation* will greatly contribute. There is no questi-

on,

on, but the garret, or the printer's boy, may often be diſcerned in ſuch compoſitions made in ſuch ſcenes and company; and much of Mr Curl himſelf has been inſenſibly infuſed into the works of his learned writers.

The phyſician, by the ſtudy and inſpection of urine and ordure, approves himſelf in the ſcience; and in like ſort ſhould our author accuſtom and exerciſe his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many fathoms beyond mediocrity. For, certain it is (though ſome lukewarm heads imagine they may be ſafe by temporizing between the extremes) that where there is not a triticalneſs or mediocrity in the thought, it can never be ſunk into the genuine and perfect *bathos* by the moſt elaborate low expreſſion: it can, at moſt, be only carefully obſcured, or metaphorically debaſed. But, it is the thought alone that ſtrikes, and gives the whole that ſpirit, which we admire and ſtare at. For inſtance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the bath waters:

She drinks! ſhe drinks! behold the matchleſs dame!
To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame:
Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
And the ſame ſtream at once both cools and burns †.

What can be more eaſy and unaffected, than the diction of theſe verſes? it is the turn of thought alone, and the variety of imagination, that charm and ſurprize us. And when the ſame lady goes into the bath, the thought, (as in juſtneſs it ought) goes ſtill deeper:

Venus beheld her, 'midſt her croud of ſlaves,
And thought *herſelf* juſt riſen from the waves ‡.

How much out of the way of common ſenſe is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herſelf from the lady?

Of the ſame nature is that noble miſtake of a frighted ſtag in a full chace, who (ſaith the poet)

Hears

† *Anon.* ‡ Idem.

Hears his own feet, and thinks they ſound like more;
And fears the hind-feet will o'ertake the fore.

So aſtoniſhing as theſe are, they yield to the following, which is *profundity* itſelf.

None but himſelf can be his parallel †.

UNLESS it may ſeem borrowed from the thought of that maſter of a ſhow in Smithfield, who writ in large letters over the picture of his elephant,

This is the greateſt elephant in the world, except himſelf.

HOWEVER, our next inſtance is certainly an original. Speaking of a beautiful infant,

So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as poets ſay, ſure thou art he.
Fair Venus would miſtake thee for her own,
Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her ſon.
There all the lightnings of thy mother's ſhine,
And with a fatal brightneſs kill in thine.

FIRST he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; firſt Venus would miſtake him, then ſhe would not miſtake him; next his eyes are his mother's, and laſtly they are not his mother's, but his own.

ANOTHER author deſcribing a poet, that ſhines forth amidſt a circle of critics,

Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,
And amid monſters riſes into day.

WHAT a peculiarity is here of invention? the author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monſters at a ſtroke. A great genius takes things in the lump, without ſtopping at minute conſiderations: in vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the ſcorpion, the fiſhes, all ſtand in his way, as mere natural ani-

† Theobald, Double Falſhood.

animals: much more might it be pleaded, that a pair of ſcales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monſters: there were only the centaur and the maid, that could be eſteemed out of nature. But what of that? with a boldneſs peculiar to theſe daring geniuſes, what he found not monſters, he made ſo.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the profound, conſiſting in the circumſtances: *and of* amplification *and* periphraſe *in general.*

WHAT in a great meaſure diſtinguiſhes other writers from ours, is their chuſing and ſeparating ſuch circumſtances in a deſcription, as ennoble or elevate the ſubject.

THE *circumſtances,* which are moſt natural, are *obvious,* therefore not *aſtoniſhing* or peculiar; but thoſe that are far-fetched or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will ſurprize prodigiouſly. Theſe therefore we muſt principally hunt out; but above all preſerve a laudable *prolixity*; preſenting the whole and every ſide at once of the image to view. For choice and diſtinction are not only a curb to the ſpirit, and limit the deſcriptive faculty, but alſo leſſen the book; which is frequently the worſt conſequence of all to our author.

JOB ſays in ſhort, *he waſhed his feet in butter*; a circumſtance ſome poets would have ſoftened, or paſt over: now, hear how this butter is ſpread out by the great genius.

> With teats diſtended with their milky ſtore,
> Such num'rous lowing herds, before my door,
> Their painful burthen to unload did meet,
> That we with butter might have waſh'd our feet *.

How cautious and particular! "He had," ſays our author, "ſo many herds, which herds thrived ſo well, "and thriving ſo well gave ſo much milk, and that milk

* *Blackm. Job, p.* 133.

" produced ſo much butter, that, if he did not, he might " have waſhed his feet in it."

THE enſuing deſcription of hell is no leſs remarkable in the circumſtances.

In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,
Whoſe livid waves involve deſpairing ſouls:
The liquid burnings dreadful colours ſhew,
Some *deeply red* and others *faintly blue* *.

COULD the moſt minute Dutch painter have been more exact? how inimitably circumſtantial is this alſo of a war-horſe!

His eye-balls burn, he wounds the ſmoaking plain,
And *knots* of *ſcarlet ribbond* deck his mane †.

Of certain cudgel-players.

They brandiſh high in air their threat'ning ſtaves,
Their hands a *woven guard* of *ozier* ſaves,
In which they fix their *hazle weapon's end* ‡.

WHO would not think the poet had paſt his whole life at wakes in ſuch laudable diverſions? ſince he teaches us how to hold, nay, how to make a cudgel!

Periphraſe is another great aid to *prolixity*; being a diffuſed circumlocutory manner of expreſſing a known idea, which ſhould be ſo myſteriouſly couched, as to give the reader the pleaſure of gueſſing what it is, that the author can poſſibly mean; and a ſtrange ſurprize when he finds it?

THE poet I laſt mentioned is incomparable in this figure.

A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,
And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed ‖.

Here is a waving ſea of heads, which, by a freſh ſtream of

* *Prince Arthur*, p. 89. † Anon.
‡ *Prince Arthur*, p. 197. ‖ Job, p. 78.

of heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at laſt to find, it means a *great croud.*

How pretty and how genteel is the following!

Nature's confectioner ——
Whoſe ſuckets are moiſt alchymy:
The ſtill of his refining mold
Minting the garden into gold *.

WHAT is this, but a bee gathering honey?

Little ſyren of the ſtage,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond deſire,
Tuneful miſchief, vocal ſpell.—†

Who would think, this was only a poor gentlewoman, that ſung finely?

WE may define *amplification* to be making the moſt of a thought; it is the ſpinning-wheel of the *bathos*, which draws out and ſpreads it into the fineſt thread. There are amplifiers, who can extend half a dozen thin thoughts over a whole folio; but for which, the tale of many a vaſt romance, and the ſubſtance of many a fair volume, might be reduced to the ſize of a primmer.

IN the book of Job are theſe words, "Haſt thou commanded the morning, and cauſed the day-ſpring to "know his place?" how is this extended by the moſt celebrated amplifier of our age?

Canſt thou ſet forth th' etherial *mines* on high,
Which the refulgent *ore* of light ſupply?
Is the celeſtial *furnace* to thee known,
In which I *melt* the golden metal down?
Treaſures, from whence I *deal out* light as faſt,
As all my *ſtars* and *laviſh ſuns* can *waſte* ‡.

THE ſame author hath amplified a paſſage in the civth Pſalm; "He looks on the earth, and it trembles. He "touches the hills, and they ſmoke."

* *Cleveland.* † *A. Philips to Cuzzona.* ‡ Job, p. 108.

The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their fright
Caſt off their weight, and eaſe themſelves for flight:
The woods, with terror wing'd, out-fly the wind,
And leave the heavy, panting hills behind †.

You here ſee the hills not only trembling, but ſhaking off woods from their backs, to run the faſter: after this you are preſented with a foot-race of mountains and woods, where the woods diſtance the mountains, that, like corpulent purſy fellows, come puffing and panting a vaſt way behind them.

CHAP. IX.

Of imitation, and the manner of imitating.

THAT the true authors of the profound are to imitate diligently the examples in their own way is not to be queſtioned, and that divers have, by this means, attained to a depth, whereunto their own weight could never have carried them, is evident by ſundry inſtances. Who ſees not that De Foe was the poetical ſon of Withers, Tate of Ogilby, E. Ward of John Taylor, and Euſden of Blackmore? Therefore when we ſit down to write, let us bring ſome great author to our mind, and aſk ourſelves this queſtion; how would Sir Richard have ſaid this? do I expreſs myſelf as ſimply as Ambroſe Philips? or flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtleſſneſs of Mr Welſted!

BUT it may ſeem ſomewhat ſtrange to aſſert, that our proficient ſhould alſo read the works of thoſe famous poets, who have excelled in the *ſublime:* yet is not this a paradox. As Virgil is ſaid to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold, ſo may our author read Shakeſpear, Milton, and Dryden for the contrary end, to bury their gold in his own dunghill. A true genius, when he finds any thing lofty or ſhining in them, will have the ſkill to bring it down, take off the gloſs, or quite diſcharge

† Job, p. 267.

charge the colour, by ſome ingenious circumſtance or periphraſe, ſome addition or diminution, or by ſome of thoſe figures, the uſe of which we ſhall ſhew in our next chapter.

THE book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely ſublime, and yet has not the father of the *bathos* reduced it in every page? is there a paſſage in all Virgil more painted up and laboured than the deſcription of Ætna in the third Æneid?

Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, et candente favilla,
Attollitque globos flammarum, et ſidera lambit:
Interdum ſcopulos avulſaque viſcera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque ſaxa ſub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæſtuat imo.

(I beg pardon of the gentle Engliſh reader, and ſuch of our readers as underſtand not Latin.) Lo! how this is taken down by our Britiſh poet, by the ſingle happy thought of throwing the mountain into a *fit* of the *cholic*.

Ætna, and all the burning mountains, find
Their kindled ſtores with inbred ſtorms of wind
Blown up to rage; and *roaring out*, complain,
As torn with inward *gripes*, and tort'ring pain:
Lab'ring, they caſt their *dreadful vomit* round,
And with their *melted bowels* ſpread the ground *.

HORACE in ſearch of the *ſublime*, ſtruck his head againſt the ſtars †; but Empedocles, to fathom the *profound*, threw himſelf into Ætna. And who but would imagine our excellent modern had alſo been there, from this deſcription?

Imitation is of two ſorts; the firſt is, when we force to our own purpoſes the thoughts of others; the ſecond conſiſts in copying the imperfections or blemiſhes of celebrated authors. I have ſeen a play profeſſedly writ in

* *Pr. Arthur, p. 75.* † *Sublimi feriam ſidera vertice.*

the ſtile of Shakeſpear; wherein the reſemblance lay in one ſingle line,

And ſo good morrow t'ye, good maſter lieutenant.

And ſundry poems, in imitation of Milton, where, with the utmoſt exactneſs, and not ſo much as one exception, nevertheleſs was conſtantly *nathleſs*, embroidered was *broidered*, hermits were *hermites*, diſdained was *'ſdeigned*, ſhady *umbrageous*, enterprize *emprize*, pagan *paynin*, pinions *pennons*, ſweet *dulcet*, orchards *orchats*, bridge work *pontifical*; nay, her was *hir*, and their was *thir* through the whole poem. And in very deed, there is no other way, by which the true modern poet could read to any purpoſe the works of ſuch men, as Milton and Shakeſpear.

It may be expected, that, like other critics, I ſhould next ſpeak of the *paſſions*: but as the main end and principal effect of the *bathos* is to produce *tranquillity of mind* (and ſure it is a better deſign to promote *ſleep* than madneſs) we have little to ſay on this ſubject. Nor will the ſhort bounds of this diſcourſe allow us to treat at large of the *emollients* and *opiats* of poeſy; of the *cool*, and the manner of producing it; or of the methods uſed by our authors in managing the paſſions. I ſhall but tranſiently remark, that nothing contributes ſo much to the *cool*, as the uſe of *exit* in expreſſing paſſion: the true genius rarely fails of *points*, *conceits*, and proper *ſimiles* on ſuch occaſions: this we may term the *pathetic epigrammatical*, in which even puns are made uſe of with good ſucceſs. Hereby our beſt authors have avoided throwing themſelves, or their readers, into any indecent tranſports.

But, as it is ſometimes needful to excite the *paſſions* of our antagoniſt in the *polemic* way, the true ſtudents in the law have conſtantly taken their methods from *low life*, where they obſerved, that to move *anger* uſe is made of ſcolding and railing; to move *love*, of bawdry; to beget *favour* and *friendſhip*, of groſs flattery; and to produce *fear*, of calumniating an adverſary with crimes *obnoxious* to the ſtate. As for *ſhame*, it is a ſilly paſſi-

on,

on, of which as our authors are incapable themſelves, ſo they would not produce it in others.

CHAP. X.

Of tropes and figures: and firſt of the variegating, confounding, and reverſing figures.

BUT we proceed to the *figures*. We cannot too earneſtly recommend to our authors the ſtudy of the *abuſe of ſpeech*. They ought to lay it down as a principle, to ſay nothing in the uſual way, but, if poſſible, in the direct contrary. Therefore the figures muſt be ſo turned, as to manifeſt that intricate and wonderful caſt of head, which diſtinguiſhes all writers of this kind: or, as I may ſay, to *refer* exactly the mold, in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and diſtortions.

IT would be endleſs, nay, impoſſible to enumerate all ſuch figures; but we ſhall content ourſelves to range the principal, which moſt powerfully contribute to the *bathos*, under three claſſes,

I. The *variegating*, *confounding*, or *reverſing* tropes and figures.

II. The *magnifying*; and,

III. The *diminiſhing*.

WE cannot avoid giving to theſe the Greek or Roman names; but in tenderneſs to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquiſite, are wholly ignorant of thoſe languages, we have alſo explained them in our mother tongue.

OF the firſt ſort, nothing ſo much conduces to the *bathos*, as the

CATACHRESIS.

A maſter of this will ſay,

Mow the beard,
Shave the graſs,
Pin the plank,
Nail my ſleeve.

From whence reſults the ſame kind of pleaſure to the mind,

mind, as to the eye when we behold Harlequin trimming himſelf with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a raſor, making his tea in a cauldron, and brewing his ale in a tea-pot, to the incredible ſatisfaction of the Britiſh ſpectator. Another ſource of the *bathos* is,

Metonymy,

the inverſion of cauſes for effects, of inventors for inventions, &c.

> Lac'd in her coſins * new appear'd the bride,
> A bubble-boy † and tompion ‡ at her ſide,
> And with an air divine her colmar ‖ ply'd,
> Then oh! ſhe cries, what ſlaves I round me ſee?
> Here a bright redcoat, there a ſmart toupee **.

The Synecdoche,

which conſiſts in the uſe of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman ſometimes pretty-*face* and pigs-*eyes*, and ſometimes ſnotty-*noſe* and draggle-*tail*. Or of accidents for perſons; as a lawyer is called ſplit-cauſe, a taylor prick-louſe, &c. Or of things belonging to a man, for the man himſelf; as a ſword-*man*, a *gown*-man, a *t-m-t-d*-man; a white-*ſtaff*, a turn-*key*, &c.

The Aposiopesis,

an excellent figure for the ignorant, as, "what ſhall I "ſay?" when one has nothing to ſay: or, "I can no "more," when one really can no more. Expreſſions which the gentle reader is ſo good as never to take in earneſt.

The Metaphor.

The firſt rule is to draw it from the *loweſt things*, which is a certain way to ſink the higheſt; as when you ſpeak of the thunder of heaven, ſay,

The

* *Stays.* † Tweezer-caſe. ‡ Watch. ‖ Fan.
** *A ſort of Perriwig: all words in uſe at this preſent year 1727. Pope.*

The *Lords above* are *angry* and *talk big* *.

OR if you would deſcribe a rich man refunding his treaſures, expreſs it thus,

Though he, as ſaid, may riches *gorge*, the ſpoil
Painful in *maſſy vomit* ſhall *recoil*.
Soon ſhall he periſh with a ſwift decay,
Like his own *ordure*, caſt with ſcorn away †.

THE *ſecond*, that whenever you *ſtart* a metaphor, you muſt be ſure to *run it down*, and purſue it as far as *it can go*. If you get the ſcent of a ſtate negotiation, follow it in this manner.

The ſtones and all the elements with thee
Shall *ratify* a ſtrict *confederacy*;
Wild beaſts their ſavage temper ſhall forget,
And for a firm *alliance* with thee *treat*;
The finny tyrant of the ſpacious ſeas
Shall ſend a *ſcaly embaſſy* for peace:
His *plighted faith* the crocodile ſhall keep,
And ſeeing thee, for joy ſincerely weep ‡.

OR if you repreſent the Creator denouncing war againſt the wicked, be ſure not to omit one circumſtance uſual in proclaiming and levying war.

Envoys and *agents*, who by my command
Reſide in Paleſtina's land,
To whom *commiſſions* I have given
To manage there the *intereſts* of heaven.
Ye *holy heralds* who *proclaim*
Or war or peace, in mine your maſter's name,
Ye *pioneers* of heaven, prepare a *road*,
Make it plain, direct and broad;——
For I *in perſon* will my people *head*;
—— For the divine Deliverer

Will

* *Lee Alex.* † Blackm. Job, p. 91, 93.
‡ *Job, p. 22.*

Will *on his march* in majesty appear,
And needs the aid of no *confed'rate pow'r* *.

Under the article of the *confounding*, we rank,

1. The Mixture of Figures,

which raises so many images, as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is, when it gives an idea just *opposite* to what it seemed meant to describe. Thus an ingenious artist, painting the spring, talks of a *snow of blossoms*, and thereby raises an unexpected picture of winter. Of this sort is the following:

The gaping clouds pour lakes of sulphur down,
Whose livid flashes sickning sun-beams drown †.

What a noble confusion? clouds, lakes, brimstone, flames, sun-beams, gaping, pouring, sickning, drowning! all in two lines.

2. The Jargon.

Thy head shall rise, tho' buried in the dust,
And 'midst the clouds his glittering turrets thrust ‡.

Quære, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head?

Upon the shore; as frequent as the sand,
To meet the prince, the glad Dimetians stand ‖.

Quære, Where these Dimetians stood? and of what size they were? add also to the *jargon* such as the following

Destruction's empire shall no longer last,
And desolation lie for ever waste **.
Here Niobe, sad mother, makes her moan,
And seems converted to a stone in stone ††.

But

* Blackm. Isa. chap. xl.
‡ Job, p. 107.
** Job, p. 89.
† Pr. Arthur, p. 37.
‖ Pr. Arthur, p. 151.
†† T. Cook, poems.

But for variegation, nothing is more uſeful than

3. The PARANOMASIA, or PUN,

where a word, like the tongue of a jack-daw, ſpeaks twice as much by being ſplit: as this of Mr Dennis,

Bullets, that wound, like Parthians as they *fly* †:

or this excellent one of Mr Welſted,

—— Behold the virgin lie
Naked, and only *cover'd* by the *ſky* ‡.

To which thou mayſt add,

To ſee her beauties no man needs to ſtoop,
She has the whole horizon for her hoop.

4. The ANTITHESIS, or SEE-SAW,

whereby contraries and oppoſitions are balanced in ſuch a way, as to cauſe a reader to remain ſuſpended between them to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are theſe on a Lady, who made herſelf appear out of ſize by hiding a young princeſs under her cloaths.

While the kind nymph changing her faultleſs ſhape
Becomes *unhandſome*, *handſomely* to ſcape ‖.

On the maids of honour in mourning.

Sadly they *charm*, and *diſmally* they *pleaſe* §.

——— His eyes ſo bright
Let *in* the *object* and let *out* the *light* ††.
The gods look pale to ſee us look ſo red ‖‖.
——— The fairies and their queen,
In mantles *blue* came tripping o'er the *green* §§.

All

† Poems 1693, p. 13. ‡ Welſted, poems, Acon et Lavin.
‖ Waller. § Steel, on Q. Mary. †† Quarrels.
‖‖ *Lee, Alex.* §§ Phil. Paſt.

All nature felt a reverential ſhock,
The ſea *ſtood ſtill* to ſee the mountains *rock* *.

CHAP. XI.

The figures continued: of the magnifying and diminiſhing figures.

A GENUINE writer of the *profound* will take care never to *magnify* any object without *clouding* it at the ſame time: his thought will appear in a true miſt, and very unlike what it is in nature. It muſt always be remembered, that darkneſs is an eſſential quality of the *profound*, or if there chance to be a glimmering, it muſt be, as Milton expreſſes it,

No light, but rather darkneſs viſible.

The chief figure of this ſort is,

The HYPERBOLE, or impoſſible.

For inſtance, of a lion.

He roar'd ſo loud, and look'd ſo wond'rous grim,
His very ſhadow durſt not follow him †.

Of a Lady at dinner.

The ſilver whiteneſs that adorns thy neck,
Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black.

Of the ſame.

—— The obſcureneſs of her birth
Cannot eclipſe the luſtre of her eyes,
Which make her all one light ‡.

Of a bull-beating.

Up to the ſtars the ſprauling maſtives fly ‖,
And add new monſters to the frighted ſky ‖‖.

Of

* Blackm. Job, p. 176. † Vet. Ant. ‡ Theob. *Double Falſhood*. ‖ Blackm. ‖‖ See p. 115.

Of a ſcene of miſery.

Behold a ſcene of miſery and woe!
Here Argus ſoon might weep himſelf quite blind,
Ev'n though he had Briareus's hundred hands
To wipe his hundred eyes ——— §

And that modeſt requeſt of two abſent lovers:

Ye Gods! annihilate but *ſpace* and *time*,
And make two lovers happy.

3. The PERIPHRASIS, which the moderns call the *circumbendibus*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and ſhall again in the twelfth.

To the ſame claſs of the *magnifying* may be referred the following, which are ſo excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In deſcribing a country proſpect,

I'd call them mountains, but can't call them ſo,
For fear to wrong them with a name too low;
While the fair vales beneath ſo humbly lie,
That even humble ſeems a term too high §§.

III. The laſt claſs remains; of the *diminiſhing*, 1. The ANTICLIMAX, and figures: where the ſecond line drops quite ſhort of the firſt, than which nothing creates greater ſurprize.

On the extent of the Britiſh arms.

Under the tropics is our language ſpoke,
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke ‖.

On a warrior.

And thou Dalhouſſy the great God of war,
Lieutenant colonel to the Earl of Mar ‡.

§ *Anon.* §§ *Anon.* ‖ Anon. ‡ Anon.

On the valour of the Engliſh.

Nor *art* nor *nature* has the force
To ſtop its ſteady courſe,
Nor *Alps* nor *Pyrenæans* keep it out
—— Nor *fortify'd redoubt* *.

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of ſome great image, he either finds it ſurprizingly imperfect, or is preſented with ſomething low, or quite ridiculous: a ſurprize reſembling that of a curious perſon in a cabinet of antic ſtatues, who beholds on the pedeſtal the names of Homer, or Cato; but looking up finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be ſeen of Cato but his privy member. Such are theſe lines of a leviathan at ſea,

His motion works, and beats the oozy mud,
And with its ſlime incorporates the flood,
'Till all th' incumber'd, thick, fermenting ſtream
Does like *one pot of boiling ointment ſeem.*
Where'er he ſwims, he leaves along the lake
Such frothy furrows, ſuch a foamy track,
That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary—with *age*, or *grey* with ſudden *fear* †.

But perhaps even theſe are excelled by the enſuing.

Now the reſiſted flames and fiery ſtore,
By winds aſſaulted, in wide forges roar,
And raging ſeas flow down of melted ore.
Sometimes they hear *long iron bars remov'd*,
And *to* and *fro* huge *heaps of cynders ſhov'd* ‡.

2. The Vulgar

is alſo a ſpecies of the *diminiſhing*: by this a ſpear flying into the air is compared to a boy whiſtling as he goes on an errand.

The

* *Denn.* on Namur.
† Blackm. Job, p. 197.
‡ Prince Arthur, p. 157.

The mighty *Stuffa* threw a maſſy ſpear,
Which, with its *errand pleas'd*, *ſung* through *the air* *.

A man raging with grief to a maſtiff dog.

I cannot ſtifle this gigantic woe,
Nor on my raging grief a *muzzle* throw †.

and clouds big with water to a woman in great neceſſity.

Diſtended with the *waters* in 'em pent,
The clouds *hang deep* in air, but *hang unrent*.

3. The INFANTINE.

THIS is, when a poet grows ſo very ſimple, as to think and talk like a child. I ſhall take my examples from the greateſt maſter in this way: hear how he fondles like a mere ſtammerer.

Little charm of placid mien,
Miniature of beauty's queen,
Hither, Britiſh *muſe of mine*,
Hither, all ye *Grecian nine*,
With the lovely Graces *three*,
And your pretty *nurſeling* ſee.

When the meadows next are ſeen,
Sweet enamel, *white* and *green*,

When again the *lambkins* play,
Pretty ſportlings full of *May*,

Then the neck ſo white and round,
(*Little neck* with brilliants bound.)
And thy *gentleneſs of* mind,
(*Gentle* from a *gentle* kind,) *&c.*

Happy thrice, and *thrice agen*
Happieſt he of *happy* men, *&c.* ‡.

* Prince Arthur. † Job. p. 41.
‡ Amb. *Philips on* Miſs Cuzzona.

and the reſt of thoſe excellent lullabies of his compoſition.

How prettily he aſks the ſheep to teach him to bleat?

Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my ſheep *.

HEAR how a babe would reaſon on his nurſe's death.

That ever ſhe *could* die! Oh moſt *unkind!*
To die, and leave poor *Colinet* behind!
And yet, —— why blame I her †?

WITH no leſs ſimplicity does he ſuppoſe, that ſhepherdeſſes tear their hair and beat their breaſts at their own deaths:

Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks caſt down, and with diſhevel'd hair,
In bitter anguiſh beat your breaſts, and moan
Her death untimely, *as it were your own* ‡.

4. The INANITY, or NOTHINGNESS.

OF this the ſame author furniſhes us with moſt beautiful inſtances.

Ah ſilly I, more ſilly than my ſheep,
(Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep ‖.)

To the grave ſenate ſhe could counſel give,
(Which with aſtoniſhment they did receive **.)

He whom loud cannon could not terrify,
Falls (from the grandeur of his Majeſty ††.)

Happy, merry as a king,
Sipping dew——you *ſip*, and *ſing* ‡‡.

Where you eaſily perceive the *nothingneſs* of every ſecond verſe.

The

* Philips's Paſtorals. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid. ‖ Ibid.
** Phil. on Q. Mary. †† Ibid. ‡‡ T. Cook, on *a graſhopper.*

The *noiſe* returning with returning *light*,

What did it?

Diſpers'd the *ſilence*; and diſpell'd the *night* *.

The glories of proud London to ſurvey,
The ſun himſelf ſhall riſe—by break of day †.

5. The EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the epithets of many authors.

Th' umbrageous ſhadow, and the verdant green,
The running current, and odorous fragrance,
Chear my lone ſolitude with joyous gladneſs.

OR in pretty drawling words like theſe,

All men his tomb, all men his ſons adore,
And his ſons ſons, till there ſhall be no more ‡.

The riſing ſun our grief did ſee,
The ſetting ſun did ſee the ſame.
While wretched we remembred thee,
O Sion, Sion, lovely name ‖.

6. The MACROLOGY and PLEONASM

are as generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the ſuperfluity of words and vacuity of ſenſe being juſt the ſame thing. I am pleaſed to ſee one of our greateſt adverſaries employ this figure.

The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
The food of armies, and ſupport of wars,
Refuſe of ſwords, and gleanings of a fight,
Leſſen his numbers, and contract his hoſt.
Where'er his friends retire, or foes ſucceed,
Cover'd with tempeſts, and in oceans drown'd **.

* Anon † Autor. Vet. ‡ T. Cook, Poems.
‖ Ibid. ** Camp.

Of all which the perfection is

The TAUTOLOGY.

' Break through the billows, and—divide the main.
In ſmoother numbers, and—in ſofter verſe *
Divide—and part— the *ſever'd* world—*in two* §.

WITH ten thouſand others equally muſical, and plentifully flowing through moſt of our celebrated modern poems.

CHAP. XII.

Of expreſſion, and the ſeveral ſorts of ſtyle of the preſent age.

THE *expreſſion* is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the *profundity* of the thought. It muſt not be always *grammatical*, leſt it appear pedantic and ungentlemanly; nor too clear, for fear it become vulgar; for obſcurity beſtows a caſt of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

FOR example, ſometimes uſe the wrong number; *the ſword and peſtilence at once devours*, inſtead of *devour*. Sometimes the wrong caſe ‡; *and who more fit to ſooth the God than thee?* inſtead of *thou*. And rather than ſay, *Thetis* ſaw *A billes weep*, ſhe *heard* him weep.

WE muſt be exceeding careful in two things; firſt, in the *choice* of *low words*: ſecondly, in the *ſober* and *orderly* way of *ranging* them. Many of our poets are naturally bleſſed with this talent, inſomuch that they are in the circumſtance of that honeſt citizen, who had made *proſe* all his life without knowing it. Let verſes run in this manner, juſt to be a vehicle to the words, (I take them from my laſt-cited author, who tho' otherwiſe by no means of our rank, ſeemed once in his life to have a mind to be ſimple.)

If

* *Tonſ.* Miſc. 12° vol. iv. p. 291. 4th edition.
§ *Ibid.* vol. vi. p. 121. ‡ Ti. Hom. Il. i.

If not, a prize I will myſelf decree,
From him, or him, or elſe perhaps from thee *.

——— full of days was he;
Two ages paſt, he liv'd the third to ſee †.
The king of forty kings, and honour'd more
By mighty Jove, than e'er was king before ‡.

That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,
The moſt deſpis'd of all the Gods am I ‖.

Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,
Though much more wiſe than I pretend to be **.

Or theſe, of the ſame hand:

I leave the arts of *poetry* and *verſe*
To them that practiſe them with more ſucceſs.
Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
And ſo at once, dear friend and muſe, farewel ††.

Sometimes a ſingle *word* will vulgarize a poetical idea; as where a ſhip ſet on fire owes all the *ſpirit* of the *bathos* to one choice word, that ends the line.

And his ſcorch'd ribs the hot contagion *fry'd* ‡‡.

And in that deſcription of a world in ruins:

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty *crack* §§.

So alſo in theſe,

Beaſts tame and ſavage to the river's brink
Come from the fields and wild abodes—to drink ‖‖.

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually. He

* Ti. Hom. Il. i. p. 11. † Idem. p. 17. ‡ P. 19.
‖ P. 34. ** P. 38. †† Tonſ. Miſc. 12° vol. iv. p. 292. fourth edition. ‡‡ Prince Arthur. p. 151.
§§ Tonſ. Miſc. vol. vi. p. 119. ‖‖ Job. p. 263.

He from the clouds does the *ſweet liquor ſqueeze*,
That chears the *foreſt and the garden* trees. §.

It is alſo uſeful to employ *technical terms*, which eſtrange your ſtyle from the great and general ideas of nature: and the higher your ſubject is, the lower ſhould you ſearch into mechanics for your expreſſion. If you deſcribe the garment of an angel, ſay that his *linen* was *finely ſpun* †, and *bleached on the happy plains*. Call an army of angels, *angelic cuiraſſiers* ‡; and if you have occaſion to mention a number of misfortunes, ſtile them

Freſh *troops* of pains, and *regimented* woes ‖.

Style is divided by the rhetoricians into the proper and the figured. Of the figured we have already treated, and the proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of ſtyles we ſhall mention only the principal, which owe to the *moderns* either their chief improvement, or entire invention.

1. The Florid Style,

than which none is more proper to the *bathos*, as flowers, which are the *loweſt* of vegetables, are moſt *gaudy*, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of *ponds* and *ditches*.

A fine writer of this kind preſents you with the following poſie:

The groves appear all dreſt with wreaths of flowers,
And from their leaves drop aromatic ſhowers,
Whoſe fragrant heads in myſtic twines above,
Exchang'd their ſweats, and mix'd with thouſand kiſſes,
As if the willing branches ſtrove
To beautify and ſhade the grove ‖‖;

(which indeed moſt branches do.) But this is ſtill excelled by our laureate,

Branches in branches twin'd compoſe the grove,
And ſhoot and ſpread, and bloſſom into love.

The

§ *Id. Job.* p. 264. † Pr. Arthur, p. 10. ‡ Ib. p. 339. ‖ Job. p. 86. ‖‖ Behn's Poems, p. 2.

The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
The diſtant plantanes ſeem to preſs more nigh,
And to the ſighing alders, alders ſigh ‖.

Hear alſo our Homer.

His *robe* of *ſtate* is form'd of light refin'd,
An endleſs *train* of luſtre *ſpreads behind*.
His throne's of bright *compacted glory* made,
With pearls celeſtial, and with *gems inlaid*:
Whence *floods* of joy, and *ſeas* of ſplendor flow,
On all the angelic gazing throng below §.

2. The PERT STYLE.

THIS does in as peculiar a manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in ſtature. Mr Thomas Brown, the author of the London Spy, and all the Spies and Trips in general, are herein to be diligently ſtudied; in verſe Mr Cibber's prologues.

BUT the beauty and energy of it is never ſo conſpicuous, as when it is employed in *modernizing* and *adapting* to the *taſte of the times* the works of the *antients*. This we rightly phraſe, *doing* them into Engliſh, and *making* them Engliſh; two expreſſions of great propriety, the one denoting our *neglect* of the *manner how*, the other the *force* and *compulſion* with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this ſtyle that Tacitus talks like a coffee houſe politician, Joſephus ‡ like the Britiſh Gazetteer, Tully is as ſhort and ſmart as Seneca or Mr Aſgill, Marcus Aurelius is excellent at ſnip-ſnap, and honeſt Thomas a Kempis as prim and polite as any preacher at court.

3. The ALAMODE STYLE,

which is fine by being *new*, and has this happineſs attending it, that it is as durable and extenſive as the poem itſelf. Take ſome examples of it, in the deſcription of the ſun in a mourning coach upon the death of Q. Mary.

See

‖ *Guardian*, 12°, 127. § Blackm. Pſalms civ.
‡ *Joſephus*, tranſlated by Sir Roger L'eſtrange.

See Phœbus now, as once for Phaeton,
Has maſk'd his face; and *put deep mourning on*;
Dark clouds his *ſable chariot* do ſurround,
And the *dull ſteads ſtalk o'er* the *melancholy round* ‖.

Of Prince Arthur's ſoldiers drinking.

While rich Burgundian wine, and bright Champaign,
Chaſe from their minds the terrors of the main §.

(whence we alſo learn, that Burgundy and Champaign make a man on ſhore deſpiſe a ſtorm at ſea.)

Of the Almighty encamping his regiments.

——— He ſunk a vaſt capacious deep,
Where he his *liquid regiments* does keep.
Thither the waves *file off* and make their way
To form the mighty body of the ſea;
Where they *encamp*, and in their *ſtation ſtand*,
Entrench'd in *works* of rock, and *lines* of ſand ‡.

Of two armies on the point of engaging.

Yon' armies are the *cards* which both muſt play;
At leaſt come off a *ſaver*, if you may:
Throw boldly at the *ſum* the Gods have *ſet*;
Theſe on your ſide will all their fortunes *bet* ‖‖.

All perfectly agreeable to the preſent cuſtoms and beſt faſhions of our metropolis.

But the principal branch of the *alamode* is the Prurient, a ſtyle greatly advanced and honoured of late by the practice of perſons of the *firſt quality*; and, by the encouragement of the *ladies*, not unſucceſsfully introduced even into the drawing-room. Indeed its incredible progreſs and conqueſts may be compared to thoſe of the great Seſoſtris, and are every where known by the *ſame marks*, the images of the genital parts of men or women.

It

‖ *Amb. Philips.* § Prince Arthur p. 16.
‡ *Black. PL. civ. p. 261.* ‖‖ Lee Sophon.

It consists wholly of metaphors drawn from two most fruitful sources or springs, the very *bathos* of the human body, that is to say *** and ***** *hiatus magnus lachrymabilis* ****. And *selling of bargains*, and *double entendre*, and Κτεβέρισμος and Ὀλδφείλδισμος, all derived from the said sources.

4. The FINICAL STYLE,

which consists of the most curious, affected, mincing metaphors, and partakers of the *alamode*: as the following:

Of a brook dried by the sun.

Won by the summer's *importuning* ray
Th' *eloping* stream did from her channel stray,
And with *enticing* sun-beams *stole away* *.

Of an easy death.

When watchful death shall on his harvest look,
And see the ripe with age, *invite* the hook;
He'll gently cut thy bending stalk, and thee
Lay kindly in the grave, his granary †.

Of trees in a storm.

Oaks whose extended arms the winds defy,
The tempest sees their strength, and sighs and passes by ‡.

Of water simmering over the fire.

The sparkling flames raise water to a *smile*,
Yet the *pleas'd* liquor *pines*, and lessens all the while ‖.

5. LASTLY, I shall place the CUMBROUS, which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words: and the BUSKIN, or *stately*, frequently, and with great felicity, mixed with the former. For as the first is the proper engine to depress what is high, so is the second to raise what is base and low

* *Blackm. Job, p. 26.* † Idem, p. 23.
‡ *Denn.* ‖ Anon. Tons. Misc. Part 6. p. 224.

low to a ridiculous visibility. When both these can be done at once, then is the *bathos* in perfection; as when a man is set with his head downward and his breech upright, his degradation is compleat: one end of him is as high as ever, only that end is the *wrong one*. Will not every true lover of the *profound* be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?

Who knocks at the door?

For whom thus rudely pleads my loud tongu'd gate,
That he may enter?

See who is there.

Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,
And tell me who comes yonder *.

Shut the door.

The wooden guardian of our privacy
Quick on its axle turn.

Bring my cloaths.

Bring me what nature, taylor to the *bear*,
To *man* himself deny'd: she gave me cold,
But would not give me cloaths.

Light the fire.

Bring forth some remnant of Promethean theft
Quick to expand th' inclement air congeal'd
By Boreas's rude breath.

Snuff the candle.

Yon' luminary amputation needs,
Thus shall ye save its half extinguish'd life.

Open the letter.

Wax! render up thy trust ‡.

Uncork

* Temp. ‡ Theob. Double Falshood.

Uncork the bottle, and chip the bread.

Apply thine engine to the ſpungy door:
Set Bacchus from his glaſſy priſon free,
And ſtrip white Ceres of her nut-brown coat.

CHAP. XIII.

A project for the advancement of the bathos.

THUS have I, my dear countrymen, with incredible pains and diligence, diſcovered the hidden ſources of the *bathos*, or, as I may ſay, broke open the abyſſes of this *great deep*. And having now eſtabliſhed good and wholſome laws, what remains, but that all true moderns, with their utmoſt might, do proceed to put the ſame in execution? in order whereto, I think I ſhall, in the ſecond place, highly deſerve of my country by propoſing ſuch a ſcheme, as may facilitate this great end.

As our number is confeſſedly far ſuperior to that of the enemy, there ſeems nothing wanting but unanimity among ourſelves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the *bathos* do enter into a firm aſſociation, and incorporate into one regular body, whereof every member, even the meaneſt, will ſome way contribute to the ſupport of the whole; in like manner, as the weakeſt reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our art ought to be put upon the ſame foot with other arts of this age. The vaſt improvement of modern manufactures ariſeth from their being divided into ſeveral branches, and parcelled out to ſeveral trades: for inſtance, in clock-making one artiſt makes the balance, another the ſpring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the caſe, and the principal workman puts all together: to this œconomy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtleſs we alſo might that of our modern poetry and rhetoric, were the ſeveral parts branched out in the like manner.

NOTHING is more evident, than that divers perſons, no other way remarkable, have each a ſtrong diſpoſition to *the formation of ſome* particular trope or figure. Ariſtotle

ſtotle ſaith, that "the *hyperbole* is an ornament fit for "young men of quality;" accordingly we find in thoſe gentlemen a wonderful propenſity toward it, which is marvellouſly improved by travelling. Soldiers alſo and ſeamen are very happy in the ſame figure. The *periphraſis* or *circumlocution* is the peculiar talent of country farmers; the *proverb* and *apologue* of old men at clubs; the *ellipſis*, or ſpeech by half words, of miniſters and politicians; the *apoſiopeſis* of courtiers; the *litotes*, or diminution, of ladies, whiſperers, and backbiters; and the *anadiploſis* of common criers and hawkers, who, by redoubling the ſame words, perſuade people to buy their oyſters, green haſtings, or new ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great plenty at Billingſgate, *ſarcaſm* and *irony* learned upon the water, and the *epiphonema* or *exclamation* frequently from the Bear-garden, and as frequently from the *hear him* of the houſe of commons.

Now, each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular *figure*, would doubtleſs attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and ſworn into the ſociety, as hath been propoſed, a poet or orator would have no more to do but to ſend to the particular traders in each kind, to the *metaphoriſt* for his *allegories*, to the *ſimile-maker* for his *compariſons*, to the *ironiſt* for his *ſarcaſms*, to the *apothegmatiſt* for his *ſentences*, &c. whereby a dedication or ſpeech would be compoſed in a moment, the ſuperior artiſt having nothing to do but to put together all the materials.

I therefore propoſe, that there be contrived, with all convenient diſpatch, at the public expence, a *rhetorical cheſt of drawers*, conſiſting of three ſtories, the higheſt for the *deliberative*, the middle for the *demonſtrative*, and the loweſt for the *judicial*. Theſe ſhall be divided into *loci* or *places*, being repoſitories for matter and argument in the ſeveral kinds of oration or writing; and every drawer ſhall again be ſubdivided into cells, reſembling thoſe of cabinets for rarities. The apartment for *peace* or *war*, and that of the *liberty of the preſs*, may, in a very few days, be filled with ſeveral arguments perfectly new; and the *vituperative partition* will as eaſily be *repleniſhed* with a moſt choice collection, entirely of the *growth* and manufacture of the preſent age. Every compoſer

poſer will ſoon be taught the uſe of this cabinet, and how to manage all the regiſters of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of thoſe in an organ.

THE keys of it muſt be kept in honeſt hands, by ſome reverend prelate, or valiant officer, of unqueſtioned loyalty and affection to every preſent eſtabliſhment in church and ſtate; which will ſufficiently guard againſt any miſchief, that might otherwiſe be apprehended from it.

AND being lodged in ſuch hands, it may be at diſcretion *let out*, by the *day*, to ſeveral great orators in both houſes; from whence it is to be hoped much profit and gain will alſo accrue to our ſociety.

CHAP. XIV.

How to make dedications, panegyrics, or ſatires; and of the colours of honourable and diſhonourable.

NOW, of what neceſſity the foregoing project may prove, will appear from this ſingle conſideration, that nothing is of equal conſequence to the ſucceſs of our work, as ſpeed and diſpatch. Great pity it is, that ſolid brains are not like other ſolid bodies, conſtantly endowed with a velocity in ſinking proportioned to their heavineſs: for it is with the flowers of the *bathos* as with thoſe of nature, which if the careful gardener brings not haſtily to market in the morning, muſt unprofitably periſh and wither before night. And of all our productions none is ſo ſhort lived as the *dedication* and *panegyric*, which are often but the praiſe of a day, and become by the next utterly uſeleſs, improper, indecent, and falſe. This is the more to be lamented, inaſmuch as theſe two are the ſorts, whereon in a manner depends that profit, which muſt ſtill be remembered to be the main end of our writers and ſpeakers.

WE ſhall therefore employ this chapter in ſhewing the *quickeſt* method of compoſing them; after which we will teach a *ſhort way to epic poetry*. And theſe being confeſſedly the works of moſt importance and difficulty, it is preſumed we may leave the reſt to each author's own *learning or practice*.

First of *panegyric*. Every man is honourable, who is so by law, custom, or title. The public are better judges of what is honourable than private men. The virtues of great men, like those of plants, are inherent in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent, the less they are exerted; as a man is the more rich, the less he spends. All great ministers, without either private or œconomical virtue, are virtuous by their posts; liberal and generous upon the public money, provident upon public supplies, just by paying public interest, couragious and magnanimous by the fleets and armies, magnificent upon the public expences, and prudent by public success. They have, by their office, a right to a share of the public stock of virtues; besides they are, by prescription immemorial, invested in all the celebrated virtues of their predecessors in the same stations, especially those of their own ancestors.

As to what are commonly called the *colours* of honourable and dishonourable, they are various in different countries: in this they are *blue*, *green* and *red*.

But forasmuch as the duty we owe to the public doth often require, that we should put some things in a strong light, and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious man into a hero.

The first and chief rule is the *golden rule of transformation*, which consists in converting vices into their bordering virtues. A man who is a spend-thrift, and will not pay a just debt, may have his injustice transformed into liberality; cowardice may be metamorphosed into prudence; intemperance into good nature and good fellowship; corruption into patriotism; and lewdness into tenderness and facility.

The second is the *rule of contraries*: it is certain, the less a man is endued with any virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully bestowed, especially those good qualities, of which the world generally believes he hath none at all: for who will thank a man for giving him that which he has?

The reverse of these precepts will serve for satire, wherein we are ever to remark, that whoso loseth his place, or becomes out of favour with the government, *hath forfeited* his share in public praise and honour.

Therefore

Therefore the truly public-ſpirited writer ought in duty to ſtrip him, whom the government hath ſtripped; which is the real *poetical juſtice* of this age. For a full collection of topics and epithets to be uſed in the praiſe and diſpraiſe of miniſterial and unminiſterial perſons, I refer to our *rhetorical cabinet:* concluding with an earneſt exhortation to all my brethren to obſerve the precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath coſt ſome of them their *ears* in a *pillory*.

CHAP. XV.

A receipt to make an epic poem.

AN epic poem, the critics agree, is the greateſt work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compoſitions of this ſort, but at the ſame time they cut off almoſt all undertakers from the poſſibility of ever performing them; for the firſt qualification they unanimouſly require in a poet, is a *genius*. I ſhall here endeavour, for the benefit of my countrymen, to make it manifeſt, that epic poems may be made *without a genius*, nay, without learning or much reading. This muſt neceſſarily be of great uſe to all thoſe, who confeſs they never *read*, and of whom the world is convinced they never *learn*. Moliere obſerves of making a dinner, that any man can do it *with money*, and if a profeſſed cook cannot do it *without*, he has his art for nothing: the ſame may be ſaid of making a poem, it is eaſily brought about by him that has a *genius*, but the ſkill lies in doing it without one. In purſuance of this end, I ſhall preſent the reader with a plain and certain *recipe*, by which any author in the *bathos* may be qualified for this grand performance.

For the FABLE.

TAKE out of any old poem, hiſtory-book, romance, or legend (for inſtance, Geoffry of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece) thoſe parts of the ſtory which afford moſt ſcope for long deſcriptions: put theſe pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. *Then take a hero*, whom you may chuſe for the

ſound of his name, and put him into the midſt of theſe adventures: there let him work for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to conquer or to marry: it being neceſſary that the concluſion of an epic poem be fortunate.

To make an Episode.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero: or any unfortunate accident, that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of uſe, applied to any other perſon, who may be loſt and evaporate in the courſe of the work, without the leaſt damage to the compoſition.

For the Moral and Allegory.

These you may extract out of the fable afterwards, at your leiſure: be ſure you ſtrain them ſufficiently.

For the Manners.

For thoſe of the hero, take all the beſt qualities you can find in the moſt celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a conſiſtency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be ſure they are qualities, which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any miſtake, which the world may be ſubject to, ſelect from the alphabet thoſe capital letters that compoſe his name, and ſet them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not abſolutely obſerve the exact quantity of theſe virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be neceſſary for the hero of a poem to be an honeſt man. For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occaſion ſerves.

For the Machines.

Take of Deities, male and female, as many as you can uſe: ſeparate them into two equal parts and keep Jupiter in the middle; let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember, on all occaſions, to *make uſe of* volatile Mercury. If you have need of de-

vils,

vils, draw them out of Milton's Paradiſe, and extract your ſpirits from Taſſo. The uſe of theſe machines is evident; ſince no epic poem can poſſibly ſubſiſt without them, the wiſeſt way is to reſerve them for your greateſt neceſſities: when you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourſelf by your own wit, ſeek relief from heaven, and the gods will do your buſineſs very readily. This is according to the direct preſcription of Horace in his art of poetry.

Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.

That is to ſay, *a poet ſhould never call upon the gods for their aſſiſtance, but when he is in great perplexity.*

For the DESCRIPTIONS.

FOR a *tempeſt*. Take eurus, zephyr, auſter, and boreas, and caſt them together in one verſe: add to theſe of rain, lightning and thunder (the loudeſt you can) *quantum ſufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together till they foam, and thicken your deſcription here and there with a quick-ſand. Brew your tempeſt well in your head, before you ſet it a blowing.

FOR a *battle*. Pick a large quantity of images and deſcriptions from Homer's *Iliads*, with a ſpice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a *ſkirmiſh*. Seaſon it well with *ſimiles*, and it will make an excellent battle.

FOR a *burning town*. If ſuch a deſcription be neceſſary (becauſe it is certain there is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of Burnet's Theory of the Conflagration, well circumſtanced and done into verſe, will be a good *ſuccedaneum*.

AS for *ſimiles* and *metaphors*, they may be found all over the creation; the moſt ignorant may *gather* them, but the difficulty is in *applying* them. For this adviſe with your *bookſeller*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

A project for the advancement of the ſtage.

IT may be thought that we ſhould not wholly omit the *drama*, which makes ſo great and ſo lucrative a part of poetry. But this province is ſo well taken care of by the preſent *managers* of the theatre, that it is perfectly needleſs to ſuggeſt to them any other methods than they have already practiſed for the advancement of the *bathos*.

HERE therefore, in the name of all our brethren, let me return our ſincere and humble thanks to the moſt Auguſt Mr Barton Booth, the moſt Serene Mr Robert Wilks, and the moſt undaunted Mr Colly Cibber; of whom let it be known, *when the people of this age ſhall be anceſtors*, and to all *the ſucceſſion of our ſucceſſors*, that to this preſent day they continue to *out-do* even their *own out-doings*; and when the inevitable hand of ſweeping time ſhall have bruſhed off all the works of *to-day*, may this teſtimony of a co-temporary critic to their fame be extended as far as *to morrow*.

YET if to ſo wiſe an adminiſtration it be poſſible any thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehenſive ſcheme which Mr Dennis and Mr Gildon (the two greateſt critics and reformers then living) made public in the year 1720, in a project ſigned with their names, and dated the ſecond of February. I cannot better conclude than by preſenting the reader with the ſubſtance of it.

1. IT is propoſed, that the two *theatres* be incorporated into one company; that the *royal academy of muſic* be added to them as an *orcheſtra*; and that Mr Figg with his prize-fighters, and Violante, with the rope-dancers, be admitted in partnerſhip.

2. THAT a ſpacious building be erected at the public expence, capable of containing at leaſt *ten thouſand* ſpectators, which is become abſolutely neceſſary by the great addition of children and nurſes to the audience, ſince the new entertainments †. That there be a ſtage as large as the Athenian, which was near ninety thouſand geometrical

† *Pantomimes* were then firſt exhibited in England. Hawkeſ.

trical paces ſquare, and ſeparate diviſions for the two houſes of parliament, my lords the judges, the honourable the directors of the academy, and the court of aldermen, who ſhall all have their places frank.

3. IF Weſtminſter-hall be not allotted to this ſervice, (which, by reaſon of its proximity to the two chambers of parliament abovementioned, ſeems not altogether improper) it is left to the wiſdom of the nation, whether Somerſet-houſe may not be demoliſhed, and a theatre built upon that ſite, which lies convenient to receive ſpectators from the county of Surrey, who may be wafted thither by water-carriage, eſteemed by all projectors the cheapeſt whatſoever. To this may be added, that the river Thames may, in the readieſt manner, convey thoſe eminent perſonages from courts beyond the ſeas, who may be drawn either by curioſity to behold ſome of our moſt celebrated pieces, or by affecting to ſee their countrymen, the *harlequins* and *eunuchs*; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public prints.

4. THAT the *theatre* above-ſaid be environed with a fair quadrangle of buildings, fitted for the accommodation of decayed *critics* and *poets*; out of whom ſix of the moſt aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their firſt work was publiſhed) ſhall be elected to manage the affairs of the ſociety, provided nevertheleſs that the laureat, for the time being, may be always one. The head or preſident over all (to prevent diſputes, but too frequent among the learned) ſhall be the moſt antient *poet* and *critic* to be found in the whole iſland.

5. THE *male-players* are to be lodged in the garrets of the ſaid quadrangle, and to attend the perſons of the poets dwelling under them, by bruſhing their apparel, drawing on their ſhoes, and the like. The *actreſſes* are to make their beds and waſh their linen.

6. A large room ſhall be ſet apart for a *library*, to conſiſt of all the modern dramatic poems, and all the criticiſms extant. In the midſt of this room ſhall be a round table for the *council of ſix* to ſit and deliberate on the merits of *plays*. The *majority* ſhall determine the diſpute; and if it ſhould happen, that *three* and *three* ſhould be of each ſide, the preſident ſhall have a caſting

voice,

voice, unleſs where the contention may run ſo high as to require a deciſion by *ſingle combat*.

7. It may be convenient to place the *council of ſix* in ſome conſpicuous ſituation in the theatre, where, after the manner uſually practiſed by compoſers in muſic, they may give ſigns (before ſettled and agreed upon) of diſlike or approbation. In conſequence of theſe ſigns the whole audience ſhall be required to *clap* or *hiſs*, that the town may learn certainly, when and how far they ought to be pleaſed.

8. It is ſubmitted, whether it would not be proper to diſtinguiſh the *council of ſix* by ſome particular habit or gown of an honourable ſhape and colour, to which may be added a ſquare cap and a white wand.

9. That to prevent unmarried actreſſes making away with their infants, a competent proviſion be allowed for the nurture of them, who ſhall for that reaſon be deemed the *children of the ſociety*; and that they may be educated according to the genius of their parents, the ſaid actreſſes ſhall declare upon oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their ſeveral fathers. A private gentleman's ſon ſhall, at the public expence, be brought up a page to attend the *council of ſix*: a more ample proviſion ſhall be made for the ſon of a *poet*, and a greater ſtill for the ſon of a *critic*.

10. If it be diſcovered, that any actreſs is got with child during the interludes of any play, wherein ſhe hath a part, it ſhall be reckoned a neglect of her buſineſs, and ſhe ſhall *forfeit* accordingly. If any actor for the future ſhall commit murder, except upon the ſtage, he ſhall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be underſtood of *robbery* and *theft*. In all other caſes, particularly in thoſe for *debt*, it is propoſed that this, like the other courts of Whitehall and St James's, may be held a *place of privilege*. And whereas it has been found, that an obligation to ſatisfy paltry creditors has been a diſcouragement to men of letters, if any perſon of quality or others ſhall ſend for any *poet* or *critic* of this ſociety to any remote quarter of the town, the ſaid poet or critic ſhall freely paſs and repaſs, without being liable to an *arreſt*.

11. The forementioned ſcheme, in its ſeveral regulations, may be ſupported by profits ariſing from every third night

night throughout the year. And as it would be hard to ſuppoſe, that ſo many perſons could live without any food (tho' from the former courſe of their lives a *very little* will be deemed ſufficient) the maſters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of thoſe profits the ſaid perſons might be ſubſiſted in a ſober and decent manner. We will venture to affirm farther, that not only the proper magazines of thunder and lightning, but *paint, diet-drinks, ſpitting-pots*, and all other *neceſſaries* of *life*, may, in like manner, fairly be provided for.

12. IF ſome of the articles may, at firſt view, ſeem liable to objections, particularly thoſe that give ſo vaſt a power to the *council of ſix* (which is indeed larger than any entruſted to the great officers of ſtate) this may be obviated by ſwearing thoſe *ſix* perſons of his Majeſty's privy council, and obliging them to paſs every thing of moment *previouſly* at that moſt honourable board.

VIRGILIUS

VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:

SEU

MARTINI SCRIBLERI, ſummi critici, caſtigationum in ÆNEIDEM Specimen.

ÆNEIDEM totam, amice lector, innumerabilibus pœne mendis ſcaturientem, ad priſtinum ſenſum revocabimus. In ſingulis fere verſibus ſpuriæ occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium uſque criticorum, in hunc diem exiſtentes. Interea averte oculos, et his paucis fruere. At ſi quæ ſint in hiſce caſtigationibus de quibus non ſatis liquet, ſyllabarum quantitates, προλεγόμενα noſtra libro ipſi præfigenda, ut conſulas, moneo.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VER. I.

ARMA virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *oris*
Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit
Littora. Multum ille et terris *jactatus* et alto,
Vi ſuperûm———

Arma virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *aris*
Italiam, *flatu* profugus, *Latinaque* venit
Littora. Multum ille et terris *vexatus* et alto,
Vi ſuperûm———

AB *aris*, nempe *Hercæi Jovis*, vide lib. ii. ver. 512. 550. — *flatu* ventorum Æoli, ut ſequitur — *Latina* certe littora cum Æneas aderat, *Lavina* non niſi poſtea ab ipſo *nominata*, lib. xii. ver. 193. — *jactatus terris* non *convenit*.

II. VER.

II. VER. 52.

Et quiſquis *numen* Junonis adoret?
Et quiſquis *nomen* Junonis adoret?

Longe melius, quam ut antea, *numen*; et proculdubio ſic Virgilius.

III. VER. 86.

Venti, velut *agmine facto*,
Qua data porta ruunt ——
Venti, velut *aggere fracto*,
Qua data porta ruunt ——
Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. VER. 117.

Fidumque vehebat Orontem.
Fortemque vehebat Orontem.

Non *fidum*, quia Epitheton Achatæ notiſſimum Oronti nunquam datur.

V. VER. 119.

Excutitur, pronuſque *magiſter*
Volvitur in caput ——

Excutitur: pronuſque *magis ter*
Volvitur in caput ——

Aio Virgilium aliter non ſcripſiſſe, quod plane confirmatur ex ſequentibus —— *Aſt illum* ter *fluctus ibidem torquet* ——

VI. VER. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto
Arma virûm ——

Armi hominum: ridicule antea *arma virûm*, quæ, ex ferro conflata, quomodo poſſunt *natare?*

VII. VER. 151.

Atque rotis *ſummas* leviter perlabitur *undas*.
Atque rotis *ſpumas* leviter perlabitur *undas*.

III. Ver. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, et lamentabile regnum
Eruerint Danai.

Trojanes ut *oves*, et lamentabile regnum
Diruerent ——

Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquiſſimis illis temporibus oves et armenta divitiæ regum fuere. Vel fortaſſe *oves Paridis* innuit, quas ſuper idem nuperrime paſcebat, et jam in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [vid. Hor. Sat. ii. 3.] aliiſque ducibus, merito occiſas.

IV. Ver. 5.

Quæque ipſe *miſerrima vidi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

Quæque ipſe *miſerrimus audi*,
Et quorum pars magna fui ——

Omnia tam *audita* quam *viſa* recta diſtinctione enarrare hic Æneas profitetur: multa quorum nox ea fatalis ſola conſcia fuit, vir probus et pius tanquam *viſa* referre non potuit.

V. Ver. 7.

Quis talia *fando*
Temperet *a* lacrymis?

Quis talia *flendo*,
Temperet *in* lacrymis? ——

Major enim doloris indicatio, abſque modo lachrymare, quam ſolummodo a lachrymis non temperare.

VI. Ver. 9.

Et jam nox *humida* cœlo
Præcipitat, ſuadentque *cadentia* ſydera ſomnos.

Et jam nox *lumina* cœlo
Præcipitat, ſuadentque *latentia* ſydera ſomnos.

Lectio, *humida*, veſpertinum rorem ſolum innuere videtur.

detur: magis mi arridet *lumina*, quæ *latentia* poſtquam *præcipitantur*, Auroræ adventum annunciant.

Sed ſi tantus amor *caſus* cognoſcere *noſtros*,
Et *breviter* Trojæ *ſupremum* audire *labórem*.

Sed ſi tantus amor *curas* cognoſcere *noctis*,
Et *breve ter* Trojæ *ſuperûmque* audire *labores*.

Curæ noctis (ſcilicet noctis excidii Trojani) magis compendioſe (vel ut dixit ipſe *breviter*) totam belli cataſtrophen denotat, quam diffuſa illa et indeterminata lectio, *caſus noſtros*. *Ter* audire gratam fuiſſe Didoni, patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacoſque* iterum *demens audire labores expoſcit: ter* enim pro *ſæpe* uſurpatur. *Trojæ, ſuperûmque labores*, recte, quia non tantum homines ſed et Dii ſeſe his laboribus immiſcuerunt. Vide Æn. ii. ver. 610. *&c.*

Quanquam animus meminiſſe horret, *luctuque refugit*,
Incipiam.———

Quanquam animus meminiſſe horret, *luctuſque refurgit*.

Refurgit multo proprius dolorem *renaſcentem* notat, quam ut hactenus, *refugit*.

VII. Ver. 19.

Fracti bello, fatiſque repulſi
Ductores Danaûm, tot jam labentibus annis
Inſtar montis *equum*, divina Palladis arte,
Ædificant———*&c.*

Tracti bello, fatiſque repulſi.

Tracti et *repulſi*, antitheſis perpulchra! *Fracti* frigide et vulgariter.

Equum jam *Trojanum* (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus; quem ſi *quam Græcam* vocabis, lector, minime pecces: ſolæ enim femellæ utero geſtant. Uterumque *armato milite complent*— Uteroque *recuſſo intonuere cavæ*——— *Atque* utero *ſonitum quater arma dedere*——— *Incluſos* utero *Danaos*, &c. Vox *fœta* non convenit maribus,— *Scandit fatalis machina muros*, Fœta armis———Pallas-

dem virginem, equo mari fabricando invigilare decuiſſe, quis putat? et incredibile prorſus! Quamobrem exiſtimo veram *equæ* lectionem paſſim reſtituendam, niſi ubi forte, metri cauſſa, *equum* potius quam *equam*, *genus* pro *ſexu*, dixit Maro. Vale! dum hæc paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.

An

An ESSAY of the learned MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, concerning the ORIGIN of SCIENCES.

Written to the moſt learned Dr ——— F. R. S. from the deſerts of Nubia.

AMONG all the enquiries which have been purſued by the curious and inquiſitive, there is none more worthy the ſearch of a learned head, than the ſource from whence we derive thoſe arts and ſciences, which raiſe us ſo far above the vulgar, the countries in which they roſe, and the channels by which they have been conveyed. As thoſe, who firſt brought them amongſt us, attained them by travelling into the remoteſt parts of the earth, I may boaſt of ſome advantages by the ſame means; ſince I write this from the deſerts of Æthiopia, from thoſe plains of ſand, which have buried the pride of invading armies, with my foot perhaps at this inſtant ten fathom over the grave of Cambyſes; a ſolitude to which neither Pythagoras nor Apollonius ever penetrated.

IT is univerſally agreed, that arts and ſciences were derived to us from the Ægyptians and Indians; but from whom they firſt received them, is yet a ſecret. The higheſt period of time, to which the learned attempt to trace them, is the beginning of the Aſſyrian monarchy, when their inventors were worſhipped as gods. It is therefore neceſſary to go backward into times even more remote, and to gain ſome knowledge of their hiſtory, from whatever dark and broken hints may any way be found in antient authors concerning them.

NOR Troy nor Thebes were the firſt of empires; we have mention, though not hiſtories, of an earlier warlike people called the Pygmæans. I cannot but perſuade myſelf, from thoſe accounts in Homer †, Ariſtotle, and others, of

† Il. iii. Hom.

of their hiſtory wars, and revolutions, and from the very *air* in which thoſe authors ſpeak of them as of *things known*, that they were then a part of the ſtudy of the learned. And though all we directly hear is of their military atchievements, in the brave defence of their country from the annual invaſions of a powerful enemy, yet I cannot doubt but that they excelled as much in the arts of peaceful government; though there remain no traces of their civil inſtitutions. Empires as great have been ſwallowed up in the wreck of time, and ſuch ſudden periods have been put to them, as occaſion a total ignorance of their ſtory. And if I ſhould conjecture, that the like happened to this nation from a general extirpation of the people by thoſe flocks of monſtrous birds, wherewith antiquity agrees they were continually infeſted; it ought not to ſeem more incredible, than that one of the Baleares was waſted by rabbits, Smynthe by mice*, and of late Bermudas almoſt depopulated by rats †. Nothing is more natural to imagine, than that the few ſurvivors of that empire retired into the depths of their deſerts, where they lived undiſturbed, till they were found out by Oſiris, in his travels to inſtruct mankind.

"He met," ſays Diodorus ‡, "in Æthiopia a ſort of "*little ſatyrs*, who were hairy one half of their body, "and whoſe leader Pan accompanied him in his expedi"tion for the civilizing of mankind." Now, of this great perſonage Pan we have a very particular deſcription in the antient writers; who unanimouſly agree to repreſent him *ſhaggy-bearded, hairy all over, half a man and half a beaſt*, and walking *erect with a ſtaff*. (the poſture in which his race do to this day appear among us.) And ſince the chief thing, to which he applied himſelf, was the civilizing of mankind, it ſhould ſeem, that the firſt principles of ſcience muſt be received from that nation, to which the gods were, by Homer ‖, ſaid to reſort twelve days every year for the converſation of its wiſe and juſt inhabitants.

If from Ægypt we proceed to take a view of India, we ſhall find, that their knowledge alſo derived itſelf from the

* *Euſtathius* in Hom. Il. 1.
‡ *Lib.* i. c. 18. Diod.
† Speede, in Bermudas.
‖ Il. 1.

the ſame ſource. To that country did theſe noble creatures accompany Bacchus in his expedition under the conduct of Silenus, who is alſo deſcribed to us with the ſame marks and qualifications. "Mankind is ignorant," ſaith Diodorus *, "whence Silenus derived his birth, through "his great antiquity; but he had a *tail* on his *loins*, as "*likewiſe had all his progeny* in ſign of their deſcent." Here then they ſettled a colony, which to this day ſubſiſts with the ſame tails. From this time they ſeem to have communicated themſelves only to thoſe men, who retired from the converſe of their own ſpecies to a more uninterrupted life of contemplation. I am much inclined to believe, that in the midſt of thoſe ſolitudes they inſtituted the ſo much celebrated order of Gymnoſophiſts. For, whoſoever obſerves the *ſcene* and *manner* of their life, will eaſily find them to have imitated with all exactneſs imaginable the manners and cuſtoms of their maſters and inſtructors. They are ſaid to dwell in the *thickeſt woods*, to go *naked*, to ſuffer their *bodies* to be over-run with *hair*, and their *nails* to grow to a prodigious length. Plutarch ſays †, "they eat what they could get in the "fields, their drink was water, and their bed made of "leaves or moſs." And Herodotus ‡ tells us, that they eſteemed it a great exploit to kill very many *ants* or *creeping things*.

HENCE we ſee, that the two nations, which contend for the origin of learning, are the ſame that have ever moſt abounded with this ingenious race. Though they have conteſted, which was firſt bleſt with the riſe of ſcience, yet have they conſpired in being grateful to their common maſters. Ægypt is well known to have worſhipped them of old in their own images; and India may be credibly ſuppoſed to have done the ſame from that adoration, which they paid in latter times to the tooth of one of theſe hairy philoſophers; in juſt gratitude, as it ſhould ſeem, to the mouth, from which they received their knowledge.

PASS we now over into Greece: where we find Orpheus

* Diod. Lib. iii. c. 69.
† Plutarch in his Orat. on Alexander's fortune.
‡ Herodot. lib. i.

us returning out of Ægypt, with the ſame intent as Oſiris and Bacchus made their expeditions. From this period it was, that Greece firſt heard the name of ſatyrs, or owned them for *ſemidei*. And hence it is ſurely reaſonable to conclude, that he brought ſome of this wonderful ſpecies along with him, who alſo had a leader of the line of Pan, of the ſame name, and expreſly called *king* by Theocritus *. If thus much be allowed, we eaſily account for two of the ſtrangeſt reports in all antiquity. One is that of the beaſts following the muſic of Orpheus; which has been interpreted of his taming ſavage tempers, but will thus have a literal application. The other, which we muſt inſiſt upon, is the fabulous ſtory of the gods compreſſing women in woods under beſtial appearances; which will be ſolved by the love theſe ſages are known to bear to the females of our kind. I am ſenſible it may be objected, that they are ſaid to have been compreſſed in the ſhape of different animals; but to this we anſwer, that women under ſuch apprehenſions hardly know what ſhape they have to deal with.

From what has been laſt ſaid, it is highly credible, that to this antient and generous race the world is indebted, if not for the heroes, at leaſt for the acuteſt wits of antiquity. One of the moſt remarkable inſtances, is that great mimic genius Æſop †, for whoſe extraction from theſe *ſylveſtres homines* we may gather an argument from Planudes, who ſays, that Æſop ſignifies the ſame thing as Æthiop, the original nation of our people. For a ſecond argument we may offer the deſcription of his perſon, which was ſhort, deformed, and almoſt ſavage; inſomuch that he might have lived in the woods, had not the benevolence of his temper made him rather adapt himſelf to our manners, and come to court in wearing apparel. The third proof is his acute and ſatyrical wit; and laſtly, his great knowledge in the nature of beaſts, together with the natural pleaſure he took to ſpeak of them upon all occaſions.

The next inſtance I ſhall produce is Socrates ‡. Firſt, it was a tradition, that he was of an uncommon birth from the

* Πὰν Ἄναξ. Theocr. Id. i.
† Vit. Æſop initio.
‡ *Vid. Plato* and Xenophon.

the reſt of men; ſecondly, he had a countenance confeſſing the line he ſprung from, being bald, flat-noſed, with prominent eyes, and a downward look: thirdly, he turned certain fables of Æſop into verſe, probably out of his reſpect to beaſts in general, and love to his family in particular.

In proceſs of time the women, with whom theſe Sylvans would have lovingly cohabited, were either taught by mankind, or induced by an abhorrence of their ſhapes, to ſhun their embraces; ſo that our ſages were neceſſitated to mix with beaſts. This by degrees occaſioned the hair of their poſterity to grow higher than their middles: it aroſe in one generation to their arms, in the ſecond it invaded their necks, in the third it gained the aſcendant of their heads, till the degenerate appearance, in which the ſpecies is now immerſed, became compleated. Tho' we muſt here obſerve, that there were a few, who fell not under the common calamity; there being ſome unprejudiced women in every age, by virtue of whom a total extinction of the original race was prevented. It is remarkable alſo, that even where they were mixed, the defection from their nature was not ſo entire, but there ſtill appeared marvellous qualities among them, as was manifeſt in thoſe who followed Alexander in India. How did they attend his army and ſurvey his order! how did they caſt themſelves into the ſame forms for mareh or for combat! what an imitation was there of all his diſcipline! the antient true remains of a warlike diſpoſition, and of that conſtitution, which they enjoyed, while they were yet a monarchy.

To proceed to Italy: at the firſt appearance of theſe wild philoſophers, there were ſome of the leaſt mixed, who vouchſafed to converſe with mankind; which is evident from the name of Fauns*, *a fando*, or ſpeaking. Such was he, who, coming out of the woods in hatred to tyranny, encouraged the Roman army to proceed againſt the Hetruſcans, who would have reſtored Tarquin. But here, as in all the weſtern parts of the world, there was a great and memorable æra, in which they began to be ſilent. This we may place ſomething near the time of Ariſtotle,

* *Livy.*

Ariſtotle, when the number, vanity, and folly of human philoſophers encreaſed, by which men's heads became too much puzzled to receive the ſimpler wiſdom of theſe antient Sylvans; the queſtions of that academy were too numerous to be conſiſtent with their eaſe to anſwer; and too intricate, extravagant, idle or pernicious, to be any other than a deriſion and ſcorn unto them. From this period, if we ever hear of their giving anſwers, it is only when caught, bound, and conſtrained, in like manner as was that antient Grecian próphet, Proteus.

Accordingly we read in Sylla's * time of ſuch a philoſopher taken near Dyrrachium, who would not be perſuaded to give them a lecture by all they could ſay to him, and only ſhewed his power in ſounds by neighing like a horſe.

But a more ſucceſsful attempt was made in Auguſtus's reign by the inquiſitive genius of the great Virgil; whom, together with Varus, the commentators ſuppoſe to have been the true perſons, who are related in the ſixth Bucolic to have caught a philoſopher, and doubtleſs a genuine one, of the race of the old Silenus. To prevail upon him to be communicative (of the importance of which Virgil was well aware) they not only tied him faſt, but allured him likewiſe by a courteous preſent of a comely maiden called Ægle, which made him ſing both merrily and inſtructively. In this ſong we have their doctrine of the creation, the ſame in all probability as was taught ſo many ages before in the great Pygmæan empire, and ſeveral hieroglyphical fables under which they couched or embelliſhed their morals. For which reaſon I look upon this Bucolic as an ineſtimable treaſure of the moſt antient ſcience.

In the reign of Conſtantine we hear of another taken in a net, and brought to Alexandria, round whom the people flocked to hear his wiſdom; but as Ammianus Marcellinus reporteth, he proved a dumb philoſopher; and only inſtructed by action.

The laſt we ſhall ſpeak of, who ſeemeth to be of the true race, is ſaid by St Jerome to have met St Anthony† in a deſert, who inquiring the way of him, he ſhewed his

* *Plutarch* in Vita Syllæ. † Vita St Anth.

his underſtanding and courteſy by pointing, but would not anſwer, for he was a dumb philoſopher alſo.

THESE are all the notices, which I am at preſent able to gather, of the appearance of ſo great and learned a people on your ſide of the world. But if we return to their antient native ſeats, Africa and India, we ſhall there find, even in modern times, many traces of their original conduct and valour.

IN Africa (as we read among the indefatigable Mr Purchas's collections) a body of them, whoſe leader was inflamed with love for a woman, by martial power and ſtratagem won a fort from the Portugueſe.

BUT I muſt leave all others at preſent to celebrate the praiſe of two of their unparalleled monarchs in India. The one was Perimal the magnificent, a prince moſt learned and communicative, to whom in Malabar their exceſs of zeal dedicated a temple, raiſed on ſeven hundred pillars not inferior in Maffæus's † opinion to thoſe of Agrippa in the Pantheon. The other, Hanimant the Marvellous, his relation and ſucceſſor, whoſe knowledge was ſo great, as made his followers doubt if even that wiſe ſpecies could arrive at ſuch perfection: and therefore they rather imagined him and his race a ſort of gods formed into apes. His was the tooth which the Portugueſe took in Biſnagar 1559, for which the Indians offered, according to Linſchotten ‡, the immenſe ſum of ſeven hundred thouſand ducats. Nor let me quit this head without mentioning with all due reſpect Oran Outang the great, the laſt of this line; whoſe unhappy chance it was to fall into the hands of Europeans. Orang Outang, whoſe value was not known to us, for he was a mute philoſopher: Orang Outang, by whoſe diſſection the learned Dr Tyſon || has added a confirmation to this ſyſtem, from the reſemblance between the *homo ſylveſtris* and our human body in thoſe organs, by which the rational ſoul is exerted.

WE muſt now deſcend to conſider this people as ſunk into the *bruta natura* by their continual commerce with beaſts. Yet even at this time, what experiments do they not afford us, of relieving ſome from the ſpleen, and o-

† *Maff. lib. i.* ‡ Linſchot. ch. 44.

|| *Dr Tyſon's Anatomy of a pigmy*, 4to.

thers from impoſthumes, by occaſioning laughter at proper ſeaſons; with what readineſs do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in human life? and what ſurpriſing relations have Le Comte †, and others, given of their appetites, actions, conceptions, affections, varieties of imaginations, and abilities capable of purſuing them? If under their preſent low circumſtances of birth and breeding, and in ſo ſhort a term of life as is now allotted them, they ſo far exceed all beaſts, and equal many men; what prodigies may we not conceive of thoſe, who were *nati melioribus annis*, thoſe primitive, *longæval* and *antediluvian man-tygers*, who firſt taught ſcience to the world?

This account, which is entirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced knowledge from a fountain correſpondent to ſeveral opinions of the antients, tho' hitherto undiſcovered both by them and the more ingenious moderns. And now what ſhall I ſay to mankind in the thought of this great diſcovery? what, but that they ſhould abate of their pride, and conſider that the authors of our knowledge are among the beaſts. That theſe, who were our elder brothers by a day in the creation, whoſe kingdom (like that in the ſcheme of Plato) was governed by philoſophers, who flouriſhed with learning in Æthopia and India, are now undiſtinguiſhed, and known only by the ſame appellation as the man-tyger, and the monkey!

As to ſpeech, I make no queſtion, that there are remains of the firſt and leſs corrupted race in their native deſerts, who yet have the power of it. But the vulgar reaſon given by the Spaniards, "that they will not ſpeak "for fear of being ſet to work," is alone a ſufficient one, conſidering how exceedingly all other learned perſons affect their eaſe. A ſecond is, that theſe obſervant creatures, having been eye-witneſſes of the cruelty with which that nation treated their brother Indians, find it neceſſary not to ſhow themſelves to be men, that they may be protected not only from work, but from cruelty alſo. Thirdly, they could at beſt take no delight to converſe with the Spaniards, whoſe grave and ſullen temper is ſo averſe

† *Father* Le Comte, a Jeſuit, in the account of his travels.

verſe to that natural and open chearfulneſs, which is generally obſerved to accompany all true knowledge.

BUT now were it poſſible, that any way could be found to draw forth their latent qualities, I cannot but think it would be highly ſerviceable to the learned world both in reſpect of recovering paſt knowledge, and promoting the future. Might there not be found certain gentle and artful methods, whereby to endear us to them? Is there no nation in the world, whoſe natural turn is adapted to engage their ſociety, and win them by a ſweet ſimilitude of manners? Is there no nation, where the men might allure them by a diſtinguiſhing civility, and in a manner faſcinate them by aſſimulated motions? no nation, where the women with eaſy freedoms, and the gentleſt treatment, might oblige the loving creatures to ſenſible returns of humanity? The love I bear my native country prompts me to wiſh this nation might be Great Britain; but alas! in our preſent wretched, divided condition, how can we hope, that foreigners of ſo great prudence will freely declare their ſentiments in the midſt of violent parties, and at ſo vaſt a diſtance from their friends, relations, and country? the affection I bear our neighbour-ſtate, would incline me to wiſh it were Holland—*Sed læva in parte mamillæ Nil Jalit Arcadiço.* It is from France then we muſt expect this reſtoration of learning, whoſe late monarch took the ſciences under his protection, and raiſed them to ſo great a height. May we not hope their emiſſaries will ſome time or other have inſtructions, not only to invite learned men into their country, but learned beaſts, the true antient man-tegers, I mean of Æthiopia and India? Might not the talents of each kind of theſe be adapted to the improvement of the ſeveral ſciences? the man-tegers to inſtruct heroes, ſtateſmen, and ſcholars; baboons to teach ceremony and addreſs to courtiers; monkeys, the art of pleaſing in converſation, and agreeable affectations to ladies and their lovers; apes of leſs learning, to form comedians and dancing-maſters; and marmoſets, court pages, and young Engliſh travellers? But the diſtinguiſhing each kind, and allotting the proper buſineſs to each, I leave to the inquiſitive and penetrating genius of the Jeſuits in their reſpective miſſions.

Vale et fruere.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

OR

The wonderful effects of the approaching conjunction of the planets Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn.

By MART. SCRIBLERUS, *Philomath.*

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora———

I Suppose every body is sufficiently apprized of, and duly prepared for, the famous conjunction to be celebrated the 29th of this instant December 1722, foretold by all the sages of antiquity under the name of the *annus mirabilis*, or the *metamorphostical* conjunction: a word which denotes the mutual transformation of sexes (the effect of that configuration of the celestial bodies) the human males being to be turned into females, and the human females into males.

THE Egyptians have represented this great transformation by several significant hieroglyphics, particularly one very remarkable. There are carved upon an obelisk, a *barber* and a *midwife*: the barber delivers his razor to the midwife, and she her swadling-cloaths to the barber. Accordingly Thales Milesius, (who, like the rest of his countrymen, borrowed his learning from the Egyptians) after having computed the time of this famous conjunction, *then*, says he, *shall men and women mutually exchange the pangs of* shaving *and* childbearing.

ANAXIMANDER modestly describes this metamorphosis in mathematical terms, *then*, says he, *shall the negative quantity of the women be turned into positive, their—into +* (*i. e.*) their *minus* into *plus*.

Plus

PLATO not only ſpeaks of this great change, but deſcribes all the preparations towards it. " Long before " the bodily transformation, ſays he, nature ſhall begin " the moſt difficult part of her work, by changing the " *ideas* and *inclinations* of the two ſexes: men ſhall turn " effeminate, and women manly; wives ſhall domineer, " and huſbands obey; ladies ſhall *ride a horſeback*, dreſ- " ſed like *cavaliers*; princes and nobles appear in *night-* " *rails* and *petticoats*; men ſhall *ſqueak* upon theatres " with *female* voices, and women *corrupt virgins*; lords " ſhall *knot* and *cut paper*; and even the *northern* people, " ἀρσένα κύκριν ὀρνεῖν:" A phraſe (which for modeſty's ſake I forbear to tranſlate) which denotes a vice too frequent amongſt us.

THAT the miniſtry foreſaw this great change, is plain from the *callico-act*; whereby it is now become the occupation of the women all over England to convert their uſeleſs female habits into beds, window-curtains, chairs, and joint-ſtools; undreſſing themſelves, as it were, *before their transformation*.

THE philoſophy of this transformation will not ſeem ſurprizing to people, who ſearch into the *bottom* of things. Madam Bourignon, a devout French lady, has ſhewn us, how man was at firſt created male and female in one individual, having the faculty of propagation within himſelf: a circumſtance neceſſary to the ſtate of innocence, wherein a man's happineſs was not to depend upon the caprice of another. It was not till after he had made a *faux pas*, that he had his female mate. Many ſuch tranſformations of individuals have been well atteſted; particularly one by Montaigne, and another by the late Bp of Saliſbury. From all which it appears, that this ſyſtem of male and female has already undergone, and may hereafter ſuffer, ſeveral alterations. Every ſmatterer in anatomy knows, that a woman is but an introverted man; a new fuſion and *flatus* will turn the hollow bottom of a bottle into a convexity: but I forbear for the ſake of my *modeſt men-readers*, who are in a few days to be virgins.

IN ſome ſubjects the ſmalleſt alterations will do: ſome men are ſufficiently ſpread about the hips, and contrived with that female ſoftneſs, that they want only the negative quantity to make them buxom wenches; and there

are women who are, as it were, already the *ebauche* * of a good ſturdy man. If nature could be puzzled, it will be how to beſtow the redundant matter of the exuberant bubbies that now appear about town, or how to roll out the ſhort dapper fellows into well-ſized women.

THIS great conjunction will begin to operate on Saturday the 29th inſtant. Accordingly about eight at night, as Senezino ſhall begin at the opera, *Si videte*, he ſhall be obſerved to make an *unuſual motion*; upon which the audience will be affected with a *red ſuffuſion* over their countenance: and becauſe a ſtrong ſuccuſſion of the muſcles of the belly is neceſſary towards performing this great operation, both ſexes will be thrown into a *profuſe involuntary laughter*. Then, to uſe the modeſt terms of Anaximander, *ſhall negative quantity be turned into poſitive*, &c. Time never beheld, nor will it ever aſſemble, ſuch a number of *untouched virgins* within thoſe walls! but, alas! ſuch will be the impatience and curioſity of people to act in their new capacity, that many of them will be completed men and women that very night. To prevent the diſorders that may happen upon this occaſion, is the chief deſign of this paper.

GENTLEMEN have begun already to make uſe of this conjunction to compaſs their filthy purpoſes. They tell the ladies forſooth, that it is only parting with a periſhable commodity, hardly of ſo much value as a callico under-petticoat; ſince, like its miſtreſs, it will be uſeleſs in the form it is now in. If the ladies have no regard to the diſhonour and immorality of the action, I deſire they will conſider, that nature, who never deſtroys her own productions, will exempt big-bellied women till the time of their lying-in; ſo that not to be transformed will be the ſame as to be pregnant. If they do not think it worth while to defend a fortreſs, that is to be demoliſhed in a few days, let them reflect, that it will be a melancholy thing nine months hence to be brought to bed of a baſtard; a poſthumous baſtard, as it were, to which the *quondam* father can be no more than a *dry nurſe*.

THIS wonderful transformation is the inſtrument of nature to balance matters between the ſexes. The cruelty of

* Sketch, rough draught, or eſſay.

of ſcornful miſtreſſes ſhall be returned; the ſlighted maid ſhall grow into an imperious gallant, and reward her undoer with a big-belly and a baſtard.

It is hardly poſſible to imagine the revolutions that this wonderful phænomenon will occaſion over the face of the earth. I long impatiently to ſee the proceedings of the parliament of Paris, as to the title of ſucceſſion to the crown; this being a caſe not provided for by the *ſalique* law. There will be no preventing diſorders among friars and monks; for certainly vows of chaſtity do not bind, but under the ſex in which they were made. The ſame will hold good with marriages, though I think it will be a ſcandal among Proteſtants for huſbands and wives to part, ſince there remains ſtill a poſſibility to perform the *debitum conjugale*, by the huſband being *femme converte*. I ſubmit it to the judgment of the gentlemen of the long robe, whether this transformation does not diſcharge all ſuits of rapes.

The Pope muſt undergo a new groping, but the falſe prophet Mahomet has contrived matters well for his ſucceſſors; for as the grand ſignior has now a great many fine women, he will then have as many fine young gentlemen, at his devotion.

These are ſurprizing ſcenes; but I beg leave to affirm, that the ſolemn operations of nature are ſubjects of contemplation, not of ridicule. Therefore I make it my earneſt requeſt to the merry fellows, and giggling girls about towns, that they would not put themſelves in a high twitter, when they go to viſit a General lying-in of his firſt child; his officers ſerving as midwives, nurſes, and rockers diſpenſing caudle; or if they behold the *reverend prelates* dreſſing the heads and airing the linen at court; I beg they will remember that theſe offices muſt be filled with people of the greateſt regularity, and beſt characters. For the ſame reaſon I am ſorry, that a certain prelate, who, notwithſtanding his confinement * ſtill preſerves his healthy, chearful countenance, cannot come in time to be a nurſe at court.

I likewiſe earneſtly intreat the maids of honour, (then enſigns and captains of the guards) that at their firſt ſetting

* In December 1723.

ting out they have some regard to their former station; and do not run wild through all the infamous houses about town: that the present grooms of the bed-chamber (then maids of honour) would not eat chalk and lime in their green-sickness: and in general, that the men would remember they are become *retromingent*, and not by inadvertency lift up against walls and posts.

Petticoats will not be burdensome to the clergy; but balls and assemblies will be indecent for some time.

As for you, coquetts, bawds, and chamber-maids, (the future ministers, plenipotentiaries, and cabinet counsellors to the princes of the earth) manage the great intrigues, that will be committed to your charge, with your usual secrecy and conduct; and the affairs of your masters will go better than ever.

O ye exchange women! (our right worshipful representatives that are to be) be not so griping in the sale of your ware as your predecessors, but consider that the nation like a spend-thrift heir, has run out: be likewise a little more continent in your tongues than you are at present, else the length of debates will spoil your dinners.

You housewifely good women, who now preside over the confectionary (henceforth commissioners of the treasury) be so good as to dispense the sugar-plums of the government with a more impartial and frugal hand.

Ye prudes and censorious old maids (the hopes of the bench) exert but your usual talent of finding faults, and the laws will be strictly executed; only I would not have you proceed upon such slender evidences as you have done hitherto.

It is from you, eloquent oyster-merchants of Billingsgate (just ready to be called to the bar, and quoifed like your sister-serjeants) that we expect the shortning the time, and lessening the expences of law-suits: for I think you are observed to bring your debates to a short issue; and even custom will restrain you from taking the oyster, and leaving only the shell to your client.

O ye physicians, who in the figure of old women are to clean the tripe in the markets, scour it as effectually as you have done that of your patients, and the town will fare most deliciously on Saturdays.

I cannot but congratulate human nature upon this hap-

py transformation; the only expedient left to reſtore the liberties and tranquillity of mankind. This is ſo evident, that it is almoſt an affront to common ſenſe to inſiſt upon the proof: if there can be any ſuch ſtupid creature as to doubt it, I deſire he will make but the following obvious reflection. There are in Europe alone at preſent about a million of ſturdy fellows, under the denomination of ſtanding forces, with arms in their hands: that thoſe are maſters of the lives, liberties, and fortunes of all the reſt, I believe no-body will deny. It is no leſs true in fact, that reams of paper, and above a ſquire mile of ſkins of vellum have been employed to no purpoſe to ſettle peace among thoſe ſons of violence. Pray who is he that will ſay unto them, *go and diſband your ſelves?* but lo! by this transformation it is done at once, and the *halcyon* days of public tranquillity return: for neither the military temper nor diſcipline can taint the ſoft ſex for a whole age to come: *bellaque matribus inviſa*, wars odious to *mothers* will not grow immediately palatable in their paternal ſtate.

Nor will the influence of this transformation be leſs in *family* tranquillity, than it is in *national*. Great faults will be amended, and frailties forgiven, on both ſides. A wife, who has been diſturbed with late hours, and choaked with the hagoût of a ſot, will remember her *ſufferings*, and avoid the temptations; and will for the ſame reaſon indulge her mate in his female capacity in ſome *paſſions*, which ſhe is ſenſible from experience are natural to the ſex; ſuch as vanity, of fine cloaths, being admired, *&c.* And how tenderly muſt ſhe uſe her mate under the breeding qualms and labour-pains which ſhe hath felt herſelf? In ſhort, all unreaſonable demands upon huſbands muſt ceaſe, becauſe they are already ſatisfied from natural experience, that they are impoſſible.

That the ladies may govern the affairs of the world, and the gentlemen thoſe of their houſhold, better than either of them have hitherto done, is the hearty deſire of

Their moſt ſincere well-wiſher,

M. S.

A SPE-

A

SPECIMEN of SCRIBLERUS's REPORTS.

STRADLING verſus STILES.

Le report del caſe argue en le commen banke devant touts les juſtices de le meſme banke, en le quart. An du raygne de roy Jaques, entre Matthew Stradling, plant. & Peter Stiles, def. en un action propter certos equos coloratos, Anglice, *pyed horſes*, poſt. per le dit Matthew vers le dit Peter.

Le recitel del Caſe. "SIR John Swale, of Swale-hall, in Swaledale, faſt by the river Swale, Kt. made "his laſt will and teſtament: in which, among "other bequeſts was this, viz." Out of the kind love and reſpect that I bear unto my much honoured and good friend Mr Matthew Stradling, Gent. I do bequeath unto the ſaid Matthew Stradling Gent. "all my black and "white horſes." "The teſtator had ſix black horſes, "ſix white horſes, and ſix pyed horſes."

Le point. "The debate therefore was, whether or no "the ſaid Matthew Stradling ſhould have the ſaid "pyed horſes by virtue of the ſaid bequeſt."

Pour le Pl. Atkens apprentice *pour le pl.* "*moy ſemble que* "*le pl. recovera.*

"And firſt of all it ſeemeth expedient to conſider what "is the nature of horſes, and alſo what is the nature of "colours; and ſo the argument will conſequently divide "itſelf in a twofold way, that is to ſay, the formal part, "and ſubſtantial part. Horſes are the ſubſtantial part, or "thing bequeathed: black and white the formal or deſcriptive part.

"Horſe, in a phyſical ſenſe, doth import a certain qua-"*druped* or four-footed animal, which, by the apt and re-

"gular

" gular diſpoſition of certain proper and convenient parts, " is adapted, fitted, and conſtituted for the uſe and need " of man. Yea, ſo neceſſary and conducive was this ani- " mal conceived to be to the behoof of the commonweal, " that ſundry and divers acts of parliament have from " time to time been made in favours of horſes.

1ſt Edw. VI. " Makes the tranſporting of horſes out " of the kingdom, no leſs a penalty than the forfeiture " of 40*l.*

2d and 3d Edward VI. " Takes from horſe-ſtealers " the benefit of their clergy.

And the ſtatutes of the 27th and 32d of Henry VIII. " condeſcend ſo far as to take care of their very " breed: theſe our wiſe anceſtors prudently foreſeeing, " that they could not better take care of their own poſte- " rity, than by alſo taking care of that of their horſes.

" And of ſo great eſteem are horſes in the eye of the " common law, that when a Knight of the Bath com- " mitteth any great and enormous crime, his puniſhment " is to have his ſpurs chopt off with a clever, being, as " maſter Bracton well obſerveth, unworthy to ride on a " horſe.

Littleton ſect. 315. ſaith, " If tenants in common " make a leaſe reſerving for rent a horſe, they ſhall have " but one aſſize, becauſe, ſaith the book, the law will " not ſuffer a horſe to be ſevered. Another argu- " ment of what high eſtimation the law maketh of an " horſe.

" But as the great difference ſeemeth not to be ſo " much touching the ſubſtantial part, horſes, let us pro- " ceed to the formal or deſcriptive part, *viz.* what horſes " they are that come within this bequeſt.

" Colours are commonly of various kinds and differ- " ent ſorts; of which white and black are the two ex- " tremes, and conſequently comprehend within them all " other colours whatſoever.

" By a bequeſt therefore of black and white horſes, gray " or pyed horſes may well paſs; for when two extremes, " or remoteſt ends of any thing are deviſed, the law, by " common intendment, will intend whatſoever is contain- " ed between them to be deviſed too.

" *But the preſent caſe is ſtill ſtronger*, coming not only within

" within the intendment, but alſo the very letter of the " words.

" By the word *black*, all the horſes that are black " are deviſed; by the word *white*, are deviſed thoſe that " are white; and by the ſame word, with the conjuncti- " on copulative, *and*, between them, the horſes that are " black and white, that is to ſay, pyed, are deviſed alſo.

" Whatever is black and white is pyed, and whatever " is pyed is black and white; *ergo*, black and white is " pyed, and, *vice verſa*, pyed is black and white.

" If therefore black and white horſes are deviſed, pyed " horſes ſhall paſs by ſuch deviſe; but black and white " horſes are deviſed; *ergo*, the pl. ſhall have the pyed " horſes."

Pour le Defend.

Catlyne ſerjeant: " *moy ſemble al' contrary*, the " plaintiff ſhall not have the pyed horſes by in- " tendment; for if by the deviſe of black and " white horſes, not only black and white horſes, but " horſes of any colour between theſe two extremes may " paſs, then not only pyed and grey horſes, but alſo red " or bay horſes would paſs likewiſe, which would be ab- " ſurd, and againſt reaſon. And this is another ſtrong " argument in law, *Nihil, quod eſt contra rationem, eſt lici- " tum*; for reaſon is the life of the law, nay, the com- " mon law is nothing but reaſon; which is to be under- " ſtood of artificial perfection and reaſon gotten by long " ſtudy, and not of man's natural reaſon; for, *nemo naſci- " tur artifex*, and legal reaſon *eſt ſumma ratio*; and there- " fore if all the reaſon that is diſperſed into ſo many dif- " ferent heads, were united into one, he could not make " ſuch a law as the law of England; becauſe by many " ſucceſſions of ages it has been fixed and refixed by " grave and learned men; ſo that the old rule may be " verified in it, *Neminem oportet eſſe legibus ſapientiorem*.

" As therefore pyed horſes do not come within the " intendment of the bequeſt, ſo neither do they within " the letter of the words.

" A pyed horſe is not a white horſe, neither is a pyed " a black horſe; how then can pyed horſes come under " the words of black and white horſes?

" Beſides, where cuſtom hath adapted a certain deter- " *minate* name to any one thing, in all deviſes, ſeof-

" ments,

" ments, and grants, that certain name ſhall be made uſe " of, and no uncertain circumlocutory deſcriptions ſhall " be allowed; for certainty is the father of right, and " the mother of juſtice."

Le reſte del argument jeo ne pouvois oyer, car jeo fui diſturb en mon place.

Le court fuit longement en doubt' de c'eſt matter; et apres grand deliberation eu,

Judgement fuit donne pour le pl. niſi cauſa.

Motion in arreſt of judgment, that the pyed horſes were mares; and thereupon an inſpection was prayed.

Et ſur ceo le court adviſare vult.

A KEY to the LOCK:

OR,

A Treatiſe, proving beyond all contradiction the dangerous tendency of a late poem, intitled, *The Rape of the Lock*, to government and religion.

Written in the year 1714.

SINCE this unhappy diviſion of our nation into PARTIES, it is not to be imagined how many artifices have been made uſe of by writers to obſcure the truth, and cover deſigns which may be detrimental to the public. In particular, it has been their cuſtom of late to vent their political ſpleen in *allegory* and *fable*. If an honeſt believing nation is to be made a jeſt of, we have a ſtory of John Bull and his wife; if a treaſurer is to be glanced at, an *ant* with a *white ſtraw* is introduced; if a treaty of commerce is to be ridiculed, it is immediately metamorphoſed into a tale of count Tariff.

BUT if any of theſe malevolents have a ſmall talent in rhime, they principally delight to convey their malice in that pleaſing way; as it were, gilding the pill, and concealing the poiſon under the ſweetneſs of numbers.

IT is the duty of every well-deſigning ſubject to prevent, as far as he can, the ill conſequences of ſuch pernicious treatiſes; and I hold it mine to warn the public of a late poem, intitled the RAPE of the LOCK; which I ſhall demonſtrate to be of this nature.

IT is a common and juſt obſervation, that, when the meaning of any thing is dubious, one can no way better judge of the true intent of it, than by conſidering who is *the author*, what is his character in general, and his diſ*poſition in* particular.

Now,

Now, that the author of this poem is a reputed Papiſt, is well known; and that a genius ſo capable of doing ſervice to that cauſe may have been corrupted in the courſe of his education by jeſuits or others, is juſtly very much to be ſuſpected; notwithſtanding that ſeeming coolneſs and moderation, which he has been (perhaps artfully) reproached with by thoſe of his own perſuaſion. They are ſenſible, that this nation is ſecured by good and wholeſome laws to prevent all evil practices of the church of Rome; particularly the publication of books, that may in any ſort propagate that doctrine: their authors are therefore obliged to couch their deſigns the deeper; and though I cannot aver the intention of this gentleman was directly to ſpread popiſh doctrines, yet it comes to the ſame point if he touch the government: for the court of Rome knows very well, that the church at this time is ſo firmly founded on the ſtate, that the only way to ſhake the one is by attacking the other.

WHAT confirms me in this opinion is an accidental diſcovery I made of a very artful piece of management among his popiſh friends and abettors, to hide his whole deſign upon the government by taking all the characters upon themſelves.

UPON the day that this poem was publiſhed, it was my fortune to ſtep into the Cocoa-tree, where a certain gentleman was railing very liberally at the author with a paſſion extremely well counterfeited, for having, as he ſaid, reflected upon him in the character of Sir Plume. Upon his going out, I enquired who he was, and they told me he was a Roman catholic Knight.

I was the ſame evening at Will's, and ſaw a circle round another gentleman, who was railing in like manner, and ſhewing his ſnuff-box and cane to prove he was ſatirized in the ſame character. I aſked this gentleman's name, and was told he was a Roman catholic Lord.

A day or two after I happened to be in company with the young Lady, to whom the poem is dedicated. She alſo took up the character of Belinda with much frankneſs and good humour, though the author has given us a hint in his dedication *, that he meant ſomething further.

This

* "*The character of Belinda* (as it is here managed) re-

This Lady is alſo a Roman catholic. At the ſame time others of the characters were claimed by ſome perſons in the room; and all of them Roman catholics.

But to proceed to the work itſelf.

In all things which are intricate, as allegories in their own nature are, and eſpecially thoſe that are induſtriouſly made ſo, it is not to be expected we ſhould find the clue at firſt ſight: but when once we have laid hold on that, we ſhall trace this our author through all the labyrinths, doublings, and turnings of this intricate compoſition.

First then, let it be obſerved, that in the moſt demonſtrative ſciences ſome *poſtulata* are to be granted, upon which the reſt is naturally founded.

The only *poſtulatum* or conceſſion which I deſire to be made me, is, that by the *Lock* is meant

The BARRIER TREATY†

I. Firſt then, I ſhall diſcover, that Belinda repreſents Great Britain, or, which is the ſame thing, her *late Majeſty*. This is plainly ſeen in his deſcription of her:

> On her white breaſt a ſparkling croſs ſhe bore:

alluding to the antient name of Albion, from her *white cliffs*, and to the *croſs* which is the enſign of England.

II. The baron, who cuts off the *Lock*, or barrier-treaty, is the E. of Oxford.

III. Clariſſa, who lent the ſciſſars, my Lady Maſham.

IV. Thaleſtris, who provokes Belinda to reſent the loſs of the Lock, or Treaty, the Dutcheſs of Marlborough.

V. Sir Plume, who is moved by Thaleſtris to re-demand it of Great Britain, Prince Eugene, who came hither for that purpoſe.

There are ſome other inferior characters, which we ſhall

" ſembles you in nothing but beauty." Dedication to the Rape of the Lock.

† For a full account of the political tranſactions relating to this treaty, ſee *The conduct of the Allies*, and, *Remarks on the Barrier-Treaty*, vol. V. p. 92. 152.

ſhall obſerve upon afterwards; but I ſhall firſt explain the foregoing.

The firſt part of the Baron's character is his being adventurous, or enterprizing, which is the common epithet given to the Earl of Oxford by his enemies. The prize he aſpires to is the treaſury, in order to which he offers a ſacrifice:

——————— an altar built
Of twelve vaſt *French* romances neatly gilt.

Our author here takes occaſion maliciouſly to inſinuate this ſtateſman's love to France; repreſenting the books he chiefly ſtudies to be vaſt French romances: theſe are the vaſt proſpects from the friendſhip and alliance of France, which he ſatirically calls romances; hinting thereby, that theſe promiſes and proteſtations were no more to be relied on than thoſe idle legends. Of theſe he is ſaid to build an altar; to intimate, that the foundation of his ſchemes and honours was fixed upon the French romances above mentioned.

A fan, a garter, half a pair of gloves.

One of the things he ſacrifices is a *fan*, which, both for its gaudy ſhow and perpetual fluttering, has been held the emblem of woman: this points at the change of the *ladies* of the *bed-chamber*. The *garter* alludes to the honours he conferred on ſome of his friends; and we may, without ſtraining the ſenſe, call the *half pair of gloves* a *gauntlet*, the token of thoſe military employments, which he is ſaid to have ſacrificed to his deſigns. The prize, as I ſaid before, means the treaſury, which he makes his prayer *ſoon to obtain*, and *long to poſſeſs*.

The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r.
The reſt, the winds diſpers'd in empty air.

In the firſt of theſe lines he gives him the treaſury, and in the laſt ſuggeſts, that he ſhould not long poſſeſs that honour.

That Thaleſtris is the Dutcheſs of Marlborough, appears both by her nearneſs to Belinda, and by this author's malevolent *ſuggeſtion* that ſhe is a lover of war.

To arms, to arms, the bold Thaleſtris cries:

But more particularly by ſeveral paſſages in her ſpeech to Belinda upon the cutting-off the lock, or treaty. Among other things ſhe ſays, *Was it for this you bound your locks in paper durance?* Was it for this ſo much *paper* has been ſpent to ſecure the barrier treaty?

Methinks, already I your tears ſurvey;
Already hear the horrid things they ſay;
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt.

THIS deſcribes the aſperſions under which that good Princeſs ſuffered, and the repentance which muſt have followed the diſſolution of that treaty; and particularly levels at the refuſal ſome people made to drink her Majeſty's health

SIR Plume (a proper name for a ſoldier) has all the circumſtances that agree with Prince Eugene.

Sir Plume, of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earneſt eyes———

IT is remarkable, this general is a great taker of ſnuff, as well as towns; his conduct of the clouded cane gives him the honour which is ſo juſtly his due, of an exact conduct in battle, which is figured by his cane or truncheon, the enſign of a general. His earneſt eye, or the vivacity of his look, is ſo particularly remarkable in him, that his character could be miſtaken for no other, had not the author purpoſely obſcured it by the fictitious circumſtances of a round unthinking face.

HAVING now explained the chief characters of his human perſons for there are ſome others that will hereafter fall in by the by, in the ſequel of this diſcourſe,) I ſhall next take in pieces his *machinery*, wherein the ſatire is wholly confined to miniſters of ſtate.

THE Sylphs and Gnomes at firſt ſight appeared to me to ſignify the two contending parties of this nation; for theſe being placed in the air, and thoſe on the earth, I thought agreed very well with the common denomination, high

high and low. But as they are made to be the first movers and influencers of all that happens, it is plain they represent promiscuously the *heads of parties*; whom he makes to be the authors of all those changes in the state, which are generally imputed to the levity and instability of the British nation.

> This erring mortals levity may call:
> Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

But of this he has given us a plain demonstration; for speaking of these spirits he says in express terms,

> ——The chief the care of *nations* own,
> And guard, with *arms* divine, the *British throne.*

And here let it not seem odd, if in this mysterious way of writing we find the same person, who has before been represented by the *Baron*, again described in the character of Ariel; it being a common way with authors, in this fabulous manner, to take such a liberty. As for instance, I have read in St Evremont, that all the different characters in Petronius are but Nero in so many different appearances. And in the key to the curious romance of Barclay's Argenis, both Poliarchus and Archombrotus mean only the King of Navarre.

We observe in the very beginning of the poem, that Ariel is possessed of the *ear* of Belinda; therefore it is absolutely necessary, that this person must be the minister who was nearest the Queen. But whoever would be further convinced, that he meant the treasurer, may know him by his ensigns in the following line:

> He rais'd his *azure wand.*

His sitting on the *mast* of a vessel shews his presiding over the South-sea trade. When Ariel assigns to his Sylphs all the posts about Belinda, what is more clearly described than the treasurer's disposing of all the places in the kingdom, and particularly about her Majesty? But let us hear the lines.

——Ye

——Ye ſpirits, to your charge repair,
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign,
And, Momentillo, let the watch be thine:
Do thou, Criſpiſſa, tend her fav'rite lock.

He has here particularized the ladies and women of the bed-chamber, the keeper of the cabinet, and her Majeſty's dreſſer, and impudently given *nick-names* to each. To put this matter beyond all diſpute, the Sylphs are ſaid to be *wondrous fond of place*, in the Canto following, where Ariel is perched *uppermoſt*, and all the reſt take their places *ſubordinately under him*.

Here again I cannot but obſerve the exceſſive malignity of this author, who could not leave the character of Ariel without the ſame invidious ſtroke which he gave him in the character of the Baron before:

Amaz'd, confus'd, he ſaw his pow'r expir'd,
Reſign'd to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.

Being another prophecy that he ſhould *reſign his place*, which it is probable all miniſters do, with a *ſigh*.

At the head of the Gnomes he ſets Umbriel, a duſky melancholy ſprite, who makes it his buſineſs to give Belinda the ſpleen; a vile and malicious ſuggeſtion againſt ſome *grave* and *worthy miniſter*. The vapours, phantoms, viſions, and the like, are the jealouſies, fears, and cries of danger, that have ſo often affrighted and alarmed the nation. Thoſe who are deſcribed in the houſe of *ſpleen*, under thoſe ſeveral fantaſtical forms, are the ſame whom their ill-willers have ſo often called the *whimſical*.

The two foregoing ſpirits being the only conſiderable characters of the machinery, I ſhall but juſt mention the Sylph, that is wounded with the ſciſſars at the loſs of the lock, by whom is undoubtedly underſtood my Lord Townſhend, who at that time received a *wound* in his character for making the barrier-treaty, and was *cut out* of his employment upon the diſſolution of it: but that ſpirit reunites, and receives no harm; to ſignify that it came to *nothing*, and his Lordſhip had no real hurt by it.

But

BUT I muſt not conclude this head of the characters without obſerving, that our author has run through every ſtage of beings in ſearch of topics for detraction. As he has characterized ſome perſons under angels and men, ſo he has others under animals and things inanimate: he has even repreſented an eminent clergyman as a *dog*, and a noted writer as a *tool*. Let us examine the former.

—— But *Shock*, who thought ſhe ſlept too long,
Leapt up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a *billet-doux*.

By this Shock it is manifeſt he has moſt audaciouſly and profanely reflected on Dr. Sacheverel, who leapt up, that is, into the pulpit, and awakened Great Britain with his *tongue*, that is, with his *ſermon*, which made ſo much noiſe, and for which he has been frequently termed by others of his enemies, as well as by this author, a *dog*. Or perhaps, by his tongue may be more literally meant his *ſpeech* at his trial, ſince immediately thereupon, our author ſays, her eyes opened on a *billet-doux*. Billet-doux being addreſſes to ladies from lovers, may be aptly interpreted thoſe addreſſes of loving ſubjects to her Majeſty, which enſued that trial.

The other inſtance is at the end of the third Canto.

Steel did the labours of the gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to duſt th'imperial tow'rs of Troy.
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

Here he moſt impudently attributes the demolition of Dunkirk, not to the pleaſure of her Majeſty, or of her miniſtry, but to the frequent inſtigations of his friend Mr Steel. A very artful pun to conceal his wicked lampoonry!

HAVING now conſidered the general intent and ſcope of the poem, and opened the characters, I ſhall next diſcover the malice which is covered under the epiſodes, and particular paſſages of it.

THE game at *ombre* is a myſtical repreſentation of the late

late *war*, which is hinted by his making *spades* the trump; *spade* in Spaniſh ſignifying a *ſword*, and being yet ſo painted in the cards of that nation, to which it is well known we owe the original of our cards. In this one place indeed he has unawarespaid a compliment to the Queen and her ſucceſs in the war; for Belinda gets the better of the two that play againſt her, *viz.* the kings of France and Spain.

I do not queſtion but every particular card has its perſon and character aſſigned, which, no doubt, the author has told his friends in private; but I ſhall only inſtance in the deſcription of the diſgrace under which the Duke of Marlborough then ſuffered, which is ſo apparent in theſe verſes:

Ev'n mighty *pam*, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of *lu*,
Sad chance of war! now deſtitute of aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd ——— ———

And that the author here had an eye to our modern tranſactions, is very plain, from an unguarded ſtroke towards the end of this game:

And now, as oft in ſome diſtemper'd ſtate,
On *one nice trick* depends the gen'ral fate.

After the concluſion of the war, the public rejoicings and thankſgivings are ridiculed in the two following lines:

The nymph, exulting, fills with ſhouts the ſky,
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious inſinuation in the manner of a prophecy (which we have formerly obſerved this ſeditious writer delights in) that the peace ſhould continue but a ſhort time, and that the day ſhould afterward be curſed, which was then celebrated with ſo much joy:

Sudden theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

As the game at *ombre* is a ſatirical repreſentation of the late war, ſo is the tea-table that enſues, of the council-table, and its conſultations after the peace. By this he would hint, that all the advantages we have gained by our late extended commerce, are only coffee and tea, or things of no greater value. That he thought of the trade in this place, appears by the paſſage, which repreſents the Sylphs particularly careful of the *rich brocade*; it having been a frequent complaint of our mercers, that French brocades were imported in great quantities. I will not ſay he means thoſe preſents of rich *gold-ſtuff* ſuits, which were ſaid to be made her Majeſty by the King of France, though I cannot but ſuſpect that he glances at it.

Here this author (as well as the ſcandalous John Dunton) repreſents the miniſtry in plain terms taking frequent cups,

> And frequent cups prolong the rich repaſt;

for it is manifeſt he meant ſomething more than common coffee, by his calling it

> Coffee, that makes the *politician wiſe*;

and by telling us, it was this coffee, that

> Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
> New *ſtratagems* ———

I ſhall only further obſerve, that it was at this table the lock was cut off; for where, but at the council-board, ſhould the barrier treaty be diſſolved?

The enſuing contentions of the parties, upon the loſs of that treaty, are deſcribed in the ſquabbles following the Rape of the Lock; and this he raſhly expreſſes without any diſguiſe,

> All ſide in *parties* ———————

and here you have a Gentleman who ſinks beſide the chair; a plain alluſion to a noble Lord, who loſt his chair of preſident of the council.

I come next to the bodkin, ſo dreadful in the hand of Belinda; by which he intimates the Britiſh ſceptre, ſo *revered in the hand of our* late auguſt Princeſs. His own

note

note upon this place tells us, he alludes to a ſceptre; and the verſes are ſo plain, they need no remark.

> The ſame (his antient perſonage to deck)
> Her great great grandſire wore about his neck
> In *three ſeal rings*, which, after melted down,
> Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown;
> Her infant grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
> The bells ſhe gingled, and the whiſtle blew;
> Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
> Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears.

An open ſatire upon hereditary right! The three ſeal rings plainly allude to the three kingdoms.

Theſe are the chief paſſages in the battle, by which, as hath before been ſaid, he means the ſquabble of parties. Upon this occaſion he could not end the deſcription without teſtifying his malignant joy at thoſe diſſentions, from which he forms the proſpect that both ſhould be diſappointed, and cries out with triumph, as if it were already accompliſhed,

> Behold how oft ambitious aims are croſt,
> And chiefs contend till *all the prize is loſt*.

The lock at length is turned into a *ſtar*, or the old barrier-treaty into a new and glorious *peace*. This, no doubt, is what the author, at the time he printed this poem, would have been thought to mean; in hopes by that compliment to eſcape the puniſhment for the reſt of this piece. It puts me in mind of a fellow, who concluded a bitter lampoon upon the prince and court of his days, with theſe lines:

> God ſave the king, the commons, and the peers,
> And grant the author long may wear his ears.

Whatever this author may think of that peace, I imagine it the moſt extraordinary ſtar, that ever appeared in our hemiſphere. A ſtar, that is to bring us all the wealth and gold of the Indies; and from whoſe influence, *not Mr.* John Partridge alone (whoſe worthy labours this

writer

writer ſo ungenerouſly ridicules) but all true Britons may, with no leſs authority than he, prognoſticate the fall of Lewis in the reſtraint of the exorbitant power of France, and the fate of Rome in the triumphant condition of the church of England.

We have now conſidered this poem in its political view, wherein we have ſhewn, that it hath two different walks of ſatire; the one in the ſtory itſelf, which is a ridicule of the late tranſactions in general, the other in the machinery, which is a ſatire on the miniſters of ſtate in particular. I ſhall now ſhew that the ſame poem taken in another light, has a tendency to *popery*, which is ſecretly inſinuated through the whole.

In the firſt place, he has conveyed to us the doctrine of guardian angels and patron ſaints in the machinery of his Sylphs, which being a piece of popiſh ſuperſtition that hath been exploded ever ſince the reformation, he would revive under this diſguiſe. Here are all the particulars which they believe of thoſe beings, which I ſhall ſum up in a few heads.

1*ſt*, The ſpirits are made to concern themſelves with all human actions in general.

2*dly*, A diſtinct guardian ſpirit or patron is aſſigned to each perſon in particular.

> Of theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
> A watchful ſpirit ———————

3*dly*, They are made directly to inſpire dreams, viſions, and revelations.

> Her guardian Sylph prolong'd her balmy reſt,
> 'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
> The morning dream ———————

4*thly*, They are made to be ſubordinate in different degrees, ſome preſiding over others. So Ariel has his ſeveral under-officers at command,

> Superior by the head was Ariel plac'd.

5*thly*, They are employed in various offices, and each hath his *office aſſigned him*.

Some in the fields of pureſt æther play,
And baſk and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the courſe, &c.

6thly, He hath given his ſpirits the charge of the ſeveral parts of *dreſs*; intimating thereby, that the ſaints preſide over the ſeveral parts of *human bodies*. They have one ſaint to cure the tooth-ach, another the gripes, another the gout, and ſo of the reſt.

The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care,
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign, &c.

7thly, They are repreſented to know the thoughts of men:

As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas riſing in her mind.

8thly, They are made protectors even to animal and irrational beings:

Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of *ſhock*.

So St. Anthony preſides over hogs, &c.

9thly, They are made patrons of whole kingdoms and provinces:

Of theſe the chief the care of nations own,

So St. George is imagined by the papiſts to defend England, St Patrick Ireland, St James Spain, &c. Now, what is the conſequence of all this? By granting that they have this power, we muſt be brought back again to *pray* to them.

THE *toilette* is an artful recommendation of the *maſs*, and pompous ceremonies of the *church of Rome*. The *unveiling* of the *altar*, the *ſilver vaſes* upon it, being *robed* in *white* as the prieſts are upon the chief feſtivals, and the head uncovered are manifeſt marks of this.

A heav'nly image in the glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends ———

plainly denotes *image worſhip*.

The

THE *goddeſs*, who is decked with *treaſures, jewels,* and the various *offerings of the world,* manifeſtly alludes to the Lady of Loretto. You have perfumes breathing from the *incenſe pot* in the following line.

And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

THE character of Belinda, as we take it in this third view, repreſents the popiſh religion, or the whore of Babylon; who is deſcribed in the ſtate this malevolent author wiſhes for, coming forth in all her glory upon the Thames, and overſpreading the whole nation with ceremonies.

Not with more glories in th' ætherial plain
The ſun firſt riſes o'er the purple main,
Than iſſuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the boſom of the ſilver Thames.

SHE is dreſſed with a croſs on her breaſt, the enſign of popery, the adoration of which is plainly recommended in the following lines:

On her white breaſt a ſparkling *croſs* ſhe wore,
Which Jews might *kiſs*, and infidels *adore*.

NEXT he repreſents her as the univerſal church, according to the boaſts of the papiſts:

And like the ſun ſhe ſhines on all alike.

After which he tells us,

If to her ſhare ſome female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

Though it ſhould be granted ſome errors fall to her ſhare, look on the pompous figure ſhe makes throughout the world, and they are not worth regarding. In the ſacrifice following you have theſe two lines:

For this, ere Phœbus roſe, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd.

In the firſt of them he plainly hints at their riſing to ma-

tins; in the second, by adoring *every power*, the *invocation of saints*.

BELINDA's visits are described with numerous *wax-lights*, which are always used in the ceremonial part of the Romish worship.

——— Visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze.

THE *lunar sphere* he mentions, opens to us their *purgatory*, which is seen in the following line:

Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.

It is a popish doctrine, that scarce any person quits this world, but he must touch at purgatory in his way to heaven; and it is here also represented as the treasury of the *Romish church*. Nor is it much to be wondered at, that the *moon* should be *purgatory*, when a learned divine hath in a late treatise proved the *sun* to be *hell* †.

I shall now, before I conclude, desire the reader to compare this key with those upon any other pieces, which are supposed to have been secret satires upon the state, either antient or modern; in particular with the keys to Petronius Arbiter, Lucian's true History, Barclay's Argenis, and Rabelais's Garagantua; and I doubt not he will do me the justice to acknowledge, that the explanations here laid down, are deduced as naturally, and with as little violence, both from the general *scope* and *bent* of the work, and from the several *particulars*: furthermore, that they are every way as consistent and undeniable, every way as candid, as any modern interpretations of either *party* on the conduct and writings of the other. And I appeal to the most eminent and able *state decypherers* themselves, if, according to their art, any thing can be more fully *proved*, or more safely *sworn* to?

To sum up my whole charge against this author in a few words: he has ridiculed both the present ministry and the last; abused great statesmen and great generals; nay, the treaties of whole nations have not escaped him, nor has the royal dignity itself been omitted in the progress of

† The Reverend Dr Swinden.

of his ſatire; and all this he has done juſt at the meeting of a new parliament. I hope a proper authority may be made uſe of to bring him to condign puniſhment. In the mean while I doubt not, if the perſons moſt concerned would but order Mr Bernard Lintot, the printer and publiſher of this dangerous piece, to be taken into cuſtody and examined, many farther diſcoveries might be made both of his poet's and abettor's ſecret deſigns, which are doubtleſs of the utmoſt importance to the *government*.

MEMOIRS of P. P. Clerk of this Pariſh.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The original of the following extraordinary treatiſe conſiſted of two large volumes in folio; which might juſtly be intitled, The importance of a man to himſelf: *but, as it can be of very little uſe to any body beſides, I have contented myſelf to give only this ſhort abſtract of it, as a taſte of the* true ſpirit of memoir-writers.

IN the name of the LORD, Amen. I P. P. by the grace of GOD, clerk of this pariſh, writeth this hiſtory.

EVER ſince I arrived at the age of diſcretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a pariſh-clerk: and to that end, it ſeemed unto me meet and profitable to aſſociate myſelf with the pariſh-clerks of this land; ſuch I mean as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and ſweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now, it came to paſs, that I was born in the year of our Lord, *Anno domini* 1655, the year wherein our worthy benefactor, Eſquire Bret, did add one bell to the ring of this pariſh. So that it hath been wittily ſaid, "that "one and the ſame day did give to this our church two "rare gifts, its great bell and its clerk."

EVEN when I was at ſchool, my miſtreſs did ever extol me above the reſt of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was furthermore obſerved, that I took a kindly affection unto that black letter, in which our bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exerciſe myſelf in ſinging godly ballads, ſuch as the lady and death, the children in the wood, and chevy-chace; and not like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, *while I* was a boy, I always adventured to lead the pſalm *next after* maſter William Harris, my predeceſſor, who

(it muſt be confeſſed to the glory of God) was a moſt excellent pariſh-clerk in that his day.

YET be it acknowledged, that at the age of ſixteen I became a company-keeper, being led into idle converſation by my extraordinary love to ringing; inſomuch, that in a ſhort time I was acquainted with every ſett of bells in the whole country: neither could I be prevailed upon to abſent myſelf from wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the ſteeple. While I was in theſe ſocieties, I gave myſelf up to unſpiritual paſtimes, ſuch as wreſtling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; ſo that I often returned to my father's houſe with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we played a bout or two for an hat, that was edged with ſilver gallon: but in the year following I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtained a hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountered George Cummins weaver, and behold my head was broken a ſecond time! At the wake of Waybrook I engaged William Simkins tanner, when lo, thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom. But I adminiſtred to my comfort, ſaying within myſelf, "what man is there, "howſoever dextrous in any craft, who is for aye on his "guard?" A week after I had a baſe-born child laid unto me; for in the days of my youth I was looked upon as a follower of venereal fantaſies: thus was I led into ſin by the comelineſs of Suſanna Smith, who firſt tempted me, and then put me to ſhame; for indeed ſhe was a maiden of a ſeducing eye, and pleaſant feature. I humbled myſelf before the juſtice, I acknowledged my crime to our curate, and to do away mine offences, and make her ſome atonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the Sabbath-day following.

How often do thoſe things which ſeem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage! for the miniſter (who had long looked on Suſanna as the moſt lovely of his pariſhioners) liked ſo well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his clerk, which was then become vacant by the deceaſe of good maſter William Harris.

"HERE ends the firſt chapter; after which follow

"fifty

" fifty or ſixty pages of his amours in general, and that " particular one with Suſanna his preſent wife; but I " proceed to chapter the ninth."

No ſooner was I elected into mine office, but I layed aſide the powdered gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I conſidered myſelf as in ſome wiſe of eccleſiaſtical dignity, ſince by wearing a band, which is no ſmall part of the ornament of our clergy, I might not unworthily be deemed, as it were, a ſhred of the linen veſtment of Aaron.

THOU mayeſt conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I firſt took my place at the feet of the Prieſt. When I raiſed the pſalm, how did my voice quaver for fear! and when I arrayed the ſhoulders of the miniſter with the ſurplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I ſaid within myſelf, " Remember, Paul, thou ſtandeſt before " men of high worſhip, the wiſe Mr Juſtice Freeman, " the grave Mr Juſtice Thomſon, the good Lady Jones, " and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters; " nay, the great Sir Thomas Truby, Knight and Baro- " net, and my young maſter the Eſquire, who ſhall one " day be Lord of this manor." Notwithſtanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myſelf to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I ſhould glory therein.

" THE next chapter contains an account how he diſ- " charged the ſeveral duties of his office; in particular " he inſiſts on the following:"

I was determined to reform the manifold corruptions and abuſes, which had crept into the church.

FIRST, I was eſpecially ſevere in whipping forth dogs from the temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a ſober dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

SECONDLY, I did even proceed to moroſeneſs, tho' ſore againſt my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-eaten apples, which they privily munched

at church. But verily it pitied me, for I remembered the days of my youth.

THIRDLY, With the ſweat of my own hands, I did make plain and ſmooth the dog-ears throughout our great bible.

FOURTHLY, The pews and benches, which were formerly ſwept but once in three years, I cauſed every Saturday to be ſwept with a beſom and trimmed.

FIFTHLY and laſtly, I cauſed the ſurplice to be neatly darned, waſhed, and laid in freſh lavender (yea, and ſometimes to be ſprinkled with roſe-water,) and I had great laud and praiſe from all the neighbouring clergy, foraſmuch as no pariſh kept the miniſter in cleaner linen.

'Notwithſtanding theſe his public cares, in the ele-'venth chapter he informs us he did not neglect his u-'ſual occupations as a handycraftſman.'

SHOES, ſaith he, did I make (and, if intreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces alſo did I ſhave, and I clipped the hair. Chirurgery alſo I practiſed in the worming of dogs; but to bleed adventured I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profeſſion there paſſed among men a merry tale, delectable enough to be rehearſed: how that, being overtaken in liquor one Saturday evening, I ſhaved the Prieſt with Spaniſh blacking for ſhoes inſtead of a waſh-ball, and with lampblack powdered his peruke. But theſe were ſayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known, that great was my ſkill in theſe my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himſelf, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was ſought unto to geld the Lady Frances her ſpaniel, which was wont to go aſtray: he was called Toby, that is to ſay, Tobias. And thirdly, I was intruſted with a gorgeous pair of ſhoes of the ſaid Lady to ſet an heel-piece thereon; and I received ſuch praiſe therefore, that it was ſaid all over the pariſh, I ſhould be recommended unto the King to mend ſhoes for his Majeſty: whom God preſerve! Amen.

'The reſt of this chapter I purpoſely omit, for it muſt 'be owned, *that when* he ſpeaks as a ſhoemaker he is

'very

'very absurd. He talks of Moses's pulling off his shoes, 'of tanning the hides of the bulls of Basan, of Simon the 'tanner, &c.; and takes up four or five pages to prove, 'that when the apostles were instructed to travel with-'out shoes, the precept did not extend to their successors.'

'The next relates how he discovered a *thief* with a 'bible and key, and experimented verses of the psalms, 'that had cured *agues*.'

'I pass over many others, which inform us of parish 'affairs only, such as of the succession of curates; a list of 'the *weekly texts*; what *psalms* he chose on proper occa-'sions; and what children were *born* and *buried*: the last 'of which articles he concludes thus:'

That the shame of women may not endure, I speak not of bastards; neither will I name the mothers, although thereby I might delight many grave women of the parish: even her who hath done penance in the sheet will I not mention, forasmuch as the church hath been witness of her disgrace: let the father, who hath made due composition with the church-wardens to conceal his infirmity, rest in peace; my pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

'The next chapter contains what he calls a great re-'volution in the church, part of which I transcribe.'

Now was the long expected time arrived, when the psalms of K. David should be hymned unto the same tunes, to which he played them upon his harp; (so was I informed by my singing-master, a man right cunning in psalmody.) Now was our over abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the solfa, in such guise as is sung in his Majesty's chapel. We had London singing masters sent into every parish, like unto excisemen; and I also was ordained to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy disciple, in order to instruct my fellow-parishioners in this new manner of worship. What tho' they accused me of humming thro' *the nostril as* a sackbut; yet would I not forego that harmony,

mony, it having been agreed by the worthy parish-clerks of London still to preserve the same. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a psaltery, and the church on the Sunday was filled with these new hallelujahs.

'Then follow full seventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the *law-suits* of the parson and his parishioners concerning tythes, and near an hundred pages left blank, with an earnest desire that the history might be compleated by any of his successors, in whose time these suits should be ended.'

The next contains an account of the briefs *read in the church, and the sums collected upon each.* For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine several times, 2 *s.* and 7 *d.* ¾. For fifty families ruined by fire, 1 *s.* ½. For an inundation a K. Charles's groat, given by Lady Frances, *&c.*

'In the next he laments the disuse of wedding-sermons, and celebrates the benefits arising from those at funerals, concluding with these words: "Ah! let not the relations of the deceased grudge the small expence of an hat-band, a pair of gloves, and ten shillings, for the satisfaction they are sure to receive from a pious divine, that their father, brother, or bosom wife, are certainly in heaven.

'In another, he draws a panegyric on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins, but, after great encomiums, concludes, that notwithstanding all,' she was an unprofitable vessel, being a barren woman, and never once having furnished God's church with a christening.

'We find in another chapter, how he was much staggered in his belief, and disturbed in his conscience by an Oxford scholar,' who had proved to him by logic, that animals might have rational, nay immortal souls: but how he was again comforted with the reflection, that if so, they might be allowed Christian burial, and greatly augment *the fees of the* parish.

'In

'In the two following chapters he is overpowered 'with vanity. We are told, how he was conſtantly admit- 'ted to all the feaſts and banquets of the church officers, 'and the ſpeeches he there made for the good of the pa- 'riſh. How he gave hints to young clergymen to preach; 'but above all how he gave a text for the 30th of Janu- 'ary, which occaſioned a moſt excellent ſermon, the me- 'rits of which he takes intirely to himſelf. He gives an 'account of a conference he had with the vicar concern- 'ing the uſe of texts.' Let a preacher, ſaith he, conſider the aſſembly before whom he preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. Micah the 3d and 11th affordeth good matter for courtiers and court-ſerving men. 'The heads 'of the land judge for reward, and the people thereof 'judge for hire, and the prophets thereof divine for mo- 'ney; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and ſay, Is not 'the Lord among us?' Were the firſt miniſter to ap- point a preacher before the houſe of commons, would not he be wiſe to make choice of theſe words? *Give, and it ſhall be given unto ye.* Or before the Lords, *Giving no offence, that the miniſtry be not blamed*, 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praiſing the warm zeal of an adminiſtration, *Who maketh his miniſters a flaming fire*, Pſal. civ. 4. We omit many others of his texts as too tedious.

'From this period the ſtile of the book riſes extreme- 'ly. Before the next chapter was paſted the effigies of 'Dr. Sacheverel, and I found the oppoſite page all on a 'foam with politics.'

We are now, ſays he, arrived at that celebrated year, in which the church of England was tried in the perſon of Dr. Sacheverel. I had ever the intereſt of our high- church at heart, neither would I, at any ſeaſon, mingle myſelf in the ſocieties of fanatics, whom I, from my in- fancy, abhorred more than the Heathen or Gentile. It was in theſe days I bethought myſelf, that much profit might accrue unto our pariſh, and even unto the nation, could there be aſſembled together a number of choſen men of the right ſpirit, who might argue, refine, and de- fine, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpoſe, I did

did inſtitute a weekly aſſembly of divers worthy men at the roſe and crown ale-houſe, over whom myſelf, though unworthy, did preſide. Yea, I did read to them the poſt-boy of Mr Roper, and the written letter of Mr Dyer, upon which we communed afterwards among ourſelves.

OUR ſociety was compoſed of the following perſons: Robert Jenkins, farrier; Amos Turner, collar-maker; George Pilcocks, late exciſe-man; Thomas White, wheelwright; and myſelf. Firſt, of the firſt, Robert Jenkins.

HE was a man of bright parts and ſhrewd conceit, for he never ſhoed an horſe of a whig or a fanatic, but he lamed him ſorely.

AMOS Turner, a worthy perſon, rightly eſteemed among us for his ſufferings, in that he had been honoured in the ſtocks for wearing an oaken bough.

GEORGE Pilcocks, a ſufferer alſo; of zealous and laudable freedom of ſpeech, inſomuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

THOMAS White of good repute likewiſe, for that his uncle by the mother's ſide had formerly been ſervitor at Maudlin-college, where the glorious Sacheverel was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the pariſh upon theſe our weekly councils. In a ſhort ſpace the miniſter came among us; he ſpake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other miniſters at the viſitation, and they ſpake thereof unto the miniſters at London, ſo that even the biſhops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover, Sir Thomas, member of parliament, ſpake of the ſame unto other members of parliament, who ſpake thereof unto the peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our counſels enter into the hearts of our generals and our lawgivers; and from henceforth, even as we deviſed, thus did they.

'After this, the book is turned on a ſudden from his 'own life to a hiſtory of all the public tranſactions of Eu-'rope, compiled from the news-papers of thoſe times. I 'could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I per-'ceived at laſt, to my no ſmall aſtoniſhment, that all the 'meaſures of the four laſt years of the Queen, together 'with the peace of Utrecht, which have been uſually attri-'buted *to the Earl of Oxford*, Duke of Ormond, Lords

'Harcourt and Bolingbroke, and other great men, do 'here moſt plainly appear to have been wholly owing 'to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, 'Thomas White, but above all, P. P.

'The reader may be ſure I was very inquiſitive after 'this extraordinary writer, whoſe work I have here ab-'ſtracted. I took a journey into the country on purpoſe; 'but could not find the leaſt trace of him: till by accident 'I met one old clergyman, who ſaid he could not be po-'ſitive, but thought it might be one Paul Philips, who had 'been dead about twelve years. And upon enquiry, all 'we could learn of that perſon from the neighbourhood, 'was, that he had been taken notice of for ſwallowing 'loaches, and remembered by ſome people by a black 'and white cur with one ear, that conſtantly followed 'him.

In the church-yard I read his epitaph, ſaid to be written by himſelf.

O reader, if that thou canſt read,
Look down upon this ſtone;
Do all we can, death is a man
That never ſpareth none.

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS on VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

I.

PARTY is the madneſs of many, for the gain of a few.

II.

THERE never was any party, faction, ſect, or cabal whatſoever, in which the moſt ignorant were not the moſt violent: for a bee is not a buſier animal than a block-head. However, ſuch inſtruments are neceſſary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with ſtates as with clocks, which muſt have ſome dead weight hanging at them to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more uſeful parts.

III.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine ſenſe, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.

IV.

FINE ſenſe and exalted ſenſe are not half ſo uſeful as common ſenſe: there are forty men of wit for one man of ſenſe; and he, that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loſs for want of readier change.

V.

LEARNING is like mercury, one of the moſt powerful and excellent things in the world in ſkilful hands; in unſkilful, the moſt miſchievous.

VI.

THE niceſt conſtitutions of government are often like the fineſt pieces of clock-work; which depending on ſo many motions, are therefore more ſubject to be out of order.

VII.

EVERY man hath just as much vanity, as he wants understanding.

VIII.

MODESTY, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little leaves a man at ease, whereas boasting requires a perpetual labour to appear what he is not. If we have sense, modesty best proves it to others; if we have none, it best hides our want of it. For, as blushing will sometimes make a whore pass for a virtuous woman, so modesty may make a fool seem a man of sense.

IX.

IT is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us: it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more, than if none had ever sprung there.

X.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves, which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves, than to have others so.

XI.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day, than he was yesterday.

XII.

OUR passions are like convulsion fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

XIII.

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon *ourselves*.

XIV.

A brave man thinks no one his ſuperior, who does him an injury, for he has it then in his power to make himſelf ſuperior to the other, by forgiving it.

XV.

To relieve the oppreſſed is the moſt glorious act a man is capable of; it is in ſome meaſure doing the buſineſs of God and providence.

XVI.

SUPERSTITION is the ſpleen of the ſoul.

XVII.

ATHEISTS put on a falſe courage and alacrity in the midſt of their darkneſs and apprehenſions; like children, who when they go in the dark will ſing for fear.

XVIII.

AN atheiſt is but a mad ridiculous derider of piety, but a hypocrite makes a ſober jeſt of God and religion. He finds it eaſier to be upon his knees than to riſe to do a good action; like an impudent debtor, who goes every day and talks familiarly to his creditor without ever paying what he owes.

XIX.

WHAT Tully ſays of war, may be applied to diſputing; it ſhould be always ſo managed as to remember, that the only end of it is peace: but generally true diſputants are like true ſportſmen, their whole delight is in the purſuit; and a diſputant no more cares for the truth, than the ſportſman for the hare.

XX.

THE ſcripture, in time of diſputes, is like an open town in time of war, which ſerves indifferently the occaſions of both parties; each makes uſe of it for the preſent turn, and then reſigns it to the next comer to do the ſame.

XXI.

Such as are ſtill obſerving upon others, are like thoſe who are always abroad at other mens houſes, reforming every thing there, while their own run to ruin.

XXII.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a ſacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

XXIII.

When we are young, we are ſlaviſhly employed in procuring ſomething whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we propoſed.

XXIV.

People are ſcandalized, if one laughs at what they call a ſerious thing. Suppoſe I were to have my head cut off to-morrow, and all the world were talking of it to-day, yet why might not I laugh to think, what a buſtle is here about my head?

XXV.

The greateſt advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world, is that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

XXVI.

We ought in humanity no more to deſpiſe a man for the misfortunes of the mind than for thoſe of the body, when they are ſuch as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly conſidered, we ſhould no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked than for having his head broke.

XXVII.

A man of wit is not incapable of buſineſs, but above it. A ſprightly generous horſe is able to carry a pack-ſaddle as well as an aſs, but he is too good to be put to the *drudgery*.

XXVIII. Where-

XXVIII.

WHEREVER I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted, there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

XXIX.

FLOWERS of rhetoric in sermons and serious discourses are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

XXX.

WHEN two people compliment each other with the choice of any thing, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

XXXI.

HE who tells a lie, is not sensible how great a task he undertakes, for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

XXXII.

GIVING advice is many times only the privilege of saying a foolish thing one's self, under pretence of hindering another from doing one.

XXXIII.

IT is with followers at court, as with followers on the road, who first bespatter those that go before, and then tread on their heels.

XXXIV.

FALSE happiness is like false money, it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions: but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and allay, and feel the loss.

XXXV.

DASTARDLY men are like sorry horses, who have but just *spirit and mettle* enough to be mischievous.

XXXVI. SOME

XXXVI.

SOME people will never learn any thing, for this reaſon, becauſe they underſtand every thing too ſoon.

XXXVII.

A perſon who is too nice an obſerver of the buſineſs of the croud, like one who is too curious in obſerving the labour of the bees, will often be ſtung for his curioſity.

XXXVIII.

A man of buſineſs may talk of philoſophy, a man who has none may practiſe it.

XXXIX.

THERE are ſome ſolitary wretches, who ſeem to have left the reſt of mankind only as Eve left Adam, to meet the devil in private.

XL.

THE vanity of human life is like a river conſtantly paſſing away, and yet conſtantly coming on.

XLI.

I ſeldom ſee a noble building or any great piece of magnificence and pomp, but I think, how little is all this to ſatisfy the ambition, or to fill the idea, of an immortal ſoul?

XLII.

IT is a certain truth, that a man is never ſo eaſy or ſo little impoſed upon, as among people of the beſt ſenſe: it coſts far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have leſs underſtanding to be employed, ſo they have more vanity to be pleaſed; and to keep a fool conſtantly in good humour with himſelf and with others, is no very eaſy taſk.

XLIII.

THE difference between what is commonly called ordinary company and good company, is only hearing the *ſame things* ſaid in a little room, or in a large ſalon, at

ſmall

ſmall tables or at great tables, before two candles or twenty ſconces.

XLIV.

It is with narrow-ſouled people as with narrow-necked bottles: the leſs they have in them, the more noiſe they make in pouring it out.

XLV.

Many men have been capable of doing a wiſe thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

XLVI.

Since it is reaſonable to doubt moſt things, we ſhould moſt of all doubt that reaſon of ours which would demonſtrate all things.

XLVII.

To buy books, as ſome do who make no uſe of them, only becauſe they were publiſhed by an eminent printer; is much as if a man ſhould buy cloaths that did not fit him, only becauſe they were made by ſome famous taylor.

XLVIII.

It is as offenſive to ſpeak wit in a fool's company, as it would be ill manners to whiſper in it; he is diſpleaſed at both for the ſame reaſon, becauſe he is ignorant of what is ſaid.

XLIX.

False critics rail at falſe wits, as quacks and impoſtors are ſtill cautioning us to beware of counterfeits, and decry others cheats only to make more way for their own.

L.

Old men, for the moſt part, are like old chronicles, that give you dull, but true accounts of times paſt, and are worth knowing only on that ſcore.

LI.

There ſhould be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman

woman for her beauty, as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

LII.

We should manage our thoughts in composing any work, as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland; first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other.

LIII.

As handsom children are more a dishonour to a deformed father than ugly ones, because unlike himself; so good thoughts, owned by a plagiary, bring him more shame than his own ill ones. When a poor thief appears in rich garments, we immediately know they are none of his own.

LIV.

Human brutes, like other beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetites to their destruction.

LV.

The most positive men are the most credulous; since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their falsest flatterer, and worst enemy, their own self-love.

LVI.

Get your enemies to read your works in order to mend them, for your friend is so much your second-self, that he will judge too like you.

LVII.

Women use lovers as they do cards; they play with them a while, and when they have got all they can by them, throw them away, call for new ones, and then perhaps lose by the new ones all they got by the old ones.

LVIII.

Honour in a woman's mouth, like an oath in the mouth of

of a gameſter, is ever ſtill moſt uſed as their truth is moſt queſtioned.

LIX.

Women, as they are like riddles in being unintelligible, ſo generally reſemble them in this, that they pleaſe us no longer when once we know them.

LX.

A man who admires a fine woman, has yet no more reaſon to wiſh himſelf her huſband, than one who admired the *Heſperian* fruit would have had to wiſh himſelf the dragon that kept it.

LXI.

He who marries a wife, becauſe he cannot always live chaſtly, is much like a man, who, finding a few humours in his body, reſolves to wear a perpetual bliſter.

LXII.

Married people, for being ſo cloſely united, are but the apter to part; as knots the harder they are pulled, break the ſooner.

LXIII.

A family is but too often a commonwealth of malignants: what we call the charites and ties of affinity, prove but ſo many ſeparate and claſhing intereſts: the ſon wiſhes the death of the father; the younger brother that of the elder; the elder repines at the ſiſters portions; when any of them marry, there are new diviſions, and new animoſities. It is but natural and reaſonable to expect all this, and yet we fancy no comfort but in a family.

LXIV.

Authors in France ſeldom ſpeak ill of each other, but when they have a perſonal pique; authors in England ſeldom ſpeak well of each other, but when they have a perſonal friendſhip.

LXV. There

LXV.

THERE is nothing wanting to make all rational and diſintereſted people in the world of one religion, but that they ſhould talk together every day.

LXVI.

MEN are grateful, in the ſame degree that they are reſentful.

LXVII.

THE longer we live, the more we ſhall be convinced, that it is reaſonable to love God, and deſpiſe man, as far as we know either.

LXVIII.

THAT character in converſation which commonly paſſes for agreeable, is made up of civility and falſhood.

LXIX.

A ſhort and certain way to obtain the character of a reaſonable and wiſe man, is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with it.

LXX.

WHAT is generally accepted as virtue in women, is very different from what is thought ſo in men: a very good woman would make but a paltry man.

LXXI.

SOME people are commended for a giddy kind of good humour, which is as much a virtue as drunkenneſs.

LXXII.

THOSE people only will conſtantly trouble you with doing little offices for them, who leaſt deſerve you ſhould do them any.

LXXIII.

WE are ſometimes apt to wonder to ſee thoſe people *proud*, who have done the meaneſt things; whereas a

conſciouſneſs of having done poor things, and a ſhame of hearing of them, often make the compoſition we call pride.

LXXIV.

An excuſe is worſe and more terrible than a lie: for an excuſe is a *lie guarded.*

LXXV.

Praise is like ambergriſe: a little whiff of it, and by ſnatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your noſe, it is a ſtink, and ſtrikes you down.

LXXVI.

The general cry is againſt ingratitude, but ſure the complaint is miſ-placed, it ſhould be againſt vanity. None but direct villains are capable of wilful ingratitude; but almoſt every body is capable of thinking he hath done more than another deſerves, while the other thinks he hath received leſs than he deſerves.

LXXVII.

I never knew any man in my life, who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Chriſtian.

LXXVIII.

Several explanations of caſuiſts, to multiply the catalogue of ſins, may be called *amendments* to the *ten commandments.*

LXXIX.

It is obſervable that the ladies frequent tragedies more than comedies: the reaſon may be, that in tragedy their ſex is deified and adored, in comedy expoſed and ridiculed.

LXXX.

The character of covetouſneſs is what a man generally acquires more through ſome niggardlineſs, or ill grace, in little and inconſiderable things, than in expences of any conſequence. A very few pounds a year would eaſe that *man of the ſcandal* of avarice.

LXXXI.

Some men's wit is like a dark lanthorn which ſerves their own turn, and guides them their own way: but is never known (according to the ſcripture phraſe) either to ſhine forth before men, or to glorify their Father in heaven.

LXXXII.

It often happens, that thoſe are the beſt people, whoſe characters have been moſt injured by ſlanderers, as we uſually find that to be the ſweeteſt fruit which the birds have been picking at.

LXXXIII.

The people all running to the capital city is like a confluence of all the animal ſpirits to the heart; a ſymptom that the conſtitution is in danger.

LXXXIV.

The wonder we often expreſs at our neighbours keeping dull company, would leſſen, if we reflected, that moſt people ſeek companions leſs to be talked to, than to talk.

LXXXV.

Amuſement is the happineſs of thoſe that cannot think.

LXXXVI.

Never ſtay dinner for a clergyman, who is to make a morning viſit ere he comes; for he will think it his duty to dine with any greater man that aſks him.

LXXXVII.

A contented man is like a good tennis-player, who never fatigues and confounds himſelf with running eternally after the ball, but ſtays till it comes to him.

LXXXVIII.

Two things are equally unaccountable to reaſon, and not the object of reaſoning; the wiſdom of God, and the madneſs of man.

LXXXIX. Many

LXXXIX.

MANY men, prejudiced early in dif-favour of mankind by bad maxims, never aim at making friendſhips; and while they only think of avoiding the evil, miſs of the good that would meet them. They begin the world knaves, for prevention, while others only end ſo, after diſappointment.

XC.

No woman ever hates a man for being in love with her; but many a woman hates a man for being a friend to her.

XCI.

THE eye of a critic is often like a microſcope, made ſo very fine and nice, that it diſcovers the atoms, grains, and minuteſt particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or ſeeing all at once the harmony.

XCII.

A king may be a tool, a thing of ſtraw; but if he ſerves to frighten our enemies, and ſecure our property, it is well enough: a ſcare-crow is a thing of ſtraw, but it protects the corn.

XCIII.

THE greateſt things and the moſt praiſe-worthy, that can be done for the public good, are not what require great parts, but great honeſty: therefore for a king to make an amiable character, he needs only to be a man of common honeſty well adviſed.

XCIV.

NOTWITHSTANDING the common complaint of the knavery of men in power, I have known no great miniſters or men of parts in buſineſs ſo wicked as their inferiors; their ſenſe and knowledge preſerve them from a hundred common rogueries, and when they become bad, it is generally more from the neceſſity of their ſituation, than from a natural bent to evil.

XCV.

WHATEVER may be ſaid againſt a premiere or ſole miniſter, the evil of ſuch an one, in an abſolute government, may not be great: for it is poſſible, that almoſt any miniſter may be a better man than a king born and bred.

XCVI.

A man coming to the water-ſide is ſurrounded by all the crew: every one is officious, every one making applications, every one offering his ſervices; the whole buſtle of the place ſeems to be only for him. The ſame man going from the water-ſide, no noiſe made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him paſs with utter neglect! the picture of a miniſter when he comes into power, and when he goes out.

Law

Law is a bottomleſs Pit:

OR,

The HISTORY of JOHN BULL.

Publiſhed from a manuſcript found in the cabinet of the famous Sir H. Poleſworth, in the year 1712.

The PREFACE.

WHEN I was firſt called to the office of hiſtoriographer to John Bull, he expreſſed himſelf to this purpoſe: Sir Humphry Poleſworth *, "I know you are a "plain-dealer; it is for that reaſon I have choſen you "for this important truſt: ſpeak the truth, and ſpare "not". That I might fulfil thoſe his honourable intentions, I obtained leave to repair to, and attend him in his moſt ſecret retirements; and I put the journals of all tranſactions into a ſtrong box, to be opened at a fitting occaſion, after the manner of the hiſtoriographers of ſome *eaſtern* monarchs: this I thought was the ſafeſt way; tho' I declare I was never afraid to be *chaped* † by my maſter for telling of truth. It is from thoſe journals that my memoirs are compiled: therefore let not poſterity a thouſand years hence look for truth in the voluminous annals of pedants, who are entirely ignorant of the ſecret ſprings of great actions; if they do, let me tell them they will be *nebuſed* ‡.

WITH incredible pains have I endeavoured to copy the

 ſeveral

* A member of parliament, eminent for a certain cant in his converſation; of which there is a good deal in this book.

† A cant word of Sir Humphry's.

‡ *Another* cant word, ſignifying *deceived*.

several beauties of the * antient and modern historians; the impartial temper of Herodotus; the gravity, austerity, and strict morals of Thucydides, the extensive knowledge of Xenophon, the sublimity and grandeur of Titus Livius; and to avoid the careless style of Polybius, I have borrowed considerable ornaments from Dionysius Halicarnasseus and Diodorus Siculus. The *specious gilding* of Tacitus I have endeavoured to shun. Mariana, Davila, and Fra. Paulo, are those amongst the moderns whom I thought most worthy of imitation; but I cannot be so disingenuous, as not to own the infinite obligations I have to the Pilgrim's Progress of John Bunyan, and the Tenter Belly of the reverend Joseph Hall.

FROM such encouragement and helps, it is easy to guess to what a degree of perfection I might have brought this great work, had it not been nipt in the bud by some illiterate people in both *houses of parliament*, who envying the great figure I was to make in future ages, under pretence of raising money for the war, have padlocked † all those very pens that were to celebrate the actions of their heroes, by silencing at once the whole university of Grub-street. I am persuaded that nothing but the prospect of an approaching *peace* could have encouraged them to make so bold a step. But suffer me, in the name of the rest of the matriculates of that famous university, to ask them some plain questions: Do they think that peace will bring along with it the golden age? Will there be never a dying speech of a traitor? Are Cethegus and Catiline turned so tame, that there will be no opportunity to cry about the streets, *a dangerous plot?* Will peace bring such plenty, that no gentleman will have occasion to go upon the highway, or break into a house? I am sorry, that the world should be so much imposed upon by the dreams of a *false prophet*, as to imagine the Millennium is at hand. O Grub-street! thou fruitful nursery of towering genius's! How do I lament thy downfal? Thy ruin could never be meditated by any who meant well to English *liberty*: no modern Lycæum will ever equal thy glory: whether in soft

* A parody on Boyer's preface to his history of Queen Anne.

† Act restraining the liberty of the press, &c. which was passed *in 1712*; and the peace of Utrecht, concluded in 1713.

ſoft paſtorals thou didſt ſing the flames of pampered apprentices and coy cook-maids; or mournful ditties of departing lovers; or if to Maeonian ſtrains thou raiſedſt thy voice, to record the ſtratagems, the arduous exploits, and the nocturnal ſcalade of needy heroes, the terror of your peaceful citizens, deſcribing the powerful Betty or the artful Picklock, or the ſecret caverns and grotto's of Vulcan ſweating at his forge, and ſtamping the queen's image on viler metals, which he retales for beef, and pots of ale: or if thou wert content in ſimple narrative, to relate the cruel acts of implacable revenge, or the complaints of raviſhed virgins bluſhing to tell their adventures before the liſtening crowd of city damſels; whilſt in thy faithful hiſtory thou intermingleſt the graveſt counſels and the pureſt morals. Nor leſs acute and piercing wert thou in thy ſearch and pompous deſcription of the works of nature; whether in proper and emphatic terms thou didſt paint the blazing comet's fiery tail, the ſtupendous force of dreadful thunder and earthquakes, and the unrelenting inundations. Sometimes, with Machiavelian ſagacity, thou unravelledſt intrigues of ſtate, and the traiterous conſpiracies of rebels, giving wiſe counſel to monarchs. How didſt thou move our terror and our pity with thy paſſionate ſcenes between Jack-Catch and the heroes of the Old-Bailey! How didſt thou deſcribe their intrepid march up Holborn-hill! Nor didſt thou ſhine leſs in thy theological capacity, when thou gaveſt ghoſtly counſel to dying felons, and didſt record the guilty pangs of ſabbath-breakers. How will the noble arts of John Overton's ‡ painting and ſculpture now languiſh! where rich invention, proper expreſſion, correct deſign, divine attitudes, and artful contraſt, heightened with the beauties of *Clar. Obſcur.* embelliſhed thy celebrated pieces, to the delight and aſtoniſhment of the judicious multitude! Adieu, perſuaſive eloquence! the quaint metaphor, the poignant irony, the proper epithet, and the lively ſimile, are fled for ever! Inſtead of theſe, we ſhall have, *I know not what!—The illiterate will tell the reſt with pleaſure* †!

I hope,

‡ The engraver of the cuts before the Grub-ſtreet papers.

† Vid. *the preface* to four ſermons by William Fleetwood biſhop

I hope, the reader will excuſe this digreſſion, due by way of condolence to my worthy brethren of Grub-ſtreet, for the approaching barbarity that is likely to overſpread all its regions, by this oppreſſive and exorbitant tax. It has been my good fortune to receive my education there; and ſo long as I preſerved ſome figure and rank amongſt the learned of that ſociety, I ſcorned to take my degree either at Utrecht or Leyden, though I was offered it *gratis* by the profeſſors in thoſe univerſities.

AND now, that poſterity may not be ignorant in what age ſo excellent a hiſtory was written (which would otherwiſe, no doubt, be the ſubject of its enquiries) I think it proper to inform the learned of future times, that it was compiled when Lewis XIVth was King of France, and Philip his grandſon of Spain; when England and Holland, in conjunction with the *emperor* and the *allies*, entered into a war againſt theſe two princes, which laſted ten years under the *management* of the Duke of Marlborough, and was put to a concluſion by the treaty of Utrecht under the miniſtry of the Earl of Oxford in the year 1713.

biſhop of St Aſaph, printed in 1712; where having diſplayed the *beautiful and pleaſing proſpect* which was opened by the war, he complains that the ſpirit of diſcord had given us in its ſtead—— *I know not what——Our enemies will tell the reſt, with pleaſure.* This preface was by order of the houſe of commons burnt by the hangman in Palace-yard, Weſtminſter. *Hawkeſ.*

Many at that time did imagine the hiſtory of John Bull, and the perſonages mentioned in it, to be *allegorical*, which the author would never own. Notwithſtanding, to indulge the reader's fancy and curioſity, I have printed at the bottom of the page the *ſuppoſed* alluſions of the moſt obſcure parts of the ſtory.

The

The HISTORY of JOHN BULL.

PART I.

CHAP. I.

The occaſion of the law-ſuit.

I NEED not tell you of the great quarrels, that have happened in our neighbourhood ſince the death of the late lord Strutt *; how the parſon †, and a ‡ cunning attorney, got him to ſettle his eſtate upon his couſin ‖‖ Philip Baboon, to the great diſappointment of his couſin ‖ Eſquire South. Some ſtick not to ſay, that the parſon and the attorney forged a will, for which they were well paid by the family of the Baboons: let that be as it will, it is matter of fact, that the honour and eſtate have continued ever ſince in the perſon of Philip Baboon.

You know, that the lord Strutts have for many years been poſſeſſed of a very great landed eſtate, well conditioned, wooded, watered, with coal, ſalt, tin, copper, iron, *&c.* all within themſelves; that it has been the misfortune of that family to be the property of their ſtewards, tradeſmen, and inferior ſervants, which has brought great incumbrances upon them; at the ſame time their not abating of their expenſive way of living has forced them to mortgage

* Charles II. of Spain died without iſſue, and

† Card. Portocarero and the

‡ Marſhal of Harcourt, employed, as is ſuppoſed, by the houſe of Bourbon, prevailed upon him to make a will, by which he ſettled the ſucceſſion of the Spaniſh monarchy upon

‖‖ Philip of Bourbon Duke of Anjou, though his right had by the moſt ſolemn renunciations been barred in favour of

‖ *the Archduke Charles of* Auſtria;

mortgage their beſt manors: it is credibly reported, that the butchers and bakers bill of a lord Strutt, that lived two hundred years ago, are not yet paid.

WHEN Philip Baboon came firſt to the poſſeſſion of the lord Strutt's eſtate, his tradeſmen, as is uſual upon ſuch occaſions, waited upon him to wiſh him joy and beſpeak his cuſtom: the two chief were * John Bull the clothier, and † Nic. Frog the linen-draper: they told him, that the Bulls and Frogs had ſerved the lord Strutts with drapery-ware for many years; that they were honeſt and fair dealers; that their bills had never been queſtioned; that the lord Strutts lived generouſly, and never uſed to dirty their fingers with pen, ink, and counters; that his lordſhip might depend upon their honeſty; that they would uſe him as kindly, as they had done his predeceſſors. The young lord ſeemed to take all in good part, and diſmiſſed them with a deal of ſeeming content, aſſuring them he did not intend to change any of the honourable maxims of his predeceſſors.

CHAP. II.

How Bull *and* Frog *grew jealous, that the lord* Strutt *intended to give all his cuſtom to his grandfather* Lewis Baboon §.

IT happened unfortunately for the peace of our neighbourhood, that this young lord had an old cunning rogue, or (as the Scots call it) *a falſe loon*, of a grandfather, that one might juſtly call a Jack *of all trades* †; ſometimes you would ſee him behind his counter ſelling broad-cloth, ſometimes meaſuring linen; next day he would be dealing in mercery-ware; high heads, ribbons, gloves, fans, and lace, he underſtood to a nicety; Charles Mather

* the Engliſh and

† the Dutch congratulated Philip upon a ſucceſſion, which they were not able to prevent: but to diſappoint the ambition of

§ Lewis XIV. and hinder the French nation, whoſe

† *trade and character* are thus deſcribed, and whoſe king had

Mather could not bubble a young beau better with a toy; nay, he would deſcend even to the ſelling of tape, garters, and ſhoe buckles: when ſhop was ſhut up, he would go about the neighbourhood, and earn half a crown by teaching the young men and maids to dance. By theſe methods he had acquired immenſe riches, which he uſed to ſquander * away at back-ſword, quarter-ſtaff, and cudgel-play, in which he took great pleaſure, and challenged all the country. You will ſay it is no wonder if Bull and Frog ſhould be jealous of this fellow. "It is not "impoſſible (ſays Frog to Bull) but this old rogue will "take the management of the young lord's buſineſs into "his hands; beſides the raſcal has good ware, and will "ſerve him as cheap as any body. In that caſe, I leave "you to judge what muſt become of us and our families; "we muſt ſtarve, or turn journeymen to old Lewis Ba-"boon; therefore, neighbour, I hold it adviſable, that "we write to young lord Strutt to know the bottom of "this matter."

CHAP. III.

A copy of Bull *and* Frog's *letter to lord* Strutt.

MY LORD,

I SUPPOSE your lordſhip knows, that the Bulls and the Frogs have ſerved the lord Strutts with all ſorts of drapery-ware time out of mind: and whereas we are jealous, not without reaſon, that your lordſhip intends henceforth to buy of your grandfire old Lewis Baboon; this is to inform your lordſhip, that this proceeding does not ſuit with the circumſtances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the world by the generoſity of the lord Strutts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your lordſhip, that you muſt find ſufficient *ſecurity*

* *ſtrong diſpoſition to war*, from becoming too potent, an alliance was *formed to* "procure a reaſonable ſatisfaction to the "*houſe of Auſtria for its* pretenſions to the Spaniſh ſucceſſion, "*and ſufficient*

rity ‡ to us, our heirs and assigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon; or else we will take our remedy at *law*, clap an action upon you of 20,000 *l.* for old debts, seize and distrain your goods and chattels, which, considering your lordship's circumstances, will plunge you into difficulties, from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself; therefore we hope, when your lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the desire of

Your loving friends,
JOHN BULL,
NIC. FROG.

SOME of Bull's friends advised him to take gentler methods with the young lord; but John naturally loved rough play. It is impossible to express the surprize of the lord Strutt upon the receipt of this letter; he was not flush in *ready* either to go to law, or clear old debts, neither could he find good bail: he offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation; and promised upon his word of honour, that he would not change his drapers; but all to no purpose, for Bull and Frog saw clearly that old Lewis would have the cheating of him.

CHAP. IV.

How Bull *and* Frog *went to law with lord* Strutt *about the premises, and were joined by the rest of the tradesmen.*

ALL endeavours of accommodation between lord Strutt and his drapers proved vain; jealousies increased, and indeed it was rumoured abroad, that lord Strutt had bespoke his new liveries of old Lewis Baboon. This

‡ "*security* to England and Holland for their dominions, "navigation, and commerce, and to prevent the union of the "two monarchies France and Spain." To effect these purposes Queen Anne was by

This coming to Mrs Bull's * ears, when John Bull came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs Bull, you muſt know, was very apt to be choleric. "You "ſot, ſays ſhe, you loiter about ale-houſes and taverns, "ſpend your time at billiards, ninepins, or puppet-ſhows, "or flaunt about the ſtreets in your new gilt chariot, "never minding me nor your numerous family. Don't "you hear how lord Strutt has beſpoke his liveries at "Lewis Baboon's ſhop? Don't you ſee how that old fox "ſteals away your cuſtomers, and turns you out of your "buſineſs every day, and you ſit like an idle drone with "your hands in your pockets? Fie upon't! up man, "rouze thy ſelf; I'll ſell to my ſhift, before I'll be ſo uſ-"ed by the knave." You muſt think Mrs Bull had been pretty well turned up by Frog, who chimed in with her learned harangue. No further delay now, but to council learned in the law they go, who unanimouſly aſſured them both of the juſtice and infallible ſucceſs of their law-ſuit.

I told you before, that old Lewis Baboon was a ſort of a Jack *of all trades*, which made the reſt of the tradeſmen jealous, as well as Bull and Frog; they hearing of the quarrel were glad of an opportunity of joining againſt old Lewis Baboon, provided that Bull and Frog would bear the charges of the ſuit; even lying Ned. † the chimney-ſweeper of Savoy, and Tom ‡ the Portugal duſtman, put in their claims; and the cauſe was put into the hands of Humphry Hocus the attorney **.

A declaration was drawn up to ſhew "That Bull and "Frog had undoubted right by preſcription to be dra-"pers to the lord Strutts; that there were ſeveral old "contracts to that purpoſe; that Lewis Baboon had "taken up the trade of clothier and draper, without ſerv-"ing his time or purchaſing his freedom; that he ſold "goods, that were not marketable, without the ſtamp;

* *the parliament* precipitated into the war as a principal. Among her allies were

† the Duke of Savoy, and

‡ the King of Portugal; and

** John Churchill Duke of Marlborough was appointed general *in chief of the confederate* army.

" that he himſelf was more fit for a bully than a tradeſ-
" man, and went about through all the country fairs
" challenging people to fight prizes, wreſtling and cud-
" gel-play ;" and abundance more to this purpoſe.

CHAP. V.

The true characters of John Bull, Nic. Frog, and Hocus.

FOR the better underſtanding the following hiſtory, the reader ought to know, that Bull, in the main, was an honeſt plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconſtant temper ; he dreaded not old Lewis either at back-ſword, ſingle faulchion, or cudgel-play ; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his beſt friends, eſpecially if they pretended to govern him : if you flattered him you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air : his ſpirits roſe and fell with the weather glaſs. John was quick, and underſtood his buſineſs very well ; but no man alive was more careleſs in looking into his accompts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and ſervants. This was occaſioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diverſion ; for, to ſay truth, no man kept a better houſe than John, or ſpent his money more generouſly. By plain and fair dealing John had acquired ſome plumbs, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy law-ſuit.

NIC. FROG was a cunning ſly whoreſon, quite the reverſe of John in many particulars ; covetous, frugal ; minded domeſtic affairs ; would pinch his belly to ſave his pocket ; never loſt a farthing by careleſs ſervants, or bad debtors. He did not care much for any ſort of diverſions, except tricks of *high german* artiſts, and *leger-de-main* : no man exceeded Nic. in theſe ; yet it muſt be owned, that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immenſe riches.

HOCUS was an old cunning attorney ; and though this was the firſt conſiderable ſuit that ever he was engaged in, he ſhewed himſelf ſuperior in addreſs to moſt of his pro-

profeſſion: he kept always good clerks, he loved money, was ſmooth-tongued, gave good words, and ſeldom loſt his temper: he was not worſe than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family; but he loved himſelf better than them all: the neighbours reported, that he was henpecked; which was impoſſible by ſuch a mild-ſpirited woman, as his wife was.

CHAP. VI.

Of the various ſucceſs of the law-ſuit.

LAW *is a bottomleſs pit; it is a cormorant, a harpy, that devours every thing.* John Bull was flattered by the lawyers, that his ſuit would not laſt above a year or two at moſt; that before that time he would be in quiet poſſeſſion of his buſineſs: yet ten long years did Hocus ſteer his cauſe through all the *meanders* of the law, and all the courts. No ſkill, no addreſs was wanting; and, to ſay truth, John did not ſtarve his cauſe; there wanted not *yellow-boys* to fee counſel, hire witneſſes, and bribe juries: lord Strutt was generally caſt, never had one verdict in his favour; * and John was promiſed that the next, and the next, would be the final determination; but alas! that final determination and happy concluſion was like an inchanted iſland, the nearer John came to it, the further it went from him: new trials upon new points ſtill aroſe; new doubts, new matters to be cleared; in ſhort, lawyers ſeldom part with ſo good a cauſe, till they have got the oyſter, and their clients the ſhell. John's ready money, book-debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyers pockets: then John began to borrow money upon bank-ſtock and Eaſt-India bonds; now and then a farm went to pot: at laſt

* The war was carried on againſt France and Spain with great ſucceſs, and a peace might have been concluded upon the principles of the alliance; but a partition of the Spaniſh dominions in favour of the houſe of Auſtria, and an engagement that the ſame perſon ſhould *never be King of France* and Spain, were not now thought *ſufficient.*

it was thought a good expedient to set up Esquire South's title *, to prove the *will forged*, and dispossess Philip lord Strutt at once. Here again was a new field for the lawyers, and the cause grew more intricate than ever. John grew madder and madder; wherever he met any of lord Strutt's servants, he tore off their clothes: now and then you would see them come home naked without shoes stockings, or linen. As for old Lewis Baboon, he was reduced to his last shift, though he had as many as any other: his children were reduced from rich silks to Doily stuffs, his servants in rags, and bare-footed; instead of good victuals, they now lived upon neck-beef, and bullock's liver: in short, no-body got much by the matter, but the men of law.

CHAP. VII.

How John Bull was so mightily pleased with his success, that he was going to leave off his trade, and turn lawyer.

IT is wisely observed by a great philosopher, that habit is a second nature: this was verified in the case of John Bull, who, from an honest and plain tradesman, had got such a haunt about the courts of justice, and such a jargon of law-words, that he concluded himself as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the bar, or sat on the bench: he was overheard one day talking to himself after this manner. "How capriciously † does fate or chance "dispose of mankind? How seldom is that business allotted to a man, for which he is fitted by nature? It "is plain, I was intended for a man of law: how did "my guardians mistake my genius in placing me, like a "mean slave, behind a counter? Bless me! what im-"mense estates these fellows raise by the law? Besides, "it

* It was insisted, that the will in favour of Philip was contrary to treaty; and there was a parliamentary declaration for continuing the war, till he should be dethroned.

† The manners and sentiments of the nation became extravagant and chimerical.

" it is the profeſſion of a gentleman. What a pleaſure " is it to be victorious in a cauſe? to ſwagger at the bar? " What a fool am I to drudge any more in this woollen " trade? for a lawyer I was born, and a lawyer I will " be; one is never too old to learn." All this while John had conned over ſuch a catalogue of hard words, as were enough to conjure up the devil; theſe he uſed to babble indifferently in all companies, eſpecially at coffee-houſes; ſo that his neighbour tradeſmen began to ſhun his company as a man that was cracked. Inſtead of the affairs of Blackwell-hall, and price of broad cloth, wool, and bayſes, he talks of nothing but *actions upon the caſe, returns, capias, alias capias, demurrers, venire facias, replevins, ſuperſedeas's, certiorari's, writs of error, actions of trover and converſion, treſpaſſes, precipe's and dedimus.* This was matter of jeſt to the learned in law; however, Hocus, and the reſt of the tribe, encouraged John in his fancy, aſſuring him, that he had a great genius for law; that they queſtioned not, but in time he might raiſe money enough by it to reimburſe him all his charges; that if he ſtudied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a Lord chief Juſtice *: as for the advice of honeſt friends and neighbours, John deſpiſed it; he looked upon them as fellows of a low genius, poor groveling mechanics; John reckoned it more honour to have got one favourable verdict, than to have ſold a bale of broadcloth. As for Nic. Frog, to ſay the truth, he was more prudent; for though he followed his law-ſuit cloſely, he neglected not his ordinary buſineſs, but was both in court and in his ſhop at the proper hours.

* Hold the balance of power.

CHAP. VIII.

How John *discovered, that* Hocus *had an intrigue with his wife; and what followed thereupon.*

JOHN had not run on a madding so long, had it not been for an extravagant bitch of a wife, whom Hocus perceiving John to be fond of, was resolved to win over to his side. It is a true saying, *that the last man of the parish, that knows of his cuckoldom, is himself.* It was observed by all the neighbourhood, that Hocus had dealings with John's wife ‖ that were not so much for his honour; but this was perceived by John a little too late: she was a luxurious jade, loved splendid equipages, plays, treats and balls, differing very much from the sober manners of her ancestors, and by no means fit for a tradesman's wife. Hocus fed her extravagancy (what was still more shameful) with John's own money. Every body said, that Hocus had a month's mind to her body; be that as it will, it is matter of fact, that upon all occasions she run out extravagantly on the praise of Hocus. When John used to be finding fault with his bills, she used to reproach him as ungrateful to his greatest benefactor; one that had taken so much pains in his lawsuit, and retrieved his family from the oppression of old Lewis Baboon. A good swinging sum of John's readiest cash went towards building of Hocus's *country-house* †. This affair between Hocus and Mrs Bull was now so open, that all the world were scandalized at it; John was not so clod-pated, but at last he took the hint. The parson ‡ of the parish preaching one day with more zeal

‖ And it was believed, that the General tampered with the parliament.

† who settled upon him the manor of Woodstock, and afterwards entailed that, with 5000 *l. per annum*, payable out of the post-office, to descend with his honours; over and above this an immense sum was expended in building Blenheim house. About *this time* (Nov. 6. 1709.)

‡ *Dr Henry* Sacheverel preached a sermon against popular resistance of regal authority.

zeal than ſenſe againſt adultery ‖, Mrs Bull told her huſband, that he was a very uncivil fellow to uſe ſuch coarſe language before people of condition; that Hocus was of the ſame mind; and that they would join to have him turned out of his living for uſing perſonal reflections. How do you mean, ſays John, by perſonal reflections? I hope in God, wife, he did not reflect upon you? "No, "thank God, my reputation is too well eſtabliſhed in "the world to receive any hurt from ſuch a foul-mouthed "ſcoundrel as he; his doctrine tends only to make huſ- "bands tyrants, and wives ſlaves; muſt we be ſhut up, "and huſbands left to their liberty? Very pretty indeed! "a wife muſt never go abroad with a Platonic to ſee a "play or a ball; ſhe muſt never ſtir without her huſband; "nor walk in Spring-garden with a couſin. I do ſay, "huſband, and I will ſtand by it, that without the in- "nocent freedoms of life, matrimony would be a moſt "intolerable ſtate; and that a wife's virtue ought to be "the reſult of her own reaſon, and not of her huſband's "government; for my part, I would ſcorn a huſband "that would be jealous, if he ſaw a fellow a-bed with "me †". All this while John's blood boiled in his veins: he was now confirmed in all his ſuſpicions; jade, bitch, and whore were the beſt words that John gave her ‡. Things went from better to worſe, till Mrs Bull aimed a knife at John ‖‖, though John threw a bottle ‡‡ at her head very brutally indeed ††: and after this, there was nothing

‖ The houſe of commons voted this ſermon a libel on her Majeſty and her government, the revolution, the proteſtant ſucceſſion, and the parliament; they impeached him of high crimes and miſdemeanours; he was ſilenced for three years, and the ſermon burnt by the hangman.

† Theſe proceedings cauſed a great ferment in the nation.

‡ The houſe complained of being *aſperſed* and *villified*; opprobrious terms were uſed by both parties, and one had recourſe to

‖‖ *military power*, becauſe it was aſſaulted by the other with

‡‡ *tumult* and *riot*.

†† The confuſion every day encreaſed: the whig or low church party in the houſe of commons began to decline; after much contention and debate

nothing but confuſion: bottles, glaſſes, ſpoons, plates, knives, forks, and diſhes flew about like duſt; the reſult of which was, that Mrs Bull * received a bruiſe in her right ſide, of which ſhe died half a year after. The bruiſe impoſthumated, and afterwards turned to a ſtinking ulcer, which made every body ſhy to come near hear; yet ſhe wanted not the help of many able phyſicians, who attended very diligently, and did what men of ſkill could do: but all to no purpoſe, for her condition was now quite deſperate, all regular phyſicians, and her neareſt relations, having given her over.

CHAP. IX.

How ſome quacks undertook to cure Mrs Bull of her ulcer †.

THERE is nothing ſo impoſſible in nature, but mountebanks will undertake; nothing ſo incredible but they will affirm: Mrs Bull's condition was looked upon as deſperate by all the men of art; but there were thoſe, that bragged they had an infallible ointment and plaiſter, which being applied to the ſore, would cure it in a few days; at the ſame time they would give her a pill, that would purge off all her bad humours, ſweeten her blood, and rectify her diſturbed imagination. In ſpite of all applications, the patient grew worſe every day; ſhe ſtunk ſo, no body durſt come within a ſtone's throw of her, except thoſe quacks who attended her cloſe, and apprehended no danger. If one aſked them, how Mrs Bull did? Better and better, ſaid they; the parts heal, and her conſtitution mends; if ſhe ſubmits to our government, ſhe will be abroad in a little time. Nay, it is reported, that they wrote to her friends in the country, that ſhe ſhould dance a jigg next October in Weſtminſter-hall, and that her illneſs had been chiefly owing to bad phyſicians. At laſt ‡, one of them was ſent for in great haſte, his patient grew worſe and worſe: when he came,

* the parliament was prorogued;

† *and* notwithſtanding many attempts to prolong it, *particularly ſome* difficulties ſtarted by the Lord

‡ *Chancellor*, it was diſſolved on the 21ſt Sept. 1710.

came, he affirmed that it was a groſs miſtake, and that ſhe was never in a fairer way: bring hither the ſalve, ſays he, and give her a plentiful draught of my cordial. As he was applying his ointments, and adminiſtring the cordial, the patient gave up the ghoſt, to the great confuſion of the quack, and the greater joy of Bull and his friends. The quack flung away out of the houſe in great diſorder, and ſwore there was foul play, for he was ſure his medicines were infallible. Mrs Bull having died without any ſigns of repentance or devotion, the clergy would hardly allow her a Chriſtian burial. The relations had once reſolved to ſue John for the murder, but conſidering better of it, and that ſuch a trial would rip up old ſores, and diſcover things not ſo much to the reputation of the deceaſed, they dropt their deſign. She left no will, only there was found, in her ſtrong box, the following words, wrote on a *ſcrip* of paper, 'My curſe on John Bull, and 'all my poſterity, if ever they come to any compoſition 'with the Lord Strutt.'

She left him three daughters, whoſe names were Polemia, Diſcordia, and Uſuria *.

CHAP. X.

Of John Bull's ſecond wife, and the good advice that ſhe gave him †.

JOHN quickly got the better of his grief, and ſeeing that neither his conſtitution, or the affairs of his family could permit him to live in an unmarried ſtate, he reſolved to get him another wife; a couſin of his laſt wife's was propoſed, but John would have no more of the breed: in ſhort, he wedded a ſober country gentlewoman, of a good family, and a plentiful fortune, the reverſe of the other in her temper; not but that ſhe loved money, for ſhe was ſaving, and applied her fortune to pay John's clamorous debts, that the unfrugal methods of his laſt wife, and this ruinous law-ſuit had brought him

* War, faction, and uſury.

† *The new parliament*, which was averſe to the war, made

devil * : "My brother John, quoth ſhe, is grown wonderous kind-hearted all of a ſudden, but I meikle doubt, whether it be not mair for their own convenience than for my good; he draws up his writs and his deeds, forſooth, and I muſt ſet my hand to them, unſight, unſeen. I like the young man he has ſettled upon well enough, but I think I ought to have a valuable conſideration for my conſent. He wants my poor little farm, becauſe it makes a nook in his park-wall: ye may e'en tell him, he has mair than he makes good uſe of; he gangs up and down drinking, roaring, and quarrelling, thro' all the country markets, making fooliſh bargains in his cups, which he repents when he is ſober; like a thriftleſs wretch, ſpending the goods and gear that his forefathers won with the ſweat of their brows; light come, light go, he cares not a farthing. But why ſhould I ſtand ſurety for his contracts? the little I have is free, and I can call it my awn; hame's hame, let it be never ſo hamely. I ken him well enough, he could never abide me, and when he has his ends, he'll e'en uſe me as he did before. I am ſure I ſhall be treated like a poor drudge; I ſhall be ſet to tend the bairns, dern the hoſe, and mend the linen. Then there's no living with that old carline his mother; ſhe rails at Jack, and Jack's an honeſter man than any of her kin: I ſhall be plagued with her ſpells and her *Pater-noſters*, and ſilly old-world ceremonies; I mun never pare my nails on a Friday, nor begin a journey on Childermas-day; and I mun ſtand becking and binging, as I gang out and into the hall. Tell him he may e'en gang his get; I'll have nothing to do with him; I'll ſtay, like the poor country-mouſe, in my awn habitation." So Peg talked; but for all that, by the interpoſition of good friends, and by many a bonny thing that was ſent, and many more that were promiſed Peg, the matter was concluded, and *Peg taken into the houſe* upon certain articles: one of which was, that ſhe might have the freedom of Jack's converſation †, and might

* The Scots expreſſed their fears for the preſbyterian government, and of being burdened with the Engliſh national debts.

† The act of toleration.

might take him for better and for worſe, if ſhe pleaſed; provided always, he did not come into the houſe at unſeaſonable hours, and diſturb the reſt of the old woman, John's mother.

CHAP. V.

Of ſome quarrels that happened after Peg was taken into the family.*

IT is an old obſervation, that the quarrels of relations are harder to reconcile than any other; injuries from friends fret and gall more, and the memory of them is not ſo eaſily obliterated. This is cunningly repreſented by one of our old ſages, called Æſop, in the ſtory of the bird, that was grieved extremely at being wounded with an arrow feathered with his own wing; as alſo of the oak, that let many a heavy groan, when he was cleft with a wedge of his own timber.

THERE was no man in the world leſs ſubject to rancour than John Bull, conſidering how often his good nature had been abuſed; yet I do not know, but he was too apt to hearken to tattling people, that carried tales between him and his ſiſter Peg, on purpoſe to ſow jealouſies, and ſet them together by the ears. They ſay that there were ſome hardſhips put upon Peg, which had been better let alone; but it was the buſineſs of good people to reſtrain the injuries on one ſide, and moderate the reſentments on the other; a good friend acts both parts; the one without the other will not do.

THE purchaſe money of Peg's farm was ill paid †; then Peg loved a little good liquor, and the ſervants ſhut up the wine-celler; but for that Peg found a trick, for ſhe made a falſe key‡. Peg's ſervants complained that they

* Quarrels about ſome of the articles of union, particularly the peerage.

† By the 15th article of the treaty of union, it was agreed that Scotland ſhould have an equivalent for ſeveral cuſtoms and exciſes to which ſhe would become liable, and this equivalent was not paid.

‡ Run *wine*.

they were debarred from all manner of buſineſs, and never ſuffered to touch the leaſt thing within the houſe*; if they offered to come into the warehouſe, then ſtrait went the yard ſlap over their noddle; if they ventured into the counting-room, a fellow would throw an ink-bottle at their head; if they came into the beſt apartment, to ſet any thing there in order, they were ſaluted with a broom; if they meddled with any thing in the kitchen, it was odds but the cook laid them over the pate with a ladle; one that would have got into the ſtables, was met by two raſcals, who fell to work with him with a bruſh and a curry-comb; ſome climbing up into the coach-box, were told, that one of their companions had been there before, that could not drive; then ſlap went the long whip about their ears.

ON the other hand it was complained, that Peg's ſervants were always aſking for drink-money†; that they had more than their ſhare of the Chriſtmas box: to ſay the truth, Peg's lads buſtled pretty hard for that, for when they were endeavouring to lock it up, they got in their great fiſts, and pulled out handfuls of half-crowns, ſhillings and ſix-pences. Others in the ſcramble picked up guineas and broad-pieces. But there happened a worſe thing than all this; it was complained that Peg's ſervants had great ſtomachs, and brought ſo many of their friends and acquaintances to the table, that John's family was like to be eat out of houſe and home. Inſtead of regulating this matter as it ought to be, Peg's young men were thruſt away from the table; then there was the devil and all to do; ſpoons, plates, and diſhes flew about the room like mad: and Sir Roger, who was now *major dome*, had enough to do to quiet them. Peg ſaid, this was contrary to agreement, whereby ſhe was in all things to be treated like a child of the family; then ſhe called upon thoſe, that had made her ſuch fair promiſes, and undertook for her brother John's good behaviour; but, alas! to her coſt ſhe found, that they were the firſt and readieſt to do her the injury. John at laſt agreed to this regulation;

* By the teſt act diſſenters are excluded from places and employments.

† Endeavoured to get their ſhare of places.

lation; that Peg's footmen† might ſit with his book-keeper, journey-men, and apprentices; and Peg's better ſort of ſervants might ſit with his footmen, if they pleaſed.

THEN they began to order plumb porridge and minced-pies for Peg's dinner: Peg told them ſhe had an averſion to that ſort of food; that upon forcing‡ down a meſs of it ſome years ago, it threw her into a fit till ſhe brought it up again. Some alledged it was nothing but humour, that the ſame meſs ſhould be ſerved up again for ſupper, and breakfaſt next morning; others would have made uſe of a horn; but the wiſer ſort bid let her alone, and ſhe might take to it of her own accord.

CHAP. VI.

The converſation between John Bull and his wife.

Mrs Bull. THO' our affairs, honey, are in a bad condition. I have a better opinion of them, ſince you ſeemed to be convinced of the ill courſe you have been in, and are reſolved to ſubmit to proper remedies. But when I conſider your immenſe debts, your fooliſh bargains, and the general diſorder of your buſineſs, I have a curioſity to know what fate or chance has brought you into this condition.

J. Bull. I wiſh you would talk of ſome other ſubject; the thoughts of it make me mad; our family muſt have their run.

Mrs Bull. But ſuch a ſtrange thing as this never happened to any of your family before: they have had lawſuits, but tho' they ſpent the income, they never mortgaged the ſtock. Sure you muſt have ſome of the Norman or the Norfolk blood in you. Prithee give me ſome account of theſe matters.

J. Bull. Who could help it? There lives not ſuch a fellow by bread as that old Lewis Baboon: he is the moſt cheating contentious rogue upon the face of the earth.

† Articles of union, whereby they could make a Scots Commoner, *but not a Lord*, a Peer.

‡ *Introducing Epiſcopacy* into Scotland, by Charles I.

earth. You muſt know, one day, as Nic. Frog and I were over a bottle, making up an old quarrel, the old fellow would needs have us drink a bottle of his Champagne, and ſo one after another, till my friend Nic and I, not being uſed to ſuch heady ſtuff, got bloody drunk. Lewis all the while, either by the ſtrength of his brain, or flinching his glaſs, kept himſelf ſober as a judge. "My "worthy friends, quoth Lewis, henceforth let us live "neighbourly. I am as peaceable and quiet as a lamb, "of my own temper, but it has been my misfortune to "live among quarrelſome neighbours. There is but "one thing can make us fall out, and that is the *ſubs-* "*ritance of Lord Strutt's eſtate*; I am content, for "peace ſake, to wave my right, and ſubmit to any ex- "pedient to prevent a law-ſuit: I think an *equal diviſi-* "*on* † will be the faireſt way." *Well moved, old Lewis*, quoth Frog; *and I hope my friend John here will not be refractory.* At the ſame time he clapped me on the back, and ſlabbered me all over from cheek to cheek, with his great tongue. *Do as you pleaſe, gentlemen*, quoth I; *it is all one to John Bull.* We agreed to part that night, and next morning to meet at the corner of Lord Strutt's park wall with our ſurveying inſtruments, which accordingly we did. Old Lewis carried a chain and a ſemicircle; Nic. paper, rulers, and a lead pencil; and I followed at ſome diſtance with a long pole. We began firſt with ſurveying the meadow grounds, afterwards we meaſured the corn fields, cloſe by cloſe; then we proceeded to the wood-lands, the copper and tin mines ‖. All this while Nic. laid down every thing exactly upon paper, calculated the acres and roods to a great nicety. When we had finiſhed the land, we were going to break into the houſe and gardens to take an inventory of his plate, pictures, and other furniture.

Mrs Bull. What ſaid Lord Strutt to all this?

J. Bull. As we had almoſt finiſhed our concern, we were accoſted by ſome of Lord Strutt's ſervants: "Hey "day! What's here? what a devil's the meaning of all "theſe

† A treaty for preſerving the balance of power in Europe by a partition of the Spaniſh dominions.

‖ The Weſt Indies.

" theſe trangrams and gimcracks, gentlemen? what in " the name of wonder are you going about, jumping " over my maſter's hedges, and running your lines croſs " his grounds? If you are at any field paſtime, you " might have aſked leave, my maſter is a civil well-bred " perſon as any is."

Mrs Bull. What could you anſwer to this?

J. Bull. Why truly my neighbour Frog and I were ſtill hot-headed; we told him his maſter was an old doating puppy, that minded nothing of his own buſineſs; that we were ſurveying his eſtate, and ſettling it for him, ſince he would not do it himſelf Upon this there happened a quarrel, but we being ſtronger than they, ſent them away with a flea in their ear. They went home and told their maſter ‖, " My Lord, ſaid they, there are three odd " ſort of fellows going about your grounds with the " ſtrangeſt machines that ever we beheld in our life: I " ſuppoſe they are going to rob your orchard, fell your " trees, or drive away your cattle: they told us ſtrange " things of ſettling your eſtate: one is a luſty old fel- " low, in a black wig, with a black beard, without " teeth: there's another thick ſquat fellow, in trunk- " hoſe: the third is a little, long-noſed thin man." (I was then lean, being juſt come out of a fit of ſickneſs.) " I ſuppoſe it is fit to ſend after them, leſt they carry " ſomething away."

Mrs Bull. I fancy this put the old fellow in a rare tweague.

J. Bull. Weak as he was, he called for his long Toledo, ſwore and bounced about the room. " 'Sdeath! " what am I come to, to be affronted ſo by my tradeſ- " men? I know the raſcals: my barber, clothier, and " linen-draper diſpoſe of my eſtate! bring hither my " blunderbuſs. I'll warrant ye, you ſhall ſee day-light " thro' them. Scoundrels! dogs! the ſcum of the " earth! Frog, that was my father's kitchen-boy, he " pretend to meddle with my eſtate! with my will! " Ah poor Strutt, what art thou come to at laſt? Thou " haſt lived too long in the world, to ſee thy age and " infirmity

‖ *This partition of the* King of Spain's dominions was made *without his conſent* or even his knowledge.

" infirmity ſo deſpiſed: how will the ghoſts of my noble " anceſtors receive theſe tidings? They cannot, they " muſt not ſleep quietly in their graves." In ſhort, the old gentleman was carried off in a fainting fit, and after bleeding in both arms hardly recovered.

Mrs Bull. Really this was a very extraordinary way of proceeding: I long to hear the reſt of it.

J. Bull. After we had come back to the tavern, and taken the other bottle of Champagne, we quarrelled a little about the diviſion of the eſtate. Lewis halled and pulled the map on one ſide, and Frog and I on the other, till we had like to have torn the parchment in pieces. At laſt Lewis pulled out a pair of great tailor's ſheers, and clipt a corner for himſelf, which he ſaid was a manor that lay convenient for him, and left Frog and me the reſt to diſpoſe of as we pleaſed. We were overjoyed to think Lewis was contented with ſo little, not ſmelling what was at the bottom of the plot. There happened indeed an incident that gave us ſome diſturbance: a cunning fellow, one of my ſervants, two days after peeping thro' the key-hole obſerved, that old Lewis had ſtole away our part of the map, and ſaw him fidling and turning the map from one corner to the other, trying to join the two pieces together again: he was muttering ſomething to himſelf, which we did not well hear, only theſe words, *It is great pity, it is great pity!* My ſervant added, that he believed this had ſome ill meaning. I told him he was a coxcomb, always pretending to be wiſer than his companions: Lewis and I are good friends, he is an honeſt fellow, and I dare ſay will ſtand to his bargain. The ſequel of the ſtory proved this fellow's ſuſpicion to be too well grounded; for Lewis ‡ revealed the whole ſecret to the deceaſed Lord Strutt, who, in reward of his treachery and revenge to Frog and me, ſettled with his whole eſtate upon the preſent Philip Baboon. Then we underſtood what he meant by pieceing the map.

Mrs Bull. And was you ſurprized at this? Had not Lord

‡ It is ſuſpected, that the French King intended to take the whole, and that he revealed the ſecret to the court of Spain, upon which the will was made in favour of his grandſon.

Lord Strutt reaſon to be angry? Would you have been contented to have been ſo uſed yourſelf?

J. Bull. Why truly, wife, it was not eaſily reconciled to the common methods; but then it was the faſhion to do ſuch things. I have read of your golden age, your ſilver age, *&c.* one might juſtly call this the age of *lawyers*. There was hardly a man of ſubſtance in all the country, but had a *counterfeit* *, *that pretended to his eſtate.* As the philoſophers ſay, that there is a duplicate of every terreſtrial animal at ſea, ſo it was in this age of the lawyers, there was at leaſt two of every thing; nay, on my conſcience, I think there were three Eſquire Hackums † at one time. In ſhort, it was uſual for a parcel of fellows to meet, and diſpoſe of the whole eſtate in the country: "This lies convenient for me, Tom: thou "wouldſt do more good with that, Dick, than the old "fellow that has it." So to law they went with the true owners; the lawyers got well by it; every body elſe was undone. It was a common thing for an honeſt man, when he came home at night, to find another fellow domineering in his family, hectoring his ſervants, calling for ſupper, and pretending to go to bed to his wife. In every houſe you might obſerve two Sofia's quarrelling who was maſter. For my own part, I am ſtill afraid of the ſame treatment, and that I ſhould find ſomebody behind my counter ſelling my broad cloth.

Mrs Bull. There are a ſort of fellows, they call banterers and bamboozlers, that play ſuch tricks; but, it ſeems, theſe fellows were in earneſt.

J. Bull. I begin to think, that *juſtice* is a better rule than *conveniency*, for all ſome people make ſo ſlight on it.

* Several pretenders at that time.

† Kings of Poland.

CHAP. VII.

*Of the hard shifts Mrs Bull was put to, to preserve the manor of Bullock's-Hatch; with Sir Roger's method to keep off importunate duns *.*

AS John Bull and his wife were talking together, they were surprized with a sudden knocking at the door; "Those wicked scriveners and lawyers, no doubt," quoth John; and so it was: some asking for the money he owed, and others warning to prepare for the approaching term. "What a cursed life do I lead? quoth John. "Debt is like deadly sin: for God's sake, Sir Roger, get "me rid of the fellows." "I'll warrant you, quoth "Sir Roger; leave them to me." And indeed it was pleasant enough to observe Sir Roger's method with these importunate duns; his sincere friendship for John Bull made him submit to many things for his service, which he would have scorned to have done for himself. Sometimes he† would stand at the door with his long staff to keep off the duns, till John got out at the back-door. When the lawyers and tradesmen brought extravagant bills, Sir Roger used to bargain before-hand for leave to cut off the quarter of a yard in any part of the bill he pleased; he wore a pair of scissars in his pocket for this purpose, and would snip it off so nicely as you cannot imagine. Like a true goldsmith, he kept all your holidays: there was not one wanting in his calendar: when ready money was scarce, he would set them a telling a thousand

* After the dissolution of the parliament, the sinking ministry endeavoured to support themselves by propagating a notion, that the public credit would suffer if the Lord Treasurer Godolphin was removed; the dread of this event produced it: the monied men began to sell their shares in the bank; the governor, deputy-governor, and two directors applied to the Queen to prevent the change; the alarm became general, and all the public funds gradually sunk. Perhaps by Bullock's-Hatch the author meant the crown lands. See p. 241.

† Manners of the Earl of Oxford.

thouſand pounds in ſix-pences, groats, and three-penny pieces. It would have done your heart good to have ſeen him charge thro' an army of lawyers, attorneys, clerks, and tradeſmen; ſometimes with ſword in hand, at other times nuzzling like an eel in the mud. When a fellow ſtuck like a bur, that there was no ſhaking him off, he uſed to be mightily inquiſitive about the health of his uncles and aunts in the country; he could call them all by their names, for he knew every body, and could talk to them in their own way. The extremely impertinent he would ſend away to ſee ſome ſtrange ſight, as the dragon of *Hockley in the hole*; or bid them call the 30th of next February. Now and then you would ſee him in the kitchen *, weighing the beef and butter; paying ready money, that the maids might not run a tick at the market, and the butchers, by bribing of them, ſell damaged and light meat. Another time he would ſlip into the cellar, and gauge the caſks, in his leiſure minutes he was poſting his books, and gathering in his debts. Such frugal methods were neceſſary, where money was ſo ſcarce, and duns ſo numerous. All this while John kept his credit, could ſhew his head both at 'Change and Weſtminſter-hall; no man proteſted his bill, nor refuſed his bond; only the ſharpers and the ſcriveners, the lawyers and other clerks pelted Sir Roger as he went along. The ſquirte were at it with their kennel water, for they were m for the loſs of their bubble, and that they could not him to mortgage the manor of Bullock's-Hatch. Sir R ger ſhook his ears, and nuzzled along, well ſatisfied wit in himſelf, that he was doing a charitable work in reſc ing an honeſt man from the claws of *harpies* and *bloo ſuckers*. Mrs Bull did all that an affectionate wife, and a good houſewife could do; yet the boundaries of virtues are indiviſible lines; it is impoſſible to march up cloſe to the frontiers of frugality, without entering the territories of parſimony. Your good houſewives are apt to look into the minuteſt things; therefore ſome blamed Mrs Bull for new heel-piecing of her ſhoes †, grudging

* Some regulations as to the purveyance in the Queen's family.

† *Too great ſavings* in the houſe of commons.

a quarter of a pound of *ſoap* and *ſand* to ſcowre the rooms; but eſpecially, that ſhe would not allow her maids and apprentices the benefit of John Bunyan *, the London Apprentices, or the Seven Champions in the black-letter.

CHAP. VIII.

A continuation of the converſation betwixt John Bull and his wife.

Mrs Bull. IT is a moſt ſad life we lead, my dear, to be ſo teaſed, paying intereſt for old debts, and ſtill contracting new ones. However, I do not blame you for vindicating your honour, and chaſtiſing old Lewis: to curb the inſolent, protect the oppreſſed, recover one's own, and defend what one has, are good effects of the law: the only thing I want to know, is, how you came to make an end of your money, before you finiſhed your ſuit.

J. Bull. I was told by the learned in the law, that my ſuit ſtood upon three firm pillars; *more money for more law, more law for more money*, and *no compoſition*. More money for more law, was plain to a demonſtration, for who can go to law without money? and it was plain, that any man that has money, may have law for it. The third was as evident as the other two; for what compoſition could be made with a rogue, that never kept a word he ſaid?

Mrs Bull. I think you are moſt likely to get out of this labyrinth by the ſecond door, by want of ready money to purchaſe this precious commodity: but you ſeem not only to have bought too much of it, but have paid too dear for what you bought; elſe, how was it poſſible to run ſo much in debt, when at this very time, the yearly income of what is mortgaged to thoſe uſurers, would diſcharge Hocus's bills, and give you your belly full of law for all your life, without running one ſixpence in debt? You have been bred up to buſineſs; I ſuppoſe you can cypher; I wonder you never uſed your pen and ink.

J. Bull.

* Reſtraining the liberty of the preſs by act of parliament.

J. Bull. Now you urge me too far; prithee, dear wife, hold thy tongue. Suppoſe a young heir, heedleſs, raw, and unexperienced, full of ſpirit and vigour, with a favourite paſſion, in the hands of money-ſcriveners; ſuch fellows are like your wire-drawing miils; if they get hold of a man's finger, they will pull in his whole body at laſt, 'till they ſqueeze the heart, blood, and guts out of him. When I wanted money *, half a dozen of theſe fellows were always waiting in my antichamber with their ſecurities *ready* drawn. I was tempted with the ready, ſome farm or other went to pot. I received with one hand, and paid it away with the other to lawyers, that like ſo many hell-hounds were ready to devour me. Then the rogues would plead poverty, and ſcarcity of money, which always ended in receiving ninety for the hundred. After they had got poſſeſſion of my beſt rents, they were able to ſupply me with my own money. But what was worſe, when I looked into the ſecurities, there was no clauſe of redemption.

Mrs Bull. No clauſe of redemption ſay you? that's hard.

J. Bull. No great matter, for I cannot pay them. They had got a worſe trick than that; the ſame man bought and ſold to himſelf, paid the money, and gave the acquittance; the ſame man was butcher and graſier, brewer and butler, cook and poulterer. There is ſomething ſtill worſe than all this; there came twenty bills upon me at once, which I had given money to diſcharge; I was like to be pulled to pieces by brewer, butcher, and baker; even my herb-woman dunned me as I went along the ſtreets. (Thanks to my friend Sir Roger, elſe I muſt have gone to goal.) When I aſked the meaning of this, I was told the money went to the lawyers; counſel wont tick, Sir; Hocus was urging: my book-keeper ſat ſotting all day, playing at *put* and *all-fours*: in ſhort, by griping uſurers, devouring lawyers, and negligent ſervants, I am brought to this paſs.

Mrs Bull. This was hard uſage! but, methinks, the leaſt reflection might have retrieved you.

* Methods of preying upon the neceſſities of the government.

J. Bull. It is true: yet consider my circumstances; my honour was engaged, and I did not know how to get out; besides, I was for five years often drunk, always muddled; they carried me from tavern to tavern, to alehouses and brandy-shops, and brought me acquainted with such strange dogs! "There goes the prettiest fellow in the world *", says one, for managing a jury; "make him yours. There's another can pick you up "witnesses: serjeant such-a-one has a silver tongue at "the bar." I believe, in time I should have retained every single person within the inns of court. The night after a trial, I treated the lawyers, their wives and daughters, with fiddles, hautboys, drums, and trumpets. I was always hot-headed; then they placed me in the middle, the attornies and their clerks dancing about me, whooping, and hollowing, "Long live John Bull, the "glory and support of the law!"

Mrs Bull. Really, husband, you went thro' a very notable course.

J. Bull. One of the things that first alarmed me, was, that they shewed a spite † against my poor old mother. "Lord, quoth I, what makes you so jealous of a poor, "old, innocent gentlewoman, that minds only her "prayers, and her practice of piety: she never meddles "in any of your concerns? Foh, say they, to see a "handsome, brisk, genteel, young fellow, so much governed by a doating old woman! why don't you go "and suck the bubby? Do you consider she keeps you "out of a good jointure? She has the best of your estate "settled upon her for a rent-charge: hang her, old "thief, turn her out of doors, seize her land, and let "her go to law, if she dares." "Soft and fair, gentlemen, quoth I; my mother's my mother; our family are not of an unnatural temper. Tho' I don't "take all her advice, I won't seize her jointure; long "may she enjoy it, good woman; I don't grudge it "her, she allows me now and then a brace of hundreds "for my law-suit; that's pretty fair." About this time the old gentlewoman fell ill of an odd sort of a distemper;

* *Hiring* still more troops.
† Railing against the church.

temper*; it began with a coldneſs and numbneſs in her limbs, which by degrees affected the nerves, (I think the phyſicians call them) ſeized the brain, and at laſt ended in a lethargy. It betrayed itſelf at firſt in a ſort of indifference and careleſſneſs in all her actions, coldneſs to her beſt friends, and an averſion to ſtir or go about the common offices of life. She, that was the cleanlieſt creature in the world, never ſhrunk now, if you ſet a cloſeſtool under her noſe. She, that would ſometimes rattle off her ſervants pretty ſharply, now, if ſhe ſaw them drink or heard them talk profanely, never took any notice of it. Inſtead of her uſual charities to deſerving perſons†, ſhe threw away her money upon roaring ſwearing bullies and beggars, that went about the ſtreets. "What "is the matter with the old gentlewoman, ſaid every "body, ſhe never uſed to do in this manner?" At laſt the diſtemper grew more violent‡, and threw her downright into raving fits; in which ſhe ſhrieked out ſo loud, that ſhe diſturbed the whole neighbourhood. In her fits ſhe called upon one Sir William: "Oh! Sir William‖, "thou haſt betrayed me! killed me! ſtabbed me! ſold "me to the cuckold of Dover-ſtreet! See, ſee, Clum "with his bloody knife! ſeize him, ſeize him, ſtop "him! Behold the fury with her hiſſing ſnakes! "Where's my ſon John! Is he well, is he well! poor "man, I pity him;" and abundance more of ſuch ſtrange ſtuff, that no-body could make any thing of. I knew little of the matter; for when I enquired about her health, the anſwer was, "that ſhe was in a good mo"derate way." Phyſicians were ſent for in haſte: Sir Roger, with great difficulty, brought Ratcliff; Garth came upon the firſt meſſage. There were ſeveral others called in; but, as uſual upon ſuch occaſions, they differed ſtrangely at the conſultation. At laſt they divided into two parties, one ſided with Garth, the other with Ratcliff,

* Careleſſneſs in forms and diſcipline.

† Diſpoſing of ſome preferments to libertine and unprincipled perſons.

‡ The too violent clamour about the danger of the church.

‖ Sir William, a cant name of Sir Humphry's for Lord Treaſurer Godolphin.

cliff. Dr Garth*. "This case seems to me to be plainly hysterical; the old woman is whimsical; it is a "common thing for your old women to be so; I'll pawn "my life, blisters, with the steel diet, will recover her." Others suggested strong purging, and letting of blood, because she was plethoric. Some went so far as to say the old woman was mad, and nothing would be better than a little corporal correction. Ratcliff. "Gentlemen, you "are mistaken in this case; it is plainly an acute di"stemper, and she cannot hold out three days, unless "she is supported with strong cordials." I came into the room with a good deal of concern, and asked them, what they thought of my mother? "In no manner of danger, "I avow to Gad, *quoth Garth*, the old woman is hyste"rical, fanciful, Sir, I avow to Gad." "I tell you, "Sir, *says Ratcliff*, she cannot live three days to an end, "unless there is some very effectual course taken with "her; she has a malignant fever." Then fool, puppy, and blockhead were the best words they gave. I could hardly restrain them from throwing the ink-bottles at one another's heads. I forgot to tell you, that one party of the physicians desired, I would take my sister Peg into the house to nurse her, but the old gentlewoman would not hear of that. At last one physician asked, if the lady had ever been used to take laudanum? Her maid answered, not that she knew; but indeed there was a High-German liveryman of hers, one Yan Ptschirnsooker†, that gave her a sort of quack-powder. The physician desired to see it: "Nay, says he, there is o"pium in this, I am sure."

Mrs Bull. I hope you examined a little into this matter.

J. Bull. I did indeed, and discovered a great mystery of iniquity. The witnesses made oath, that they had heard some of the Livery-men‡ frequently railing at their mistress. "They said, she was a troublesome fiddle"saddle old woman, and so ceremonious, that there was "no

* Garth, the low-church party. Ratcliff, high church party.

† Yan Ptschirnsooker, a bishop at that time, a great dealer in politics and physic.

‡ The clergy.

" no bearing of her. They were ſo plagued with bow-
" ing and cringing as they went in and out of the room,
" that their backs ached. She uſed to ſcold at one for
" his dirty ſhoes, at another for his greaſy hair, and not
" combing his head: that ſhe was ſo paſſionate and fiery
" in her temper, that there was no living with her; ſhe
" wanted ſomething to ſweeten her blood; that they ne-
" ver had a quiet night's reſt, for getting up in the morn-
" ing to early ſacraments; they wiſhed they could find
" ſome way or another to keep the old woman quiet in
" her bed." Such diſcourſes were often overheard a-
mong the livery-men, while the ſaid Yan Ptſchirnſooker had undertook this matter. A maid made affidavit,
" That ſhe had ſeen the ſaid Yan Ptſchirnſooker, one of
" the livery-men, frequently making up of medicines,
" and adminiſtring them to all the neighbours; that ſhe
" ſaw him one morning make up the powder, which her
" miſtreſs took; that ſhe had the curioſity to aſk him,
" whence he had the ingredients? they come, ſays he,
" from ſeveral parts of de world; dis I have from Ge-
" neva, dat from Rome, this white powder from Am-
" ſterdam, and the red from Edinburgh; but the chief
" ingredient of all comes from Turkey." It was like-
wiſe proved, that the ſaid Yan Ptſchirnſooker had been frequently ſeen at the Roſe with Jack, who was known to bear an inveterate ſpite to his miſtreſs; that he brought a certain powder to his miſtreſs, which the examinant believes to be the ſame, and ſpoke the following words:
" Madam, here is grand ſecret van de world, my ſweet-
" ening powder, it does temperate de humour, deſpel.
" the windt, and cure de vapour, it lulleth and quiet-
" eth the animal ſpirits, procuring reſt and pleaſant
" dreams: it is de infallible receipt for de ſcurvy, all
" heats in de bloodt, and breaking out upon the ſkin:
" it is de true blood-ſtancher, ſtopping all fluxes of de
" bloodt: if you do take dis, you will never ail any
" ding; it will cure you of all diſeaſes:" and abundance more to this purpoſe, which the examinant does not remember.

JOHN BULL was interrupted in his ſtory by a porter, that brought him a letter from Nicholas Frog, which is as follows.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

A copy of Nic. Frog's letter to John Bull†.

[*John Bull reads.*]

FRIEND JOHN,

" WHAT ſchellum is this, that makes thee jealous " of thy old friend Nicholas? Haſt thou forgot " how ſome years ago he took thee out of the ſpunging-" houſe‡?" [It is true, my friend Nic did ſo, and I thank him; but he made me pay a ſwinging reckoning] " Thou beginneſt now to repent thy bargain, that thou " waſt ſo fond of; and, if thou durſt, wouldſt forſwear " thy own hand and ſeal. Thou ſayſt, that thou haſt " purchaſed me too great an eſtate already; when, at " the ſame time, thou knoweſt I have only a mortgage: " it is true, I have poſſeſſion, and the tenants own me " for maſter; but has not Eſquire South the equity of " redemption?" [No doubt, and will redeem it very ſpeedily; poor Nic. has only poſſeſſion, eleven points of the law.] " As for the turnpikes‖, I have ſet up, they " are for other people, not for my friend John; I " have ordered my ſervant conſtantly to attend, to let " thy carriages thro' without paying any thing; only I " hope thou wilt not come too heavy laden to ſpoil my " ways. Certainly I have juſt cauſe of offence againſt thee, " my friend, for ſuppoſing it poſſible that thou and I " ſhould ever quarrel: what houndsfoot is it that puts " theſe whims in thy head? Ten thouſand laſt of devils " haul me, if I don't love thee as I love my life." [No queſtion, as the devil loves holy water!] " Does not " thy own hand and ſeal oblige thee to purchaſe for me, " till I ſay it is enough? Are not theſe words plain? I ſay " it is not enough. Doſt thou think thy friend Nicholas " Frog made a child's bargain; Mark the words of thy contract,

† A letter from the S—s G—l.
‡ Alluding to the Revolution.
‖ The Dutch prohibition of trade.

" contract, *tota pecunia*, with all thy money." [Very well! I have purchaſed with my own money, my childrens, and my grand-childrens money, is not that enough? Well, *tota pecunia* let it be, for, at preſent, I have none at all: he would not have me purchaſe with other people's money ſure; ſince *tota pecunia* is the bargain. I think it is plain, no more money, no more purchaſe.] " And whatever the world may ſay. Nicholas Frog is but " a poor man in compariſon of the rich, the opulent " John Bull, great clothier of the world. I have had " many loſſes, ſix of my beſt ſheep were drowned, and " the water has come into my cellar, and ſpoiled a pipe " of my beſt brandy: it would be a more friendly act in " thee to carry a brief about the country to repair " the loſſes of thy poor friend. Is it not evident to all " the world, that I am ſtill hemmed in by Lewis Baboon? " Is he not juſt upon my borders?" [And ſo he will be, if I purchaſe a thouſand acres more, unleſs he get ſomebody betwixt them.] " I tell thee, friend John, " thou haſt flatterers, that perſuade thee that thou art a " man of buſineſs: do not believe them: if thou wouldſt " ſtill leave thy affairs in my hands, thou ſhouldſt ſee how " handſomely I would deal by thee. That ever thou " ſhouldſt be dazzled with the inchanted iſlands. and " mountains of gold, that old Lewis promiſes thee! " 'Dſwounds! why doſt thou not lay out thy money to " purchaſe a place at court, of honeſt Iſrael? I tell thee, " thou muſt not ſo much as think of a compoſition." [Not think of a compoſition, that's hard indeed; I cannot help thinking of it, if I would] " Thou complain- " eſt of want of money; let thy wife and daughters burn " the gold lace of their petticoats; ſell thy fat cattle; re- " trench but a ſirloin of beef and a peck-loaf in a week " from thy gormandizing gutts." [Retrench my beef, a dog! retrench my beef! then it is plain the raſcal has an ill deſign upon me, he would ſtarve me] " Mort- " gage thy manor of Bullock's-hatch. or pawn thy crop " for ten years." [A rogue! part with my country ſeat, my patrimony, all that I have left in the world; I'll ſee him hanged firſt.] " Why haſt thou changed thy at- " torney? Can any man manage thy cauſe better for thee?" [Very *pleaſant!* becauſe a man has a good attorney, he muſt

muſt never make an end of his law-ſuit.] "Ah John! "John! I wiſh thou kneweſt thy own mind; thou art "as fickle as the wind. I tell thee, thou hadſt better let "this compoſition alone, or leave it to thy

Loving friend,

NIC. FROG.

CHAP. X.

Of ſome extraordinary things†, that paſſed at the Salutation tavern, in the conference between Bull, Frog, Eſquire South, and Lewis Baboon.

FROG had given his word, that he would meet the above mentioned company at the Salutation to talk of this agreement. Tho' he durſt not directly break his appointment, he made many a ſhuffling excuſe; one time he pretended to be ſeized with the gout in his right knee; then he got a great cold, that had ſtruck him deaf of one ear; afterwards two of his coach-horſes fell ſick, and he durſt not go by water for fear of catching an ague. John would take no excuſe, but hurried him away: "Come Nic. *ſays he*, let's go and hear at leaſt what this "old fellow has to propoſe? I hope there's no hurt in "that. Be it ſo, *quoth Nic.* But if I catch any harm, "woe be to you; my wife and children will curſe you "as long as they live." When they were come to the Salutation, John concluded all was ſure then, and that he ſhould be troubled no more with law affairs; he thought every body as plain and ſincere as he was. "Well, neighbours, *quoth he*, let's now make an end "of all matters, and live peaceably together for the "time to come; if every body is as well inclined as I, "we ſhall quickly come to the upſhot of our affair."

And

† The treaty of Utrecht: the difficulty to get them to meet. When met, the Dutch would not ſpeak their ſentiments, nor *the French* deliver in their propoſals. The houſe of Auſtria talked very high.

And ſo pointing to Frog to ſay ſomething, to the great ſurpriſe of all the company, Frog was ſeized with a dead palſy in the tongue. John began to aſk him ſome plain queſtions, and whooped and hollowed in his ear. "Let's "come to the point. Nic! who wouldſt thou have to "be Lord Strutt? Wouldſt thou have Philip Baboon?" Nic. ſhook his head, and ſaid nothing. "Wilt thou "then have Eſquire South to be Lord Strutt?" Nic. ſhook his head a ſecond time. "Then who the devil "wilt thou have? ſay ſomething or another." Nic. opened his mouth, and pointed to his tongue, and cried, "A, a, a, a!" which was as much as to ſay, he could not ſpeak. John Bull.] "Shall I ſerve Philip Baboon "with broad-cloth, and accept of the compoſition that "he offers, with the liberty of his parks and fiſh ponds?" Then Nic roared like a bull, "O, o, o, o!" John Bull.] "If thou wilt not let me have them, wilt thou "take them thyſelf?" Then Nic. grinned, cackled, and laughed, till he was like to kill himſelf, and ſeemed to be ſo pleaſed, that he fell a friſking and dancing about the room. John Bull.] "Shall I leave all this "matter to thy management, Nic. and go about my bu-"ineſs?" Then Nic. got up a glaſs, and drank to John, ſhaking him by the hand, till he had like to have ſhook his ſhoulder out of joint. John Bull] "I un-"derſtand thee, Nic but I ſhall make thee ſpeak be-"fore I go." Then Nic. put his finger in his cheek, and made it cry *Buck*: which was as much as to ſay, I care not a farthing for thee. John Bull] "I have done Nic. "if thou wilt not ſpeak, I'll make my own terms with "old Lewis here." Then Nic. lolled out his tongue, and turned up his bum to him; which was as much as to ſay, kiſs———

JOHN perceiving that Frog would not ſpeak, turns to old Lewis: "Since we cannot make this obſtinate fel-"low ſpeak, Lewis, pray condeſcend a little to his hu-"mour, and ſet down thy meaning upon paper, that he "may anſwer it in another ſcrap."

"I am infinitely ſorry, *quoth Lewis*, that it happens "ſo unfortunately; for playing a little at cudgels the "other day, a fellow has given me ſuch a rap over the "right-arm, that I am quite lame: I have loſt the uſe

" of my fore-finger and my thumb, ſo that I cannot hold " my pen."

J. Bull. " That's all one, let me write for you."

Lewis. " But I have a misfortune, that I cannot read " any body's hand but my own "

J. Bull. " Try what you can do with your left-hand."

Lewis. " That's impoſſible; it will make ſuch a ſcrawl, " that it will not be legible."

As they were talking of this matter, in came Eſquire South*, all dreſſed up in feathers and ribbons, ſtark ſtaring mad, brandiſhing his ſword, as if he would have cut off their heads; crying. " Room, room, boys, for the " grand Eſquire of the world! the flower of Eſquires! " What! covered in my preſence? I'll cruſh your ſouls, " and crack you like lice!" With that he had like to have ſtruck John Bull's hat into the fire; but John, who was pretty ſtrong fiſted, gave him ſuch a ſqueeze as made his eyes water. He went on ſtill in his mad pranks; " When I am Lord of the univerſe, the ſun ſhall pro- " ſtrate and adore me! Thou, Frog, ſhalt be my bai- " liff; Lewis my taylor; and thou, John Bull, ſhalt be " my fool!"

ALL this while Frog laughed in his ſleeve, gave the Eſquire t'other noggan of brandy, and clapped him on the back, which made him ten times madder.

POOR John ſtood in amaze, talking thus to himſelf: " Well, John, thou art got into rare company! One has " a dumb devil, the other a mad devil, and the third a " ſpirit of infirmity. An honeſt man has a fine time " on't among ſuch rogues. What art thou aſking of " them, after all? Some mighty boon one would think! " only to ſit quietly at thy own fire-ſide. 'Sdeath, what " have I to do with ſuch fellows! John Bull, after all " his loſſes and croſſes, can live better without them, " than they can without him. Would to God I lived " a thouſand leagues off them! but the devil's in't, " John Bull is in, and John Bull muſt get out as well as " he can."

As

* The Archduke was now become Emperor of Germany: being unanimouſly elected upon the death of Joſeph I.

As he was talking to himſelf, he obſerved Frog and old Lewis edging towards one another to whiſper*; ſo that John was forced to ſit with his arms a-kimbo, to keep them aſunder.

Some people adviſed John to blood Frog under the tongue, or to take away his bread and butter, which would certainly make him ſpeak; to give Eſquire South hellebore; as for Lewis, ſome were for emollient pulteſſes, others for opening his arm with an inciſion knife.

CHAP. XI. †

The apprehending, examination, and impriſonment of Jack for ſuſpicion of poiſoning.

THE attentive reader cannot have forgot, that the ſtory of Yan Ptſchirnſooker's powder was interrupted by a meſſage from Frog. I have a natural compaſſion for curioſity, being much troubled with the diſtemper myſelf; therefore to gratify that uneaſy itching ſenſation in my reader, I have procured the following account of that matter.

Yan Ptſchirnſooker came off (as rogues uſually do upon ſuch occaſions) by peaching his partner; and being extremely

X 2

* Some attempts of ſecret negotiation between the French and the Dutch.

† The receiving the holy ſacrament as adminiſtred by the church of England once at leaſt in every year, having been made a neceſſary qualification for places of truſt and profit, many of the diſſenters came to the altar merely for this purpoſe. A bill to prevent this practice had been three times brought into the houſe and rejected, under the title of *A bill to prevent occaſional conformity*. But the Earl of Nottingham having brought it in a fourth time under another name, and with the addition of ſuch clauſes as were ſaid to enlarge the toleration, and to be a further ſecurity to the proteſtant ſucceſſion, the Whigs, whoſe cauſe the Earl then appeared to eſpouſe, were perſuaded to concur; ſome, becauſe they were indeed willing that the bill ſhould paſs, and others, becauſe they believed the Earl of Oxford would at laſt procure it to be thrown out. The four following chapters contain the hiſtory of this tranſaction.

tremely forward to bring him to the gallows. Jack was accuſed as the contriver of all the roguery *. And indeed it happened unfortunately for the poor fellow, that he was known to bear a moſt inveterate ſpight againſt the old gentlewoman: and conſequently, that never any ill accident happened to her, but he was ſuſpected to be at the bottom of it. If ſhe pricked her finger, Jack, to be ſure, laid the pin in the way; if ſome noiſe in the ſtreet diſturbed her reſt, who could it be but Jack in ſome of his nocturnal rambles? If a ſervant ran away, Jack had debauched him: every idle tittle tattle that went about, Jack was always ſuſpected for the author of it: however, all was nothing to this laſt affair of the temperating, moderating powder.

THE hue and cry went after Jack to apprehend him dead or alive where ever he could be found. The conſtables looked out for him in all his uſual haunts; but to no purpoſe. Where d'ye think they found him at laſt? Even ſmoaking his pipe very quietly at his brother Martin's; from whence he was carried with a vaſt mob at his heels before the worſhipful Mr Juſtice Overdo. Several of his neighbours made oath, that of late the priſoner † had been obſerved to lead a very diſſolute life, renouncing even his uſual hypocriſy, and pretences to ſobriety: that he frequented taverns and eating-houſes, and had been often guilty of drunkenneſs and gluttony at my Lord Mayor's table: that he had been ſeen in the company of lewd women: that he had transferred his uſual care of the engroſſed copy of his father's will, to bank-bills, orders for tallies, and debentures ‡: theſe he now affirmed, with more literal truth, to be *meat* ||, *drink, and cloth, the philoſopher's ſtone, and the univerſal medicine:* that he was ſo far from ſhewing his cuſtomary reverence to the *will*, that he kept company with thoſe

* All the misfortunes of the church charged upon the preſbyterian party.

† The manners of the diſſenters changed from their former ſtrictneſs.

‡ Dealing much in ſtock-jobbing.

|| Tale of a Tub.

thoſe that called his father a cheating rogue, and his will a forgery †: that he not only ſat quietly and heard his father railed at, but often chimed in with the diſcourſe, and hugged the authors as his boſom friends; "That inſtead of aſking for blows ‡ at the corners of the "ſtreets," he now beſtowed them as plentifully as he begged them before. In ſhort, that he was grown a mere rake; and had nothing left in him of old Jack, except his ſpight to John Bull's mother.

ANOTHER witneſs made oath, That Jack had been overheard bragging of a trick || he had found out to manage the *old formal jade*, as he uſed to call her. "Damn "this numb ſkull of mine, *quoth he*, that I could not light "on it ſooner. As long as I go in this ragged tattered "coat, I am ſo well known, that I am hunted away "from the old woman's door by every barking cur a-"bout the houſe; they bid me defiance. There's no "doing miſchief as an open enemy, I muſt find ſome "way or other of getting within doors, and then I ſhall "have better opportunities of playing my pranks, be-"ſides the benefit of good keeping."

Two witneſſes ſwore ‡‡, that ſeveral years ago, there came to their miſtreſs's door a young fellow in a tattered coat, that went by the name of Timothy Trim, whom they did in their conſcience believe to be the very priſoner, reſembling him in ſhape, ſtature, and the features of his countenance: that the ſaid Timothy Trim being taken into the family, clapped their miſtreſs's livery over his own tattered coat: that the ſaid Timothy was extremely officious about their miſtreſs's perſon, endeavouring by flattery and tale-bearing to ſet her againſt the reſt of the ſervants: no-body was ſo ready to fetch any thing that was wanted, to reach what was dropt: that he uſed to ſhove and elbow his fellow-ſervants to get near his miſtreſs, eſpecially when money was a paying or receiving;

† Herding with deiſts and atheiſts.

‡ Tale of a Tub.

|| Getting into places and church preferments by occaſional conformity.

‡‡ Betraying the intereſts of the church, when got into preferments.

then he was never out of the way: that he was extremely diligent about every body's buſineſs, but his own: that the ſaid Timothy, while he was in the family, uſed to be playing roguiſh tricks; when his miſtreſs's back was turned, he would loll out his tongue, make mouths, and laugh at her, walking behind her like Harlequin, ridiculing her motions and geſtures; but if his miſtreſs looked about, he put on a grave, demure countenance, as if he had been in a fit of devotion: that he uſed often to trip up ſtairs ſo ſmoothly, that you could not hear him tread, and put all things out of order: that he would pinch the children and ſervants, when he met them in the dark, ſo hard, that he left the print of his forefinger and his thumb in black and blue, and then ſlink into a corner, as if no-body had done it: out of the ſame malicious deſign he uſed to lay chairs and joint-ſtools in their way, that they might break their noſes by falling over them: the more young and unexperienced he uſed to teach to talk ſaucily, and call names: during his ſtay in the family, there was much plate miſſing; being catched with a couple of ſilver ſpoons in his pocket, with their handles wrenched off, he ſaid, he was only going to carry them to the goldſmith's to be mended: that the ſaid Timothy was hated by all the honeſt ſervants for his ill-conditioned, ſplenetic tricks, but eſpecially for his ſlanderous tongue: traducing them to their miſtreſs as drunkards, thieves, and whore-maſters: that the ſaid Timothy by lying ſtories uſed to ſet all the family together by the ears, taking delight to make them fight and quarrel; particularly one day ſitting at table *, he ſpoke words to this effect: "I am of opinion, *quoth he*, that little ſhort "fellows, ſuch as we are, have better hearts, and could "beat the tall fellows; I wiſh it came to a fair trial; I "believe theſe long fellows, as ſlightly as they are, "ſhould find their jackets well thwacked."

A parcel of tall fellows, who thought themſelves affronted by the diſcourſe, took up the quarrel, and to it they went, the tall men and the low men, which continues ſtill a faction in the family, to the great diſorder of our

* The original of the diſtinction in the names of Low-church-men and High-church-men.

our miſtreſs's affairs: the ſaid Timothy carried this frolick ſo far, that he propoſed to his miſtreſs, that ſhe ſhould entertain no ſervant that was above four foot ſeven inches high; and for that purpoſe had prepared a gage, by which they were to be meaſured. The good old gentlewoman was not ſo ſimple, as to go into his project; ſhe began to ſmell a rat. "This Trim, *quoth ſhe*, "is an odd ſort of a fellow; methinks he makes a ſtrange "figure with that ragged, tattered coat, appearing under "his livery; cannot he go ſpruce and clean, like the reſt "of the ſervants? the fellow has a roguiſh leer with him, "which I do not like by any means; beſides, he has ſuch "a twang in his diſcourſe, and an ungraceful way of "ſpeaking thro' the noſe, that one can hardly underſtand him; I wiſh the fellow be not tainted with ſome "bad diſeaſe." The witneſſes farther made oath, that the ſaid Timothy lay out a-nights, and went abroad often at unſeaſonable hours; and it was credibly reported, he did buſineſs in another family: that he pretended to have a ſqueamiſh ſtomach, and could not eat at table with the reſt of the ſervants, tho' this was but a pretence to provide ſome nice bit for himſelf; that he refuſed to dine upon ſalt-fiſh, only to have an opportunity to eat a calf's head (his favourite diſh) in private; that for all his tender ſtomach, when he was got by himſelf, he could devour capons, turkeys, and ſurloins of beef, like a cormorant.

Two other witneſſes gave the following evidence: that in his officious attendance upon his miſtreſs, he had tried to ſlip a powder into her drink; and that he was once catched endeavouring to ſtifle her with a pillow as ſhe was aſleep: that he and Ptſchirnſooker were often in cloſe conference, and that they uſed to drink together at the Roſe, where it ſeems he was well enough known by his true name of Jack.

THE priſoner had little to ſay in his defence; he endeavoured to prove himſelf *alibi*; ſo that the trial turned upon this ſingle queſtion, whether the ſaid Timothy Trim and Jack were the ſame perſon; which was proved by ſuch plain tokens, and particularly by a mole under the left pap, that there was no withſtanding the evidence; there-

therefore the worſhipful Mr Juſtice committed him, in order to his trial.

CHAP. XII.

How Jack's friends came to viſit him in priſon, and what advice they gave him.

JACK hitherto had paſſed in the world for a poor, ſimple, well-meaning, half-witted, crack-brained fellow. People were ſtrangely ſurprized to find him in ſuch a roguery; that he ſhould diſguiſe himſelf under a falſe name, hire himſelf out for a ſervant to an old gentlewoman, only for an opportunity to poiſon her. They ſaid, that it was more generous to profeſs open enmity, than under a profound diſſimulation to be guilty of ſuch a ſcandalous breach of truſt, and of the ſacred rights of hoſpitality. In ſhort, the action was univerſally condemned by his beſt friends; they told him in plain terms, that this was come as a judgment upon him for his looſe life, his gluttony, drunkenneſs, and avarice, for laying aſide his father's *will* in an old mouldy trunk, and turning ſtock-jobber, news-monger and buſy body, meddling with other people's affairs, ſhaking off his old ſerious friends, and keeping company with buffoons and pick-pockets, his father's ſworn enemies: that he had beſt throw himſelf upon the mercy of the court; repent, and change his manners. To ſay truth, Jack heard theſe diſcourſes with ſome compunction; however, he reſolved to try what his new acquaintance would do for him: they ſent Habbakkuk Slyboots *, who delivered him the following meſſage, as the peremptory commands of his truſty companions.

Habbakkuk. Dear Jack, I am ſorry for thy misfortune: matters have not been carried on with due ſecrecy; however we muſt make the beſt of a bad bargain; thou art in the utmoſt jeopardy, that is certain; hang, draw, and quarter,

* Habbakkuk Slyboots, a certain great man who perſuaded the *diſſenters* to conſent to the bill againſt occaſional *conformity*, as being for their intereſt.

quarter, are the gentleſt things they talk of. However, thy faithful friends, ever watchful for thy ſecurity, bid me tell thee, that they have one infallible expedient left to ſave thy life: thou muſt know, we have got into ſome underſtanding with the enemy, by the means of Don Diego; he aſſures us there is no mercy for thee, and that there is only one way left to eſcape; it is indeed ſomewhat out of the common road; however, be aſſured it is the reſult of moſt mature deliberation.

Jack. Prithee tell me quickly, for my heart is ſunk down into the very bottom of my belly.

Hab. It is the unanimous opinion of your friends, that you *make as if you hanged yourſelf* *; they will give it out that you are quite dead, and convey your body out of priſon in a bier; and John Bull, being buſied with his law-ſuit, will not inquire further into the matter.

Jack. How d'ye mean, make as if I hanged myſelf?

Hab. Nay, you muſt really hang yourſelf up, in a true genuine rope, that there may appear no trick in it, and leave the reſt to your friends.

Jack. Truly this is a matter of ſome concern; and my friends, I hope, won't take it ill, if I inquire a little into the means by which they intend to deliver me: a rope and a nooſe are no jeſting matters!

Hab. Why ſo miſtruſtful? haſt thou ever found us falſe to thee? I tell thee, there is one ready to cut thee down.

Jack. May I preſume to aſk who it is, that is entruſted with ſo important an office?

Hab. Is there no end of thy how's and thy why's? *That's a ſecret.*

Jack. A ſecret, perhaps, that I may be ſafely truſted with, for I am not like to tell it again. I tell you plainly, it is no ſtrange thing for a man, before he hangs himſelf up, to inquire who is to cut him down.

Hab. Thou ſuſpicious creature! if thou muſt needs know it, I tell thee it is Sir Roger †: he has been in tears

* Conſent to the bill againſt *occaſional conformity*.

† It was given out, that the Earl of Oxford would oppoſe the occaſional bill, and ſo loſe his credit with the Tories; and the *diſſenters did believe* he would not ſuffer it to paſs.

tears ever ſince thy misfortune. Don Diego and we have laid it ſo, that he is to be in the next room, and before the rope is well about thy neck, reſt ſatisfied, he will break in and cut thee down: fear not old boy; we'll do it, I'll warrant thee.

Jack. So I muſt hang myſelf up, upon hopes that Sir Roger will cut me down, and all this upon the credit of Don Diego: a fine ſtratagem indeed to ſave my life, that depends upon hanging, Don Diego, and Sir Roger!

Hab. I tell thee there is a *myſtery* in all this, my friend, a piece of profound *policy*; if thou kneweſt what good this will do to the *common cauſe*, thy heart would leap for joy: I am ſure thou wouldſt not delay the experiment one moment.

Jack. This is to the tune of *all for the better*. What's your cauſe to me, when I am hanged?

Hab. Refractory mortal! If thou wilt not truſt thy friends, take what follows; know aſſuredly, before next full-moon, that thou wilt be hung up in chains, or thy quarters perching upon the moſt conſpicuous places of the kingdom. Nay, I don't believe they will be contented with hanging; they talk of empaling, or breaking on the wheel; and thou chuſeſt that, before a gentle ſuſpending of thyſelf for one minute. Hanging is not ſo painful a thing as thou imagineſt. I have ſpoke with ſeveral, that have undergone it; they all agree it is no manner of uneaſineſs: be ſure thou take good notice of the ſymptoms, the relation will be curious. It is but a kick or two with thy heels, and a wry mouth or ſo: Sir Roger will be with thee in the twinkling of an eye.

Jack. But what if Sir Roger ſhould not come; will my friends be there to ſuccour me?

Hab. Doubt it not; I will provide every thing againſt to-morrow morning; do thou keep thy own ſecret; ſay nothing: I tell thee, it is abſolutely neceſſary for the common good, that thou ſhouldſt go thro' this operation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

How Jack hanged himſelf up by the perſuaſion of his friends, who broke their words, and left his neck in the nooſe.

JACK was a profeſſed enemy to *implicit faith*, and yet I dare ſay it was never more ſtrongly exerted, nor more baſely abuſed, than upon this occaſion. He was now with his old friends, in the ſtate of a poor diſbanded officer after a peace, or rather a wounded ſoldier after a battle; like an old favourite of a cunning miniſter after the job is over; or a decayed beauty to a cloyed lover in queſt of new game; or like a hundred ſuch things, that one ſees every day. There were new intrigues, new views, new projects on foot; Jack's life was the purchaſe of Diego's friendſhip *, much good may it do them. The intereſt of Hocus and Sir William Crawley, which was now more at heart, made this operation upon poor Jack abſolutely neceſſary. You may eaſily gueſs, that his reſt that night was but ſmall, and much diſturbed; however, the remaining part of his time he did not employ (as his cuſtom was formerly) in prayer, meditation, or ſinging a double verſe of a pſalm; but amuſed himſelf with diſpoſing of his bank-ſtock. Many a doubt, many a qualm overſpread his clouded imagination: "Muſt I "then, *quoth he*, hang up my own perſonal, natural, "individual ſelf, with theſe two hands! *Durus ſermo!* "What if I ſhould be cut down, as my friends tell me? "There is ſomething infamous in the very attempt; the "world will conclude, I had a guilty conſcience Is it "poſſible that good man, Sir Roger, can have ſo much "pity upon an unfortunate ſcoundrel, that has perſecu-"ted him ſo many years? No, it cannot be; I don't love "favours that paſs thro' Don Diego's hands. On "the other ſide, my blood chills about my heart at the "thought

* The Earl of Nottingham made the concurrence of the whigs *to bring in* and carry this bill, one of the conditions of *his engaging in their cauſe.*

" thought of these rogues, with their bloody hands grab-
" bling in my guts, and pulling out my very entrails;
" hang it, for once I'll trust my friends." So Jack resolved; but he had done more wisely to have put himself upon the trial of his country, and made his defence in form; many things happen between the cup and the lip; witnesses might have been bribed, juries managed, or prosecutions stopped. But so it was, Jack for this time had a sufficient stock of implicit faith, which led him to his ruin, as the sequel of the story shews.

AND now the fatal day was come, in which he was to try this hanging experiment. His friends did not fail him at the appointed hour, to see it put in practice. Habbakkuk brought him a smooth, strong, tough rope, made of many a ply of wholesome Scandinavian hemp, compactly twisted together, with a noose that slipt as glib as a bird catcher's gin. Jack shrunk and grew pale at first sight of it; he handled it, he measured it, stretched it, fixed it against the iron bar of the window to try its strength; but no familiarity could reconcile him to it. He found fault with the length, the thickness, and the twist; nay, the very colour did not please him. " Will
" nothing less than hanging serve, *quoth Jack?* Won't
" my enemies take bail for my good behaviour? Will
" they accept of a fine, or be satisfied with the pillory
" and imprisonment, a good round whipping, or burn-
" ing in the cheek?"

Hab. Nothing but your blood will appease their rage; make haste, else we shall be discovered. There's nothing like surprising the rogues: how will they be disappointed, when they hear that thou hast prevented their revenge, and hanged thine own self?

Jack. That's true; but what if I should do it in effigies? Is there never an old Pope or Pretender to hang up in my stead? we are not so unlike, but it may pass.

Hab. That can never be put upon Sir Roger.

Jack. Are you sure he is in the next room? Have you provided a very sharp knife, in case of the worst?

Hab. Dost take me for a common liar? be satisfied, no damage can happen to your person; your friends will take care of that.

Jack. Mayn't I quilt my rope? It galls my neck strangely;

ſtrangely: beſides, I don't like this running knot, it holds too tight; I may be ſtifled all of a ſudden.

Hab. Thou haſt ſo many *if's* and *and's*; prithee diſpatch; it might have been over before this time.

Jack. But now I think on't, I would fain ſettle ſome affairs, for fear of the worſt: have a little patience.

Hob. There's no having patience, thou art ſuch a faintling ſilly creature.

Jack. O thou moſt deteſtable, abominable *paſſive obedience!* did I ever imagine, I ſhould become thy votary in ſo pregnant an inſtance! How will my brother Martin laugh at this ſtory, to ſee himſelf out-done in his own calling? He has taken the doctrine, and left me the practice.

No ſooner had he uttered thoſe words, but like a man of true courage, he tied the fatal cord to the beam, fitted the nooſe, and mounted upon the bottom of a tub, the inſide of which he had often graced in his proſperous days. This footſtool Habbakkuk kicked away, and left poor Jack ſwinging, like the pendulum of Paul's clock. The fatal nooſe performed its office, and with the moſt ſtrict ligature ſqueezed the blood into his face, till it aſſumed a purple dye. While the poor man heaved from the very bottom of his belly for breath, Habbakkuk walked with great deliberation into both the upper and lower room to acquaint his friends, who received the news with great temper, and with jeers and ſcoffs inſtead of pity. "Jack has hanged himſelf, *quoth they!* let us "go and ſee how the poor rogue ſwings." Then they called Sir Roger. "Sir Roger, *quoth Habbakkuk*, Jack "has hanged himſelf, make haſte and cut him down." Sir Roger turned firſt one ear, and then the other, not underſtanding what he ſaid.

Hab. I tell you, Jack has hanged himſelf up.

Sir Roger. Who's hanged?

Hab. Jack.

Sir Roger. I thought this had not been hanging day.

Hab. But the poor fellow has hanged himſelf.

Sir Roger. Then let him hang. I don't wonder at it, the fellow has been mad theſe twenty years. With this he ſlunk away.

THEN *Jack's friends* begun to hunch and puſh one another,

other, "Why don't you go and cut the poor fellow "down? Why don't you? And why don't you? Not "I, *quoth one:* Not I, *quoth another*; Not I, *quoth a* "*third:* he may hang till doom's day before I relieve "him." Nay, it is credibly reported, that they were so far from succouring their poor friend in this his dismal circumstance, that Ptschirnsooker and several of his companions went in and pulled him by the legs, and thumped him on the breast. Then they began to rail at him for the very thing, which they had advised and justified before, *viz.* his getting into the old gentlewoman's family, and putting on her livery. The keeper, who performed the last office, coming up, found Jack swinging with no life in him; he took down the body gently, and laid it on a bulk, and brought out the rope to the company. "This, gentlemen, is the rope that hanged Jack; what "must be done with it?" Upon which they ordered it to be laid among the curiosities of Gresham-College*, and it is called *Jack's rope* to this very day. However, Jack after all had some small tokens of life in him, but lies at this time past hope of a total recovery, with his head hanging on one shoulder, without speech or motion. The coroner's inquest supposing him to be dead, brought him in *non compos*.

CHAP. XIV.

The conference between Don Diego and John Bull.

DURING the time of the foregoing transactions, Don Diego was entertaining John Bull.

D. Diego. I hope, Sir, this day's proceeding will convince you of the sincerity of your old friend Diego, and the treachery of Sir Roger.

J. Bull. What's the matter now?

D. Diego. You have been endeavouring, for several years, to have justice done upon that rogue Jack; but what thro' the remissness of constables, justices, and packed juries, he has always found the means to escape.

J. Bull.

* Since removed with the royal society into Crane-court in Fleetstreet.

J. Bull. What then?

D. Diego. Conſider then, who is your beſt friend; he that would have brought him to condign puniſhment, or he that has ſaved him. By my perſuaſion Jack had hanged himſelf, if Sir Roger had not cut him down.

J. Bull. Who told you, that Sir Roger has done ſo?

D. Diego. You ſeem to receive me coldly; methinks my ſervices deſerve a better return.

J. Bull. Since you value yourſelf upon hanging this poor ſcoundrel, I tell you, when I have any more hanging work, I'll ſend for thee: I have ſome better employment for Sir Roger: in the mean time, I deſire the poor fellow may be looked after. When he firſt came out of the north country into my family, under the pretended name of Timothy Trim, the fellow ſeemed to mind his loom and his ſpinning-wheel, 'till ſomebody turned his head; then he grew ſo pragmatical, that he took upon him the government of my whole family: I could never order any thing within or without doors, but he muſt be always giving his counſel, forſooth: nevertheleſs, tell him, I will forgive what is paſt; and if he would mind his buſineſs for the future, and not meddle out of his own ſphere, he will find, that John Bull is not of a cruel diſpoſition.

D. Diego. Yet all your ſkilful phyſicians ſay, that nothing can recover your mother, but a piece of Jack's liver boiled in her ſoupe.

J. Bull. Thoſe are quacks: my mother abhors ſuch cannibals food: ſhe is in perfect health at preſent: I would have given many a good pound to have had her ſo well ſome time ago. There are indeed two or three troubleſome old nurſes *, that, becauſe they believe I am tender-hearted, will never let me have a quiet night's reſt with knocking me up: "Oh, Sir, your mother is "taken extremely ill! ſhe is fallen into a fainting-fit! "ſhe has a great emptineſs, wants ſuſtenance!" This is only to recommend themſelves for their great care: John Bull, as ſimple as he is, underſtands a little of a pulſe.

* *New clamours* about the danger of the church.

CHAP. XV.

The ſequel of the meeting at the Salutation *,

WHERE I think I left John Bull, ſitting between Nic. Frog and Lewis Baboon, with his arms akimbo, in great concern to keep Lewis and Nic. aſunder. As watchful as he was, Nic. found the means now and then to ſteal a whiſper, and by a cleanly conveyance under the table to ſlip a ſhort note into Lewis's hand; which Lewis as ſlily put into John's pocket, with a pinch or a jog, to warn him what he was about. John had the curioſity to retire into a corner to peruſe theſe *billet doux* † of Nic.'s; wherein he found, that Nic. had uſed great freedoms both with his intereſt and reputation. One contained theſe words: "Dear Lewis, thou ſeeſt clearly, that "this blockhead can never bring his matters to bear: "let thee and me talk to-night by ourſelves at the Roſe, "and I'll give thee ſatisfaction." Another was thus expreſſed; "Friend Lewis, has thy ſenſe quite forſaken "thee, to make Bull ſuch offers? Hold faſt, part with "nothing, and I will give thee a better bargain, I'll "warrant thee."

In ſome of his billets he told Lewis, "That John Bull "was under his guardianſhip; that the beſt part of his "ſervants were at his command; that he could have John "gagged and bound whenever he pleaſed by the people "of his own family." In all theſe epiſtles, blockhead, dunce, aſs, coxcomb, were the beſt epithets he gave poor John. In others he threatened, "That he ‡, Eſquire "South, and the reſt of the tradeſmen, would lay Lewis "down upon his back and beat out his teeth, if he did "not retire immediately, and break up the meeting."

I fancy I need not tell my reader, that John often changed

* At the congreſs of Utrecht.

† Some offers of the Dutch at that time, in order to get the negotiation into their hands.

‡ Threatening that the allies would carry on the war, without the help of the Engliſh.

changed colour as he read, and that his fingers itched to give Nic. a good ſlap on the chops; but he wiſely moderated his choleric temper. "I ſaved this fellow, *quoth* "*he*, from the gallows, when he ran away from his laſt "maſter †, becauſe I thought he was harſhly treated; "but the rogue was no ſooner ſafe under my protection, "than he began to lie, pilfer, and ſteal like the devil ‡. "When I firſt ſet him up in a warm houſe, he had hard"ly put up his ſign, when he began to debauch my beſt "cuſtomers from me. Then it was his conſtant practice "to rob my fiſh-ponds ‡, not only to feed his family, "but to trade with the fiſhmongers: I connived at the "fellow, till he began to tell me, that they were his as "much as mine. In my manor of Eaſtcheap ‡, becauſe "it lay at ſome diſtance from my conſtant inſpection, he "broke down my fences, robbed my orchards, and beat "my ſervants. When I uſed to reprimand him for his "tricks, he would talk faucily, lie, and brazen it out, as "if he had done nothing amiſs. Will nothing cure thee "of thy pranks, Nic. *quoth I?* I ſhall be forced ſome "time or other to chaſtiſe thee. The rogue got up "his cane, and threatened me, and was well thwacked "for his pains. But I think his behaviour at this time "worſt of all; after I have almoſt drowned myſelf to "keep his head above water, he would leave me ſtick"ing in the mud, truſting to his goodneſs to help me "out. After I have beggared myſelf with his trouble"ſome law-ſuit, with a pox to him, he takes it in migh"ty dudgeon, becauſe I have brought him here to end "matters amicably, and becauſe I won't let him make "me over by deed and indenture as his lawful cully; "which to my certain knowledge he has attempted ſe"veral times. But, after all, canſt thou gather grapes "from thorns? Nic. does not pretend to be a gentle"man; he is a tradeſman, a ſelf-ſeeking wretch; but "how cameſt thou to bear all this, John? The reaſon

† The King of Spain, whoſe yoke the Dutch threw off with the aſſiſtance of the Engliſh.

‡‡ Complaints againſt the Dutch for encroachments in trade, fiſhery, Eaſt Indies, &c. The war with the Dutch on theſe accounts.

" is plain; thou conferreſt the benefits, and he receives " them; the firſt produces love, and the laſt ingratitude. " Ah! Nic. Nic. thou art a damned dog, that's certain; " thou knoweſt too well, that I will take care of thee; " elſe thou wouldſt not uſe me thus. I won't give thee " up, it is true; but as true as it is, thou ſhalt not ſell " me, according to thy laudable cuſtom." While John was deep in this ſoliloquy, Nic. broke out into the following proteſtation.

GENTLEMEN,

" I believe, every body here preſent will allow me to " be a very juſt and diſintereſted perſon. My friend " John Bull here is very angry with me, forſooth, be- " cauſe I won't agree to his fooliſh bargains. Now, I " declare to all mankind, I ſhould be ready to ſacrifice " my own concerns to his quiet; but the care of his in- " tereſt, and that of the honeſt *tradeſmen* † that are em- " barked with us, keeps me from entering into this com- " poſition. What ſhall become of thoſe poor creatures? " the thought of their impending ruin diſturbs my night's " reſt, therefore I deſire they may ſpeak for themſelves. " If they are willing to give up this affair, I ſhan't make " two words of it."

JOHN BULL begged him to lay aſide that immoderate concern for him; and withal put him in mind, that the intereſt of thoſe tradeſmen had not ſat quite ſo heavy upon him ſome years ago, on a like occaſion. Nic. anſwered little to that, but immediately pulled out a boatſwain's whiſtle. Upon the firſt whiff, the *tradeſmen* came jumping into the room, and began to ſurround Lewis, like ſo many yelping curs about a great boar; or, to uſe a modeſter ſimile, like duns at a great Lord's levee the morning he goes into the country. One pulled him by his ſleeve, another by the ſkirt, a third hollowed in his ear: they began to aſk him for all, that had been taken from their forefathers by ſtealth, fraud, force, or lawful purchaſe: ſome aſked for manors, others for acres, that lay convenient for them; that he would pull down his fences,

† The allies.

fences, level his ditches: all agreed in one common demand, that he ſhould be purged, ſweated, vomited, and ſtarved, till he came to a ſizeable bulk, like that of his neighbours: one modeſtly aſked him leave to call him brother; Nic. Frog demanded two things, to be his porter and his fiſhmonger, to keep the keys of his gates, and furniſh the kitchen. John's ſiſter Peg only deſired, that he would let his ſervants ſing pſalms a Sundays. Some deſcended even to the aſking of old cloaths, ſhoes, and boots, broken bottles, tobacco-pipes, and ends of candles.

"MONSIEUR Bull, *quoth Lewis*, you ſeem to be a man "of ſome breeding; for God's ſake uſe your intereſt "with theſe meſſieurs, that they would ſpeak but one at "once; for if one had a hundred pair of hands, and as "many tongues, he cannot ſatisfy them all at this rate." John begged they might proceed with ſome method; then they ſtopped all of a ſudden, and would not ſay a word. "If this be your play, *quoth John*, that we may "not be like a quaker's dumb meeting, let us begin "ſome diverſion; what d'ye think of rouly-pouly, or a "country-dance? What if we ſhould have a match at "foot-ball? I'm ſure we ſhall never end matters at this "rate."

CHAP. XVI.

How John Bull and Nic. Frog ſettled their accounts.

J. Bull. DURING this general ceſſation of talk, what if you and I, Nic. ſhould inquire how money-matters ſtand between us?

Nic. Frog. With all my heart, I love exact dealing; and let Hocus audit; he knows how the money was diſburſed.

J. Bull. I am not much for that at preſent; we'll ſettle it between ourſelves: fair and ſquare, Nic. keeps friends together. There have been laid out in this lawſuit, at one time, 36000 pounds and 40000 crowns: in ſome caſes I, in others you, bear the greateſt proportion.

Nic. Right: I pay three fifths of the greateſt number,

ber, and you pay two thirds of the leſſer number: I think this is fair and ſquare, as you call it.

J. Bull. Well, go on.

Nic. Two thirds of 36000 pounds are 24000 pounds for your ſhare, and there remains 12000 for mine. Again, of the 40000 crowns I pay 24000, which is three fifths, and you pay only 16000, which is two fifths; 24000 crowns make 6000 pounds; and 16000 crowns make 4000 pounds; 12000 and 6000 make 18000; 24000 and 4000 make 28000. So there are 18000 pounds to my ſhare of the expences, and 28000 to yours.

AFTER Nic. had bambouzled John a while about the 18000 and the 28000, John called for counters; but what with ſlight of hand, and taking from his own ſcore, and adding to John's, Nic. brought the balance always on his own ſide.

J. Bull. Nay, good friend Nic. tho' I am not quite ſo nimble in the fingers, I underſtand cyphering as well as you. I will produce you my accompts one by one, fairly writ out of my own books: and here I begin with the firſt. You muſt excuſe me, if I don't pronounce the law terms right.

[*John reads.*]

For the *expences ordinary* of the ſuits, fees, to judges, puny judges, lawyers, innumerable of all ſorts.
Of *extraordinaries*, as follows, *per* accompt.

To Eſquire South's accompt for *poſt terminum*
To *ditto* for *non eſt factum*
To *ditto* for *noli proſequi's*, *diſcontinuance*, and *retraxit*
For *writs of error*
Suits of *conditions unperformed*
To Hocus for *dedimus poteſtatem*
To *ditto* for *a capias ad computandum*
To Frog's new tenants *per* accompt to Hocus, for *audita querela's*
On the ſaid account for *writs of ejectment* and *diſtringas*
To Eſquire South's quota for a return of a *non eſt inventus*, and *nulla habet bona*.
To——for a pardon *in forma pauperis*.
To Jack for a *melius inquirendum* upon a *ſolo de ſe*

To

To coach-hire - - - -
For treats to juries and witneſſes - -

John having read over his articles, with the reſpective ſums, brought in Frog debtor to him upon the balance 3382 12 00

Then Nic. Frog pulled his bill out of his pocket, and began to read:

Nicholas Frog's accompt.

Remains to be deducted out of the former accompt.
Paid by Nic. Frog, for his ſhare of the *ordinary expence*, of the ſuit - - -
To Hocus for entries of a *rege inconſulto* - -
To John Bull's nephew for a *venire facias*, the money not yet all laid out - - -
The coach-hire for my wife and family, and the carriage of my goods during the time of this law-ſuit -
For the extraordinary expences of feeding my family during this law-ſuit - - - -
To Major Ab. - - - -
To Major Will. - - - -
And ſumming all up, found due upon the balance by John Bull to Nic. Frog, 09 04 06

J. Bull. As for your *venire facias*, I have paid you for one already; in the other I believe you will be non-ſuited. I'll take care of my nephew myſelf. Your *coach-hire* and family charges are moſt unreaſonable deductions; at that rate, I can bring in any man in the world my debtor. But who the devil are thoſe two *Majors*, that conſume all my money? I find they always run away with the balance in all accompts.

Nic. Frog. Two very honeſt gentlemen, I aſſure you, that have done me ſome ſervice. To tell you plainly, Major Ab. denotes thy greater *ability*, and Major Will. thy greater *willingneſs* to carry on this law-ſuit. It was but reaſonable that thou ſhouldſt pay both for thy *power* and thy *poſitiveneſs*.

J. Bull.

J. Bull. I believe I ſhall have thoſe two honeſt Majors diſcount on my ſide in a little time.

Nic. Frog. Why all this higgling with thy friend about ſuch a paltry ſum? Does this become the generoſity of the noble and rich John Bull? I wonder thou art not aſhamed. Oh Hocus! Hocus! where art thou? It uſed to go another guiſe manner in thy time. When a poor man has almoſt undone himſelf for thy ſake, thou art for fleecing him, and fleecing him; is that thy conſcience, John?

J. Bull. Very pleaſant indeed! It is well known thou retaineſt thy lawyers by the year, ſo a freſh law-ſuit adds but little to thy expences; they are thy cuſtomers*; I hardly ever ſell them a farthing's worth of any thing; nay, thou haſt ſet up an eating-houſe, where the whole tribe of them ſpend all they can rap or run. If it were well reckoned, I believe thou getteſt more of my money, than thou ſpendeſt of thy own; however, if thou wilt needs plead poverty, own at leaſt, that thy accompts are falſe.

Nic. Frog. No marry won't I; I refer myſelf to theſe honeſt gentlemen; let them judge between us. Let Eſquire South ſpeak his mind, whether my accompts are not right, and whether we ought not to go on with our law-ſuit.

J. Bull. Conſult the butchers about keeping of lent. Doſt think, that John Bull will be tried by Piepowders†? I tell you once for all, John Bull knows where his ſhoe pinches: none of your Eſquires ſhall give him the law, as long as he wears this truſty weapon by his ſide, or has an inch of broad-cloth in his ſhop.

Nic. Frog. Why there it is; you will be both judge and party; I am ſorry thou diſcovereſt ſo much of thy head-

* The money ſpent in Holland and Flanders.

† Court of Piepowders *(curia pedis pulverizati)* is a court of record incident to every fair; whereof the ſteward is judge, and the trial is by merchants and traders in the fair. It is ſo called, becauſe it is moſt uſual in the ſummer; and becauſe of the expedition in hearing cauſes, for the matter is to be done, complained of, heard and determined the ſame day, that is, before the duſt goes off of the feet of the plaintiffs and defendants.

head-ſtrong humour before theſe ſtrange gentlemen: I have often told thee it would prove thy ruin ſome time or other: let it never be ſaid, that the famous John Bull has departed in deſpite of court.

J. Bull. And will it not reflect as much on thy character, Nic. to turn barretter in thy old days; a ſtirrer up of quarrels amongſt thy neighbours? I tell thee, Nic. ſome time or other thou wilt repent this.

But John ſaw clearly, he ſhould have nothing but wrangling, and that he ſhould have as little ſucceſs in ſettling his accompts, as ending the compoſition. "Since "they will needs overload my ſhoulders, *quoth John*, I "ſhall throw down the burden with a ſquaſh amongſt "them, take it up who dares; a man has a fine time of "it amongſt a combination of ſharpers, that vouch for "one another's honeſty. John, look to thyſelf; old "Lewis makes reaſonable offers; when thou haſt ſpent "the ſmall pittance that is left, thou wilt make a glo-"rious figure, when thou art brought to live upon Nic. "Frog and Eſquire South's generoſity and gratitude: if "they uſe thee thus, when they want thee, what will "they do when thou wanteſt them? I ſay again, John, "look to thyſelf."

John wiſely ſtifled his reſentments, and told the company, that in a little time he ſhould give them law, or ſomething better.

All. Law! law! Sir, by all means *. What is twenty-two poor years towards the finiſhing a law-ſuit? For the love of God more law, Sir!

J. Bull. Prepare your demands, how many years more of law do you want, that I may order my affairs accordingly? In the mean while farewel.

CHAP.

*. Clamours for continuing the war.

CHAP. XVII.

*How John Bull found all his family in an uproar at home *.*

NIC. FROG, who thought of nothing but carrying John to the market, and there diſpoſing of him as his own proper goods, was mad to find that John thought himſelf now of age to look after his own affairs. He reſolved to traverſe this new project, and to make him uneaſy in his own *family*. He had corrupted or deluded moſt of his ſervants into the moſt extravagant conceits in the world; that their maſter was run mad, and wore a dagger in one pocket, and poiſon in the other; that he had ſold his wife and children to Lewis, diſinherited his heir, and was going to ſettle his eſtate upon a *pariſh-boy*; that if they did not look after their maſter, he would do ſome very miſchievous thing. When John came home, he found a more ſurprizing ſcene than any he had yet met with, and that you will ſay was ſomewhat extraordinary.

HE called his cook-maid Betty to beſpeak his dinner: Betty told him, "That ſhe begged his pardon, ſhe could "not dreſs dinner, till ſhe knew what he intended to do "with his will." "Why, Betty, *quoth John*, thou art "not run mad, art thou? My will at preſent is to have "dinner." "That may be, *quoth Betty*, but my con"ſcience won't allow me to dreſs it, till I know whe"ther you intend to do righteous things by your heir!" "I am ſorry for that, Betty, *quoth John*, I muſt find "ſomebody elſe then." Then he called John the barber. "Before I begin, *quoth John*, I hope your honour "won't be offended, if I aſk you, whether you intend "to alter your will? If you won't give me a poſitive "anſwer, your beard may grow down to your middle, "for me." "'Igad, ſo it ſhall, *quoth Bull*, for I will "never truſt my throat in ſuch a mad fellow's hands." Where's Dick, the butler? "Look ye, *quoth Dick*, "I am very willing to ſerve you in my calling, d'ye "ſee;

* Clamours about the danger of the ſucceſſion.

ſee; but there are ſtrange reports, and plain-dealing is "beſt, d'ye ſee; I muſt be ſatisfied if you intend to leave "all to your nephew, and if Nic. Frog is ſtill your ex- "ecutor, d'ye ſee; if you will not ſatisfy me as to theſe "points, you may drink with the ducks." And ſo I "will, *quoth John*, rather than keep a butler that loves "my heir better than myſelf." Hob the ſhoemaker, and Pricket the taylor told him, "They would moſt willing- "ly ſerve him in their ſeveral ſtations, if he would pro- "miſe them never to talk with Lewis Baboon, and let "Nicholas Frog linen-draper manage his concerns; that "they could neither make ſhoes nor cloaths to any, that "were not in good correſpondence with their worthy "friend Nicholas."

J. Bull. Call Andrew my journey-man. How goes affairs, Andrew? I hope the devil has not taken poſſeſſion of thy body too.

Andrew. No, Sir; I only deſire to know what you would do if you were dead?

J. Bull. Juſt as other dead folks do, Andrew.—— This is amazing! [*Aſide.*

Andrew. I mean, if your nephew ſhall inherit your eſtate?

J. Bull. That depends upon himſelf. I ſhall do nothing to hinder him.

Andrew. But will you make it ſure?

J. Bull. Thou meaneſt, that I ſhould put him in poſſeſſion, for I can make it no ſurer without that; he has all the law can give him.

Andrew. Indeed poſſeſſion, as you ſay, would make it much ſurer; they ſay, it is eleven points of the law.

JOHN began now to think that they were all enchanted; he inquired about the age of the moon; if Nic. had not given them ſome intoxicating *potion*, or if old mother Jeniſa was ſtill alive? "No, o'my faith, *quoth Harry*, "I believe there is no potion in the caſe, but a little *au-* "*rum potabile*. You will have more of this by and by." He had ſcarce ſpoke the word, when another friend of John's accoſted him after the following manner.

"Since thoſe worthy perſons, who are as much con- "cerned for your ſafety as I am, have employed me as "their orator, I deſire to know whether you will have

"it by way of *syllogism*, *enthymem*, *dilemma*, or *sori-*
"*tes*."

JOHN now began to be diverted with their extravagance.

J. Bull. Let's have a *sorites* by all means; tho' they are all new to me.

Friend. It is evident to all, who are verſed in hiſtory, that there were two *ſiſters* that played the whore two thouſand years ago: therefore it plainly follows, that it is not lawful for John Bull to have any manner of intercourſe with Lewis Baboon: if it is not lawful for John Bull to have any manner of intercourſe (correſpondence, if you will, that is much the ſame thing), then *a fortiori*, it is much more unlawful for the ſaid John to make over his wife and children to the ſaid Lewis: if his wife and children are not to be made over, he is not to wear a dagger and ratſbane in his *pockets*: if he wears a dagger and ratſbane, it muſt be to do miſchief to himſelf, or ſomebody elſe: if he intends to do miſchief, he ought to be under guardians, and there is none ſo fit as myſelf, and ſome other worthy perſons, who have a commiſſion for that purpoſe from Nic. Frog, the executor of his will and teſtament.

J. Bull. And this is your *sorites*, you ſay.—With that he ſnatched a good tough oaken cudgel, and began to brandiſh it; then happy was the man that was firſt at the door: crouding to get out, they tumbled down ſtairs; and it is credibly reported, ſome of them dropped very valuable things in the hurry, which were picked up by others of the family.

"That any of theſe rogues, *quoth John*, ſhould ima-
"gine, I am not as much concerned as they about ha-
"ving my affairs in a ſettled condition, or that I would
"wrong my heir for I know not what! Well, Nic. I
"really cannot but applaud thy diligence: I muſt own
"this is really a pretty ſort of a trick, but it ſhan't do
"thy buſineſs for all that."

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

How Lewis Baboon came to visit John Bull, and what passed between them *.

I THINK it is but ingenuous to acquaint the reader, that this chapter was not wrote by Sir Humphry himself, but by another very able *pen* of the university of Grub-street.

JOHN had (by some good instructions given him by Sir Roger) got the better of his choleric temper, and wrought himself up to a great steddiness of mind to pursue his own interest thro' all impediments that were thrown in the way: he began to leave off some of his old acquaintance, his roaring and bullying about the streets; he put on a serious air, knit his brows, and, for the time, had made a very considerable progress in politics, considering that he had been kept a stranger to his own affairs. However, he could not help discovering some remains of his nature, when he happened to meet with a foot-ball, or a match at cricket; for which Sir Roger was sure to take him to task. John was walking about his room, with folded arms, and a most thoughtful countenance: his servant brought him word, that one Lewis Baboon below wanted to speak with him. John had got an impression, that Lewis was so deadly cunning a man, that he was afraid to venture himself alone with him: at last he took heart of grace; "Let him come "up, *quoth he*, it is but sticking to my point, and he "can never over-reach me."

Lewis Baboon. Monsieur Bull, I will frankly acknowledge, that my behaviour to my neighbours has been somewhat uncivil, and I believe you will readily grant me, that I have met with usage accordingly. I was fond of back-sword and cudgel-play from my youth, and now I bear in my body many a black and blue gash and scar, God knows. I had as good a warehouse, and as fair pos-

* *Private negotiations* about Dunkirk.

ſeſſions, as any of my neighbours, tho' I ſay it; but contentious temper, flattering ſervants, and unfortunat ſtars, have brought me into circumſtances that are n unknown to you. Theſe my misfortunes are heighten by domeſtic calamities. That I need not relate. I am poor battered old fellow, and I would willingly end m days in peace: but alas! I ſee but ſmall hopes of th for every new circumſtance affords an argument to m enemies to purſue their revenge; formerly I was to b banged, becauſe I was too ſtrong, and now becauſe am too weak to reſiſt; I am to be brought down wh too rich, and oppreſſed when too poor. Nic. Frog h uſed me like a *ſcoundrel*; you are a gentleman, and freely put myſelf in your hands to diſpoſe of me as yo think fit.

J. Bull. Look you, Mr Baboon, as to your uſage your neighbours, you had beſt not dwell too much upo that chapter; let it ſuffice at preſent, that you have bee met with: you have been rolling a great ſtone up h all your life, and at laſt it has come tumbling down, t it is like to cruſh you to pieces: plain dealing is beſt. I you have any particular mark, Mr Baboon, whereby one may know when you fib, and when you ſpeak truth, you had beſt tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly; but ſince at preſent I know of none ſuch, it is better that you ſhould truſt me, than that I ſhall truſt you.

L. Baboon. I know of no particular mark of veracity amongſt us tradeſmen, but intereſt; and it is manifeſtly mine not to deceive you at this time; you may ſafely truſt me, I can aſſure you.

J. Bull. The truſt I give is in ſhort this; I muſt have ſomething in hand, before I make the bargain, and the reſt before it is concluded.

L. Baboon. To ſhew you I deal fairly, name you ſomething.

J. Bull. I need not tell thee, old boy; thou can gueſs.

L. Baboon. Eccleſdown-caſtle ‖, I'll warrant you, becauſe it has been formerly in your family! Say no more, you ſhall have it.

J. Bull. I ſhall have it to m'own ſelf?

L. Baboon.

‖ Dunkirk.

ſeſſions, as any of my neighbours, tho' I ſay it; but a contentious temper, flattering ſervants, and unfortunate ſtars, have brought me into circumſtances that are not unknown to you. Theſe my misfortunes are heightened by domeſtic calamities. That I need not relate. I am a poor battered old fellow, and I would willingly end my days in peace: but alas! I ſee but ſmall hopes of that, for every new circumſtance affords an argument to my enemies to purſue their revenge; formerly I was to be hanged, becauſe I was too ſtrong, and now becauſe I am too weak to reſiſt; I am to be brought down when too rich, and oppreſſed when too poor. Nic. Frog has uſed me like a *ſcoundrel*; you are a gentleman, and I freely put myſelf in your hands to diſpoſe of me as you think fit.

J. Bull. Look you, Mr Baboon, as to your uſage of your neighbours, you had beſt not dwell too much upon that chapter; let it ſuffice at preſent, that you have been met with: you have been rolling a great ſtone up hill all your life, and at laſt it has come tumbling down, till it is like to cruſh you to pieces: plain dealing is beſt. If you have any particular mark, Mr Baboon, whereby one may know when you fib, and when you ſpeak truth, you had beſt tell it me, that one may proceed accordingly; but ſince at preſent I know of none ſuch, it is better that you ſhould truſt me, than that I ſhall truſt you.

L. Baboon. I know of no particular mark of veracity amongſt us tradeſmen, but intereſt; and it is manifeſtly mine not to deceive you at this time; you may ſafely truſt me, I can aſſure you.

J. Bull. The truſt I give is in ſhort this: I muſt have ſomething in hand, before I make the bargain, and the reſt before it is concluded.

L. Baboon. To ſhew you I deal fairly, name your ſomething.

J. Bull. I need not tell thee, old boy; thou canſt gueſs.

L. Baboon. Eccleſdown-caſtle ‖, I'll warrant you, becauſe it has been formerly in your family! Say no more, you ſhall have it.

J. Bull. I ſhall have it to m'own ſelf?

L. Baboon.

‖ Dunkirk.

L. Baboon. To thy n'own ſelf.

J. Bull. Every wall, gate, room, and inch of Eccleſdown-caſtle, you ſay!

L. Baboon. Juſt ſo.

J. Bull. Every ſingle ſtone of Eccleſdown-caſtle, to m'own ſelf ſpeedily!

L. Baboon. When you pleaſe; what needs more words?

J. Bull. But tell me, old boy, haſt thou laid aſide all thy *equivocals* and *mentals* in this caſe?

L. Baboon. There's nothing like matter of fact; ſeeing is believing.

J. Bull. Now thou talkeſt to the purpoſe; let us ſhake hands, old boy. Let me aſk thee one queſtion more; what haſt thou to do to meddle with the affairs of my family; to diſpoſe of my eſtate, old boy?

L. Baboon. Juſt as much as you have to do with the affairs of Lord Strutt.

J. Bull. Ay, but my trade, my very being was concerned in that.

L. Baboon. And my intereſt was concerned in the other: but let us both drop our pretences; for I believe it is a moot point, whether I am more likely to make a Maſter Bull, or you a Lord Strutt.

J. Bull. Agreed, old boy; but then I muſt have ſecurity, that I ſhall carry my broad-cloth to market, old boy.

L. Baboon. That you ſhall, Eccleſdown-caſtle! Eccleſdown! remember that: why wouldſt thou not take it, when it was offered thee ſome years ago?

J. Bull. I would not take it, becauſe they told me thou wouldſt not give it me.

L. Baboon. How could Monſieur Bull be ſo groſly abuſed by downright nonſenſe? they that adviſed you to refuſe, muſt have believed I intended to give, elſe why would they not make the experiment? but I can tell you more of that matter, than perhaps you know at preſent.

J. Bull. But what ſayſt thou as to the Eſquire, Nic. Frog, and the reſt of the tradeſmen? I muſt take care of them.

L. Baboon. Thou haſt but ſmall obligations to Nic. to my certain knowledge: he has not uſed me like a gentleman.

J. Bull. Nic. indeed is not very nice in your punctilios of ceremony; he is clownish, as a man may say: belching and calling of names have been allowed him time out of mind, by prescription: but however, we are engaged in one common cause, and I must look after him.

L. Baboon. All matters that relate to him, and the rest of the plaintiffs in this law-suit, I will refer to your justice.

CHAP. XIX.

Nic. Frog's letter to John Bull; wherein he endeavours to vindicate all his conduct, with relation to John Bull and the law-suit.

NIC. perceived now that his cully had eloped, that John intended henceforth to deal without a broker; but he was resolved to leave no stone unturned to recover his bubble: amongst other artifices he wrote a most obliging letter, which he sent him printed in a fair character.

DEAR FRIEND †,

"WHEN I considered the late ill usage I have met "with from you, I was reflecting what it was "that could provoke you to it; but upon a narrow in- "spection into my conduct, I can find nothing to re- "proach myself with, but too partial a concern for "your interest. You no sooner set this composition a- "foot, but I was ready to comply, and prevented your "very wishes; and the affair might have been ended be- "fore now, had it not been for the greater concerns of "Esquire South, and the other poor creatures embarked "in the same common cause, whose safety touches me "to the quick. You seemed a little jealous, that I had "dealt unfairly with you in money-matters, 'till it ap- "peared by your own accounts, that there was some- "thing due to me upon the balance. Having nothing to "answer to so plain a demonstration, you began to com- "plain, as if I had been familiar with your reputation; "when it is well known, not only I, but the meanest "servants

† Substance of the States letter.

" ſervants in my family, talk of you with the utmoſt re-
" ſpect. I have always, as far as in me lies, exhorted
" your ſervants and tenants to be dutiful; not that I
" any way meddle in your domeſtic affairs, which were
" very unbecoming for me to do. If ſome of your ſer-
" vants expreſs their great concern for you in a manner,
" that is not ſo very polite, you ought to impute it
" to their extraordinary zeal, which deſerves a reward,
" rather than a reproof. You cannot reproach me
" for want of ſucceſs at the Salutation, ſince I am not
" maſter of the paſſions and intereſts of other folks. I
" have beggared myſelf with this law-ſuit, undertaken
" merely in complaiſance to you; and if you would
" have had but a little patience, I had ſtill greater
" things in reſerve, that I intended to have done for you.
" I hope, what I have ſaid will prevail with you to lay
" aſide your unreaſonable jealouſies, and that we may
" have no more meetings at the Salutation, ſpending
" our time and money to no purpoſe. My concern for
" your welfare and proſperity almoſt makes me mad.
" You may be aſſured I will continue to be

" Your affectionate

" Friend and ſervant,

NIC. FROG."

JOHN received this with a good deal of *ſang froid: tranſeat*, quoth John, *cum cæteris erroribus.* He was now at his eaſe; he ſaw he could now make a very good bargain for himſelf, and a very ſafe one for other folks. " My ſhirt, *quoth he*, is near me, but my ſkin is nearer:
" whilſt I take care of the welfare of other folks, no-
" body can blame me to apply a little balſam to my own
" ſores. It is a pretty thing, after all, for a man to do
" his own buſineſs; a man has ſuch a tender concern
" for himſelf, there's nothing like it. This is ſomething
" better, I trow, than for John Bull to be ſtanding in
" the market, like a great dray-horſe, with Frog's paws
" upon his head.—*What will you give me for this beaſt?*
" Serviteur Nic. Frog, you may kiſs my backſide, if you
" pleaſe. Tho' John Bull has not read your Ariſtotle's,
" *Plato's*, and *Machiavel's*, he can ſee as far into a mill-

" ſtone

"ſtone as another." With that John began to chuckle and laugh, till he was like to have burſt his ſides.

CHAP. XX.

The diſcourſe || that paſſed between Nic. Frog and Eſquire South, which John Bull overheard.

JOHN thought every minute a year, till he got into Eccleſdown-caſtle; he repairs to the Salutation, with a deſign to break the matter gently to his partners: before he entered, he overheard Nic. and the Eſquire in a very pleaſant conference.

Eſq. South. Oh the ingratitude and injuſtice of mankind! that John Bull, whom I have honoured with my friendſhip and protection ſo long, ſhould flinch at laſt, and pretend that he can diſburſe no more money for me! that the family of the Souths, by his ſneaking temper, ſhould be kept out of their own!

Nic. Frog. An't like your worſhip, I am in amaze at it; I think the rogue ſhould be compelled to his duty.

Eſq. South. That he ſhould prefer his ſcandalous pelf, the duſt and dregs of the earth, to the proſperity and grandeur of my family!

Nic. Frog. Nay, he is miſtaken there too; for he would quickly lick himſelf whole again by his vails. It is ſtrange he ſhould prefer Philip Baboon's cuſtom to Eſquire South's.

Eſq. South. As you ſay, that my clothier, that is to get ſo much by the purchaſe, ſhould refuſe to put me in poſſeſſion; did you ever know any man's tradeſman ſerve him ſo before?

Nic. Frog. No, indeed, an't pleaſe your worſhip, it is a very unuſual proceeding; and I would not have been guilty of it for the world. If your honour had not a great ſtock of moderation and patience, you would not bear it ſo well as you do.

Eſq. South. It is moſt intolerable, that's certain, Nic: and I will be revenged.

Nic. Frog.

|| Negotiations between the emperor and the Dutch for continuing the war, and getting the property of Flanders.

Nic. Frog. Methinks it is ſtrange, that Philip Baboon's tenants do not all take your honour's part, conſidering how good and gentle a maſter you are.

Eſq. South. True, Nic. but few are ſenſible of merit in this world: it is a great comfort, to have ſo faithful a friend as thyſelf in ſo critical a juncture.

Nic. Frog. If all the world ſhould forſake you, be aſſured Nic. Frog never will; let us ſtick to our point, and we'll manage Bull, I'll warrant ye.

Eſq. South. Let me kiſs thee, dear Nic. I have found one honeſt man among a thouſand at laſt.

Nic. Frog. If it were poſſible, your honour has it in your power to wed me ſtill cloſer to your intereſt.

Eſq. South. Tell me quickly, dear Nic.

Nic. Frog. You know I am your tenant; the difference between my leaſe and an inheritance is ſuch a trifle, as I am ſure you will not grudge your poor friend; that will be an encouragement to go on; beſides, it will make Bull as mad as the devil: you and I ſhall be able to manage him then to ſome purpoſe.

Eſq. South. Say no more, it ſhall be done, Nic. to thy heart's content.

JOHN all this while was liſtening to this comical dialogue, and laughed heartily in his ſleeve at the pride and ſimplicity of the Eſquire, and the ſly roguery of his friend Nic. Then of a ſudden, bolting into the room, he began to tell them, that he believed he had brought Lewis to reaſonable terms, if they would pleaſe to hear them.

THEN they all bawled out aloud, "No compoſition, "long live Eſquire South and the law!" As John was going to proceed, ſome roared, ſome ſtamped with their feet, others ſtopt their ears with their fingers.

NAY, gentlemen, *quoth John*, if you will but ſtop proceeding for a while, you ſhall judge yourſelves whether Lewis's propoſals are reaſonable ‡.

All. Very fine indeed, ſtop proceeding, and ſo loſe a term.

J. Bull. Not ſo neither, we have ſomething by way of advance, he will put us in poſſeſſion of his manor and caſtle of Eccleſdown.

Nic. Frog.

‡ *Propoſals for ceſſation* of arms, and delivery of Dunkirk.

Nic. Frog. What doſt thou talk of *us*, thou meaneſt *thyſelf*.

J. Bull. When Frog took poſſeſſion of any thing, it was always ſaid to be for *us*, and why may not John Bull be *us*, as well as Nic. Frog was *us*? I hope John Bull is no more confined to ſingularity than Nic. Frog; or, take it ſo, the conſtant doctrine, that thou haſt preached up for many years, was, that thou and I are one; and why muſt we be ſuppoſed two in this caſe, that were always one before: it is impoſſible that thou and I can fall out, Nic. we muſt truſt one another; I have truſted thee with a great many things, prithee truſt me with this one trifle.

Nic. Frog. That principle is true in the main, but there is ſome *ſpeciality* in this caſe, that makes it highly inconvenient for *us both*.

J. Bull. Thoſe are your jealouſies, that the common enemies ſow between us; how often haſt thou warned me of thoſe rogues, Nic. that would make us miſtruſtful of one another!

Nic. Frog. This Eccleſdown caſtle is only a bone of contention.

J. Bull. It depends upon you to make it ſo, for my part I am as peaceable as a lamb.

Nic. Frog. But do you conſider the unwholeſomeneſs of the air and ſoil, the expences of reparations and ſervants? I would ſcorn to accept of ſuch a quagmire.

J. Bull. You are a great man, Nic. but in my circumſtances, I muſt be even content to take it as it is.

Nic. Frog. And you are really ſo ſilly as to believe the old cheating rogue will give it you?

J. Bull. I believe nothing but matter of fact, I ſtand and fall by that, I am reſolved to put him to it.

Nic. Frog. And ſo relinquiſh the hopefulleſt cauſe in the world, a claim that will certainly in the end make thy fortune for ever!

J. Bull. Wilt thou purchaſe it, Nic? thou ſhalt have a lumping pennyworth; nay, rather than we ſhould differ, I'll give thee ſomething to take it off my hands.

Nic. Frog. If thou wouldſt but moderate that haſty, impatient temper of thine, thou ſhouldſt quickly ſee a better *thing* than all that. What ſhouldſt thou think to find

old

old Lewis turned out of his paternal eſtates, and the manſion-houſe of Clay-pool †? Would not that do thy heart good, to ſee thy old friend Nic. Frog, Lord of Clay-pool? then thou and thy wife and children ſhould walk in my gardens, buy toys, drink lemonade, and now and then we ſhould have a country dance.

J. Bull. I love to be plain, I'd as lieve ſee myſelf in Eccleſdown-caſtle, as thee in Clay-pool. I tell you again, Lewis gives this as a pledge of his ſincerity; if you won't ſtop proceeding to hear him, I will.

CHAP. XXI.

The reſt of Nic's fetches ‡ to keep John out of Eccleſdown-caſtle.

WHEN Nic. could not diſſuade John by argument, he tried to move his pity; he pretended to be ſick and like to die, that he ſhould leave his wife and children in a ſtarving condition, if John did abandon him; that he was hardly able to crawl about the room, far leſs capable to look after ſuch a troubleſome buſineſs as this law-ſuit, and therefore begged that his good friend would not leave him. When he ſaw that John was ſtill inexorable, he pulled out a caſe knife, with which he uſed to ſnickerſnee, and threatned to cut his own throat. Thrice he aimed the knife to his wind-pipe with a moſt determined threatning air. "What ſignifies "life, *quoth he*, in this languiſhing condition? It will be "ſome pleaſure, that my friends will revenge my death "upon this barbarous man, that has been the cauſe of "it." All this while John looked ſedate and calm, neither offering in the leaſt to ſnatch the knife, nor ſtop his blow, truſting to the tenderneſs Nic. had for his own perſon: when he perceived, that John was immoveable in his purpoſe, he applied himſelf to Lewis.

"Art thou, *quoth he*, turned bubble in thy old age, "from

† Clay-pool, Paris. Lutetia.

‡ *Attempts to hinder* the ceſſation, and taking poſſeſſion of Dunkirk.

" from being a ſharper in thy youth? What occaſion " haſt thou to give up Eccleſdown-caſtle to John Bull? " his friendſhip is not worth a ruſh; give it me, and I'll " make it worth thy while. If thou diſlikeſt that pro- " poſition, keep it thyſelf, I'd rather thou ſhouldſt have " it than he. If thou hearkeneſt not to my advice, take " what follows; Eſquire South and I will go on with " our law-ſuit in ſpite of John Bull's teeth."

L. Baboon. Monſieur Bull has uſed me like a gentleman, and I am reſolved to make good my promiſe, and truſt him for the conſequences.

Nic. Frog. Then I tell thee thou art an old doating fool—With that, Nic. bounced up with a ſpring equal to that of one of your nimbleſt tumblers or rope-dancers, and fell foul upon John Bull, to ſnatch the *cudgel he had in his hand* ‡, that he might thwack Lewis with it: John held it faſt, ſo that there was no wrenching it from him. At laſt 'Squire South buckled too, to aſſiſt his friend Nic.: John halled on one ſide, and they two on the other; ſometimes they were like to pull John over; then it went all of a ſudden again on John's ſide; ſo they went ſee-ſawing up and down, from one end of the room to the other. Down tumbled the tables, bottles, glaſſes, and tobacco-pipes: the wine and the tobacco were all ſpilt about the room, and the little fellows were almoſt trod under foot, till more of the tradeſmen joining with Nic. and the 'Squire, John was hardly able to pull againſt them all, yet would he never quit hold of his truſty cudgel: which by the contrary force of two ſo great powers broke ſhort in his hands||. Nic. ſeized the longer end, and with it began to baſtinado old Lewis, who had ſlunk into a corner, waiting the event of this ſquabble. Nic. came up to him with an inſolent menacing air, ſo that the old fellow was forced to ſkuttle out of the room, and retire behind a dung-cart. He called to Nic. " Thou inſolent jackanapes! time was when thou durſt " not have uſed me ſo, thou now takeſt me unprovided, " but, old and infirm as I am, I ſhall find a weapon by " and by to chaſtiſe thy impudence."

WHEN

‡ The army.
|| The ſeparation of the army.

When John Bull had recovered his breath, he began to parly with Nic. "Friend Nic. I am glad to find thee "ſo ſtrong after thy great complaints: really thy moti- "ons, Nic. are pretty vigorous for a conſumptive man. "As for thy worldly affairs, Nic. if it can do thee any "ſervice, I freely make over to thee this profitable law- "ſuit, and I deſire all theſe gentlemen to bear witneſs "to this my act and deed. Yours be all the gain, as mine "has been the charges; I have brought it to bear finely: "however, all I have laid out upon it goes for nothing, "thou ſhalt have it with all its appurtenances, I aſk no- "thing but leave to go home."

Nic. Frog. The counſel are feed, and all things prepared for a trial, thou ſhalt be forced to ſtand the iſſue: it ſhall be pleaded in thy name as well as mine: go home if thou canſt, the gates are ſhut, the turnpikes locked *, and the roads barricadoed.

J. Bull. Even theſe very ways, Nic. that thou toldeſt me, were as open to me as thyſelf: if I can't paſs with my own equipage, what can I expect for my goods and waggons? I am denied paſſage thro' thoſe very grounds, that I have purchaſed with my own money; however, I am glad I have made the experiment, it may ſerve me in ſome ſtead.

John Bull was ſo overjoyed that he was going to take poſſeſſion of Eccleſdown, that nothing could vex him. "Nic, *quoth he*, I am juſt a going to leave thee, "caſt a kind look upon me at parting."

Nic. looked ſour and grum, and would not open his mouth.

J. Bull. "I wiſh thee all the ſucceſs that thy heart "can deſire, and that theſe honeſt gentlemen of the "long robe may have their belly full of law."

Nic. could ſtand it no longer, but flung out of the room with diſdain, and beckoned the lawyers to follow him.

J. Bull. "B'uy, B'uy Nic. not one poor ſmile at "parting; won't you ſhake your day-day, Nic. b'uy "Nic." With that John marched out of the common road croſs the country to take poſſeſſion of Eccleſdown.

* *Difficulty of the* march of part of the army to Dunkirk.

CHAP. XXII.

Of the great joy that John expreſſed when he got poſſeſſion of Eccleſdown.*

WHEN John had got into his caſtle, he ſeemed like Ulyſſes upon his plank after he had been well ſouſed in ſalt-water; who, as Homer ſays, was as glad as a judge going to ſit down to dinner, after hearing a long cauſe upon the bench. I dare ſay John Bull's joy was equal to that of either of the two; he ſkipped from room to room; ran up ſtairs and down ſtairs, from the kitchen to the garrets, and from the garrets to the kitchen; he peeped into every cranny; ſometimes he admired the beauty of the architecture, and the vaſt ſolidity of the maſon's work; at other times he commended the ſymmetry and proportion of the rooms. He walked about the gardens: he bathed himſelf in the canal, ſwimming, diving, and beating the liquid element, like a milk-white ſwan. The hall reſounded with the ſprightly violin, and the martial hautboy. The family tript it about and capered, like *hail-ſtones bounding from a marble floor*. Wine, ale, and October flew about as plentifully as kennel water: then a frolick took John in the head to call up ſome of Nic. Frog's *penſioners*, that had been ſo mutinous in his family.

J. Bull. Are you glad to ſee your maſter in Eccleſdown-caſtle?

All. Yes, indeed, Sir.

J. Bull. Extremely glad.

All. Extremely glad, Sir.

J. Bull. Swear to me, that you are ſo.

THEN they began to damn and ſink their ſouls to the loweſt pit of hell, if any perſon in the world rejoiced more than they did.

J. Bull. Now, hang me if I don't believe you are a parcel of perjured raſcals; however take this bumper of October to your maſter's health.

THEN

* Dunkirk.

THEN John got upon the battlements, and looking over, he called to Nic. Frog:

"How d'ye do, Nic? D'ye ſee where I am, Nic? "I hope the *cauſe* goes on ſwimmingly, Nic. When "doſt thou intend to go to Clay-pool, Nic? Wilt "thou buy there ſome high heads of the neweſt cut "for my daughters? How comeſt thou to go with thy "arm tied up? Has old Lewis given thee a rap over thy "fingers ends? Thy weapon was a good one, when I "wielded it, but the butt-end remains in my hands. I "am ſo buſy in packing up my goods, that I have no "time to talk with thee any longer. It would do thy heart "good to ſee what waggon-loads I am preparing for "market. If thou wanteſt any good office of mine, for "all that has happened, I will uſe thee well Nic. B'uy "Nic".

POSTSCRIPT.

IT has been diſputed amongſt the Literati of Grubſtreet, whether Sir Humphry proceeded any farther into the hiſtory of John Bull. By diligent enquiry we have found the titles of ſome chapters, which appear to be a continuation of it; and are as follow.

Chap. I. How John was made angry with the *articles of agreement*. How he kicked the parchment thro' the houſe, up ſtairs and down ſtairs, and put himſelf in a great heat thereby.

Chap. II. How in his paſſion he was going to cut off Sir Roger's head with a *cleaver*. Of the ſtrange manner of Sir Roger's eſcaping the blow, by *laying his head upon the dreſſer*.

Chap. III. How ſome of John's ſervants attempted to ſcale his houſe with rope-laders; and how many unfortunately dangled in the ſame.

Chap. IV. Of the methods by which John endeavoured to preſerve the peace amongſt his neighbours: how he kept a pair of *ſtill-yards* to weigh them; and by diet, purging, vomiting, and bleeding, tried to bring them to *equal bulk* and *ſtrength*.

Chap. V. Of falſe accounts of the *weights* given in by ſome of the *journeymen*; and of the New-market tricks, that were practiſed at the *ſtill-yards*.

Chap. VI. How John's new journeymen brought him other-guiſe accounts of the *ſtill-yards*.

Chap. VII. How Sir Swain Northy † was by bleeding, purging, and a ſteel diet, brought into a *conſumption*; and how John was forced afterwards to give him the *gold cordial*.

Chap. VIII. How Beter Bear ‡ was *over-fed*, and afterwards refuſed to ſubmit to the courſe of phyſic.

Chap. IX. How John pampered Eſquire South with titbits, till he grew wanton; how he got drunk with Cala-

† King of Sweden. ‡ Czar of Moſcovy.

Calabrian wine, and longed for Sicilian beef, and how John carried him thither in his barge.

Chap. X. How the Eſquire from a foul feeder, grew dainty; how he longed for mangoes, ſpices, and Indian birds neſts, *&c.* and could not ſleep but in a Chintz bed.

Chap. XI. The Eſquire turned tradeſman; how he ſet up a China-Shop * over-againſt Nic. Frog.

Chap. XII. How he procured Spaniſh flies to blifter his neighbours, and as a provokative to himſelf. As likeways how he raviſhed Nic. Frog's favourite daughter.

Chap. XIII. How Nic. Frog, hearing the girl ſqueak, went to call John Bull as a conſtable: calling of a conſtable no preventive of a rape.

Chap. XIV. How John roſe out of his bed in a cold morning to prevent a duel between Eſquire South and Lord Strutt; how, to his great ſurprize, he found the combatants drinking Geneva in a brandy-ſhop, with Nic.'s favourite daughter between them. How they both fell upon John, ſo that he was forced to fight his way out.

Chap. XV How John came with his conſtable's ſtaff to reſcue Nic's daughter, and break the Eſquire's China-ware.

Chap. XVI. Commentary upon the Spaniſh proverb, *Time and I againſt any two*; or advice to dogmatical politicians, exemplified in ſome new affairs between John Bull and Lewis Baboon.

Chap. XVII. A diſcourſe of the delightful game of *quadrille*. How Lewis Baboon attempted to play a game *ſolo* in clubs, and was beafted: how John called Lewis for his King, and was afraid that his own partner ſhould have too many tricks: and how the ſucceſs and ſkill of quadrille depends upon calling a right King.

* The Oſtend company.

PROPOSALS for printing a very curious discourse, intitled, ΨΕΤΔΟΛΟΓΙΑ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ; or, THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING.

THERE is now in the press, a curious piece, intitled Ψευδολογία Πολιτική; or, *The Art of Political Lying:* consisting of two volumes in *quarto*.

The PROPOSALS are,

I. THAT, if the author meets with suitable encouragement, he intends to deliver the first volume to the subscribers by Hilary term next.

II. THE price of both volumes will be, to the subscribers, fourteen shillings, seven whereof are to be paid down, and the other seven at the delivery of the second volume.

III. THOSE that subscribe for six, shall have a seventh *gratis*; which reduces the price to less than six shillings a volume.

IV. THAT the subscribers shall have their names and places of abode printed at length.

FOR the encouragement of so useful a work, it is thought fit the public should be informed of the contents of the first volume, by one who has with great care perused the *manuscript*.

THE

THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING.

THE author, in his preface, makes ſome very judicious reflections upon the original of arts and ſciences: that at firſt they conſiſt of ſcattered theorems and practices, which are handed about amongſt the maſters, and only revealed to the *filii artis*, till ſuch time as ſome great genius appears, who collects theſe disjointed propoſitions, and reduces them into a regular ſyſtem. That this is the caſe of that noble and uſeful art of *political lying*, which, in this laſt age, having been enriched with ſeveral *new diſcoveries*, ought not to lie any longer in rubbiſh and confuſion, but may juſtly claim a place in the Encyclopædia, eſpecially ſuch as ſerves for a model of education for an able politician. That he propoſes to himſelf no ſmall ſtock of fame in future ages, in being the firſt who has undertaken this deſign; and for the ſame reaſon he hopes the imperfection of his work will be excuſed. He invites all perſons who have any talents that way, or any new diſcovery, to communicate their thoughts, aſſuring them that honourable mention ſhall be made of them in his work.

The firſt volume conſiſts of eleven chapters.

IN the *firſt* chapter of his excellent treatiſe, he reaſons philoſophically concerning the nature of the *ſoul of man*, and thoſe qualities which render it ſuſceptible of *lies*. He ſuppoſes the ſoul to be of the nature of a *plano-cylindrical ſpeculum*, or looking-glaſs; that the plain ſide was made by God Almighty, but that the devil afterwards wrought the other ſide into a cylindrical figure. The plain ſide repreſents objects juſt as they are; and the cylindrical ſide by the rules of catoptrics, muſt needs repreſent true objects *falſe, and falſe objects true*: but the cylindrical *ſide, being much* the larger ſurface, takes in a greater compaſs

compaſs of viſual rays. That upon the cylindrical ſide of the ſoul of man depends the whole art and ſucceſs of *political lying*. The author, in this chapter, proceeds to reaſon upon the qualities of the mind: as its peculiar fondneſs of the *malicious* and the *miraculous*. The tendency of the ſoul towards the *malicious* ſprings from ſelf-love, or a pleaſure to find mankind more wicked, baſe, or unfortunate, than ourſelves. The deſign of the *miraculous* proceeds from the inactivity of the ſoul, or its incapacity to be moved or delighted with any thing that is vulgar or common. The author having eſtabliſhed the qualities of the mind, upon which his art is founded, he proceeds,

IN his *ſecond* chapter, to treat of the *nature* of *political lying*; which he defines to be, "the art of convincing "the people of ſalutary falſhoods, for ſome good end." He calls it an *art*, to diſtinguiſh it from that of telling truth, which does not ſeem to want *art*; but then he would have this underſtood only as to the *invention*, becauſe there is indeed more *art* neceſſary to convince the people of a *ſalutary* truth, than a *ſalutary* falſhood. Then he proceeds to prove, that there are *ſalutary* falſhoods, of which he gives a great many inſtances, both before and after the revolution; and demonſtrates plainly, that we could not have carried on the war ſo long without ſeveral of thoſe *ſalutary* falſhoods. He gives rules to calculate the value of a *political lie*, in pounds, ſhillings, and pence. By *good* he does not mean that, which is abſolutely ſo, but what appears ſo to the artiſt, which is a ſufficient ground for him to proceed upon; and he diſtinguiſhes the good, as it commonly is, into *bonum utile*, *dulce*, *et honeſtum*. He ſhews you, that there are *political lies* of a mixed nature, which include all the *three* in different reſpects: that the *utile* reigns generally about the Exchange, the *dulce* and *honeſtum* at the Weſtminſter end of the town. One man ſpreads a lie to ſell or buy *ſtock* to greater advantage; a ſecond, becauſe it is honourable to ſerve his *party*; and a third, becauſe it is ſweet to gratify his *revenge*. Having explained the ſeveral terms of his definition, he proceeds,

IN his *third* chapter, to treat of the *lawfulneſs* of *political lying*; which he deduces from its true and genuine principles,

principles, by enquiring into the ſeveral rights, that mankind have to *truth*. He ſhews, that people have a right to *private truth* from their neighbours, and *œconomical truth* from their own family, that they ſhould not be abuſed by their wives, children, and ſervants; but that they have no right at all to *political truth*; that the people may as well all pretend to be lords of manors, and poſſeſs great eſtates, as to have truth told them in matters of government. The author with great judgment ſtates the *ſeveral ſhares* of mankind in this matter of truth, according to their ſeveral capacities, dignities, and profeſſions; and ſhews you, that children have hardly any ſhare at all; in conſequence of which, they have very ſeldom any truth told them. It muſt be owned, that the author in this chapter has ſome ſeeming difficulties to anſwer, and *texts of ſcripture* to explain.

THE *fourth* chapter is wholly employed in this queſtion, "whether the right of coinage of political lies be "wholly in the government?" The author, who is a true friend to Engliſh liberty, determines in the negative, and anſwers all the arguments of the oppoſite party with great acuteneſs: that as the government of England has a mixture of democratical in it, ſo the right of inventing and ſpreading *political lies* is partly in the *people*; and their obſtinate adherence to this juſt privilege has been moſt conſpicuous, and ſhined with great luſtre of late years: that it happens very often, that there are no other means left to the good people of England to pull down a miniſtry and government they are weary of, but by exerciſing this their undoubted right: that abundance of *political lying* is a ſure ſign of true Engliſh *liberty*: that as miniſters do ſometimes uſe tools to ſupport their power, it is but reaſonable that the people ſhould employ the ſame weapon to defend themſelves, and pull them down.

IN his *fifth* chapter, he divides *political lies* into ſeveral *ſpecies* and *claſſes*, and gives precepts about the *inventing*, *ſpreading* and *propagating* the ſeveral ſorts of them: he begins with the *rumores*, and *libella famoſi*, ſuch as concern the reputation of men in power; where he finds fault with the common miſtake, that takes notice only of one ſort, *viz.* the *detractory* or defamatory, whereas

whereas in truth there are three ſorts, the *detractory*, the *additory*, and the *tranſlatory*. The *additory* gives to a great man a larger ſhare of reputation than belongs to him, to enable him to ſerve ſome good end or purpoſe. The *detractory* or *defamatory* is a lie, which takes from a great man the reputation that juſtly belongs to him, for fear he ſhould uſe it to the detriment of the public. The *tranſlatory* is a lie, that transfers the merit of a man's good action to another, who is in himſelf more deſerving; or transfers the demerit of a bad action from the true author to a perſon, who is in himſelf leſs deſerving. He gives ſeveral inſtances of very great ſtrokes in all the three kinds, eſpecially in the laſt, when it was neceſſary for the good of the public to *beſtow the valour and conduct of* one *man upon* another, *and that of* many *to* one *man*, nay, even †, upon a good occaſion, a man may be robbed of his victory by a perſon, that did not command in the action. The reſtoring and deſtroying the public may be aſcribed to perſons, who had no hand in either. The author exhorts all gentlemen practitioners to exerciſe themſelves in the *tranſlatory*, becauſe the *exiſtence* of the things

† Major General Webb obtained a glorious victory over the French near Wynendale in the year 1708. He was ſent with 6,000 of the confederate troops to guard a great convoy to the allied army beſieging Liſle; Count de la Motte came out from Ghent with near 24,000 men to intercept them; but Maj. Gen. Webb diſpoſed his men with ſuch admirable ſkill, that notwithſtanding the vaſt ſuperiority of numbers, by the pure force of order and diſpoſition the French were driven back in two or three ſucceſſive attempts, and after having loſt 6 or 7,000 men, could be brought to charge no more. This may juſtly be reckoned among the greateſt actions of that war: but the Duke of Marlborough's ſecretary, in his letter written to England, gave all the honour of it to Gen. Cadogan, the Duke's favourite, who did not come up till after the engagement. This was ſo reſented by Gen. Webb, that he left the army in diſguſt; and coming into England to do himſelf juſtice, received the unanimous thanks of the houſe of commons for his eminent ſervices by that great action; which was alſo acknowledged in a diſtinguiſhing manner by the King of Pruſſia, who beſtowed on him *the order of generoſity*. Hawkeſ.

things themſelves being viſible, and not demanding any proof, there wants nothing to be put upon the public, but a *falſe author*, or a *falſe cauſe*; which is no great preſumption upon the credulity of mankind, to whom the ſecret ſprings of things are for the moſt part unknown.

THE author proceeds to give ſome precepts as to the *additory*: that when one aſcribes any thing to a perſon, which does not belong to him, the lie ought to be calculated not quite contradictory to his known qualities: for example, one would not make the French King preſent at a Proteſtant conventicle; nor, like Queen Elizabeth, reſtore the overplus of taxes to his ſubjects. One would not bring in the Emperor giving two months pay in advance to his troops; nor the Dutch paying more than their *quota*. One would not make the ſame perſon zealous for a ſtanding-army and public liberty; nor an atheiſt ſupport the church; nor a lewd fellow a reformer of manners; nor a hot-headed, crack-brained coxcomb forward for a ſcheme of moderation. But if it is abſolutely neceſſary, that a perſon is to have ſome good adventitious quality given him, the author's precept is, that it ſhould not be done at firſt *in extremo gradu*. For example; they ſhould not make a covetous man give away all at once five thouſand pounds in a charitable generous way; twenty or thirty pounds may ſuffice at firſt. They ſhould not introduce a perſon of remarkable ingratitude to his benefactors, rewarding a poor man for ſome good office that was done him thirty years ago; but they may allow him to acknowledge a ſervice to a perſon, who is capable ſtill to do him another. A man, whoſe perſonal courage is ſuſpected, is not at firſt to drive whole ſquadrons before him; but he may be allowed the merit of ſome ſquabble, or throwing a bottle at his adverſary's head.

IT will not be allowed to make a great man, that is a known deſpiſer of religion, ſpend whole days in his cloſet at his devotion; but you may with ſafety make him ſit out public prayers with decency. A great man, who has never been known willingly to pay a juſt debt, ought not all of a ſudden to be introduced making reſtitution of thouſands he has cheated; let it ſuffice at firſt to pay twenty pounds to a friend, who has loſt his note.

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HE lays down the same rules in the *detractory* or *defamatory* kind; that they should not be quite opposite to the qualities the persons are supposed to have. Thus it will not be found according to the sound rules of *pseudology*, to report of a pious and religious prince, that he neglects his devotion, and would introduce heresy; but you may report of a merciful prince, that he has pardoned a criminal, who did not deserve it. You will be unsuccessful, if you give out of a great man, who is remarkable for his frugality for the public, that he squanders away the nation's money; but you may safely relate that he hoards it: you must not affirm he took a bribe; but you may freely censure him for being tardy in his payments; because tho' neither may be true, yet the last is credible, the first not. Of an open-hearted generous minister you are not to say, that he was in an intrigue to betray his country; but you may affirm, with some probability, that he was in an intrigue with a lady. He warns all practitioners to take good heed to these precepts; for want of which, many of their lies of late have proved abortive, or short-lived.

IN the *sixth* chapter he treats of the *miraculous*; by which he understands any thing that exceeds the common degrees of probability. In respect of the people it is divided into two sorts, the τὸ φοβερὸν, or the τὸ δυμοειδες, *terrifying lies*, and *animating* or *encouraging lies*, both being extremely useful on their proper occasions. Concerning the τὸ φοβερὸν he gives several rules; one of which is, that terrible objects should not be too *frequently* shewn to the people, lest they grow familiar. He says, it is absolutely necessary, that the people of England should be frighted with the French King and the Pretender once a year; but that the bears should be chained up again, till that time twelvemonth. The want of observing this so necessary a precept, in bringing out the *raw-head and bloody bones* upon every trifling occasion, has produced great difference in the vulgar of late years. As to the *animating* or *encouraging lies* he gives the following rules; that they should not far exceed the common degrees of probability; that there should be variety of them; and the same lie not obstinately insisted upon: that the *promissory* or prognosticating lies should not be upon *short days*,

days, for fear the authors ſhould have the ſhame and confuſion to ſee themſelves ſpeedily contradicted. He examines by theſe rules that well meant, but unfortunate lie of the *conqueſt of France*, which continued near *twenty years* together †; but at laſt, by being too obſtinately inſiſted upon, it was worn threadbare, and became unſucceſsful.

As to the τὸ τερατῶδες, or the *prodigious*, he has little to adviſe, but that their comets, whales, and dragons ſhould be *ſizeable*; their ſtorms, tempeſts, and earthquakes, without the reach of a *day's journey* of a man and horſe.

THE *ſeventh* chapter is wholly taken up in an inquiry, which of the *two parties* ‡ are the greateſt artiſts in *political lying*. He owns, that ſometimes the one party, and ſometimes the other, is better believed, but that they have both very great genius's amongſt them. He attributes the ill ſucceſs of either *party* to their glutting the market, and retailing too much of a bad commodity at once; when there is too great a quantity of worms, it is hard to catch gudgeons. He propoſes a ſcheme for the recovery of the credit of any *party*, which indeed ſeems to be ſomewhat chimerical, and does not favour of that ſound judgment the author has ſhewn in the reſt of the work. It amounts to this, that the party ſhould agree to vent nothing but truth for three months together, which will give them credit for ſix months lying afterwards. He owns, that he believes it almoſt impoſſible to find fit perſons to execute this ſcheme. Towards the end of the chapter, he inveighs ſeverely againſt the folly of parties in retaining ſcoundrels and men of low genius to retail their lies; ſuch as moſt of the preſent newswriters are, who, except a ſtrong bent and inclination towards the profeſſion, ſeem to be wholly ignorant in the rules of *pſeudology*, and not at all qualified for ſo weighty a truſt.

IN his next chapter he treats of ſome extraordinary

† During the reigns of K. William and Q. Anne. *Hawk.*

‡ See the Examiner, No xiv. vol. 5.

genius's, who have appeared of late years, especially in their disposition towards the *miraculous*. He advises those hopeful young men to turn their invention to the service of their country, it being inglorious, at this time, to employ their talent in prodigious fox-chases, horse-courses, feats of activity in driving of coaches, jumping, running, swallowing of peaches, pulling out whole setts of teeth to clean, &c. when their country stands so much in need of their assistance.

THE *eighth* chapter is a project for uniting the several smaller corporations of liars into one society. It is too tedious to give a full account of the whole scheme: what is most remarkable is, that this society ought to consist of the heads of each party: that no lie is to pass current without their approbation, they being the best judges of the present exigencies, and what sort of lies are demanded: that in such a corporation there ought to be men of all professions, that τὸ πρέπον, and τὸ εὐλόγον, that is, *decency* and *probability*, may be observed as much as possible; that besides the persons above-mentioned, *this* society ought to consist of the hopeful genius's about the town, (of which there are great plenty to be picked up in the several coffee-houses) travellers, virtuosos, fox-hunters, jockies, attornies, old seamen and soldiers out of the hospitals of Greenwich and Chelsea; to this society, so constituted, ought to be committed the sole management of *lying*: that in their outer-room there ought always to attend some persons endowed with a great stock of credulity, a generation that thrives mightily in this soil and climate: he thinks a sufficient number of them may be picked up any where about the Exchange: these are to circulate, what the other coin; for no man spreads a lie with so good a grace, as he that believes it: that the rule of the society be to invent a lie, and sometimes two, for every day; in the choice of which great regard ought to be had to the weather, and the season of the year: your φοβερὰ, or *terrifying lies*, do mighty well in November and December, but not so well in May and June, unless the easterly winds reign: that it ought to be penal for any body to talk of any thing but the lie of the day: that the society is to maintain a sufficient number of spies

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at court and other places, to furniſh hints and topics for invention, and a general correſpondence of all the market-towns for circulating their lies: that if any one of the ſociety were obſerved to bluſh, or look out of countenance, or want a neceſſary circumſtance in telling the lie, he ought to be expelled, and declared incapable: beſides the roaring lies, there ought to be a private committee for whiſpers, conſtituted of the ableſt men of the ſociety. Here the author makes a digreſſion in praiſe of the Whig-party, for the right underſtanding and uſe of *proof-lies*. A *proof-lie* is like a *proof-charge* for a piece of ordnance, to try a ſtandard credulity. Of ſuch a nature he takes tranſubſtantiation to be in the church of Rome, a *proof-article*, which if any one ſwallows, they are ſure he will digeſt every thing elſe: therefore the Whig-party do wiſely to try the credulity of the people ſometimes by *ſavingers*, that they may be able to judge, to what height they may charge them afterwards. Towards the end of this chapter, he warns the heads of parties againſt believing their own lies, which has proved of pernicious conſequence of late, both a wiſe party and a wiſe nation having regulated their affairs upon lies of their own invention. The cauſes of this he ſuppoſes to be too great a zeal and intenſeneſs in the practice of this *art*, and a vehement heat in mutual converſation, whereby they perſuade one another, that what they wiſh, and report to be true, is really ſo: that all parties have been ſubject to this misfortune. The Jacobites have been conſtantly infeſted with it; but the Whigs of late ſeemed even to exceed them in this ill habit and weakneſs. To this chapter the author ſubjoins a *calendar* of lies, proper for the ſeveral months of the year.

THE *ninth* chapter treats of the *celerity and duration* of lies. As to the *celerity* of their motion, the author ſays it is almoſt incredible: he gives ſeveral inſtances of lies, that have gone faſter, than a man can ride poſt: your *terrifying lies* travel at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour; your *whiſpers* move in a narrow vortex, but very ſwiftly. The author ſays, it is impoſſible to explain ſeveral *phænomena* in relation to the celerity of lies, without the ſuppoſition of *ſynchroniſm* and combination.

As to the *duration* of lies, he ſays, there are of all ſorts, from hours and days to ages; that there are ſome, which, like inſects, die and revive again in a different form; that good artiſts, like people who build upon a ſhort leaſe, will calculate the duration of a lie ſurely to anſwer their purpoſe; to laſt juſt as long, and no longer, than the turn is ſerved.

THE *tenth* chapter treats of the characteriſtics of lies; how to know, when, where, and by whom invented? Your Dutch, Engliſh, and French ware are amply diſtinguiſhed from one another; an *Exchange lie* from one coined at the other end of the town: great judgment is to be ſhewn as to the place where the ſpecies is intended to circulate: very low and baſe coin will ſerve for Wapping: there are ſeveral coffee-houſes that have their particular ſtamps, which a judicious practitioner may eaſily know. All your great men have their proper *phantaſtics*. The author ſays, he has attained by ſtudy and application to ſo great ſkill in this matter, that bring him any lie, he can tell whoſe image it bears ſo truly, as the great man himſelf ſhall not have the face to deny it. The *promiſſory-lies* of great men are known by ſhouldering, hugging, ſqueezing, ſmiling, bowing; and their lies in matter of fact by immoderate ſwearing.

HE ſpends the whole *eleventh* chapter on one ſimple queſtion, "Whether a lie is beſt contradicted by truth, "or by another lie?" The author ſays, that, conſidering the large extent of the cylindrical ſurface of the ſoul, and the great propenſity to believe lies in the generality of mankind of late years, he thinks the propereſt contradiction to a lie is another lie. For example, if it ſhould be reported, that the pretender was at London, one would not contradict it by ſaying, he never was in England; but you muſt prove by eye witneſſes, that he came no farther than Greenwich, and then went back again. Thus if it be ſpread about, that a great perſon were dying of ſome diſeaſe you muſt not ſay the truth, that they are in health, and never had ſuch a diſeaſe, but that they are ſlowly recovering of it. So there was not long ago a gentleman, who affirmed, that the treaty with France, for bringing popery and ſlavery into England, was ſigned

the

the 15th of September; to which another anſwered ry judiciouſly, not by oppoſing truth to his lie, there was no ſuch treaty; but that to his certain kı ledge, there were many things in that treaty not yet juſted.

The account of the ſecond volume of this exce treatiſe is reſerved for another time.

REASONS humbly offered by the company exerciſing the trade and myſtery of UPHOLDERS, againſt part of the BILL, *for the better viewing, ſearching, and examining drugs, medicines,* &c. 1724 †.

BEING called upon by ſeveral retailers and diſpenſers of drugs and medicines about town, to uſe our endeavours againſt the bill now depending *for viewing*, &c. In regard of our common intereſt, and in gratitude to the ſaid retailers and diſpenſers of medicines, which we have always found to be very effectual, we preſume to lay the following reaſons before the public againſt the ſaid bill.

THAT the company of upholders "are far from being "averſe to the giving of drugs and medicines in gene-"ral," provided they be of ſuch qualities as we require, and adminiſtred by ſuch perſons, in whom our company juſtly repoſe the greateſt confidence: and provided they tend to the encouragement of trade, and the conſumption of the *woollen manufacture* of this kingdom.

WE beg leave to obſerve, that "there hath been no "complaint from any of the nobility, gentry, and citi-"zens whom we have attended." Our practice, which conſiſts chiefly in outward applications, having been always ſo effectual, that none of our patients have been obliged to undergo a ſecond operation, excepting one gentlewoman; who, after her firſt burial, having burthened her huſband with a new brood of poſthumous children, her ſecond funeral was by us performed without any farther charges to the ſaid huſband of the deceaſed. And we humbly hope, that one ſingle inſtance of this kind, a misfortune owing merely to the avarice of a ſexton in cutting off a ring, will not be imputed to any want of ſkill, or care in our company.

WE

† In the year 1724 the phyſicians made application to parliament to prevent apothecaries diſpenſing medicines without the preſcription of a phyſician: during which this tract was diſperſed in the court of requeſts. *Hawkeſ.*

We humbly conceive, that the "power by this bill "lodged in the cenſors of the college of phyſicians," to reſtrain any of his Majeſty's ſubjects from diſpenſing, and well diſpoſed perſons from taking what medicines they pleaſe, "is a manifeſt encroachment on the liberty "and property of the ſubject."

As the company, exerciſing the trade and myſtery of upholders, have an undiſputed right in and upon the bodies of all and every the ſubjects of the kingdom; we conceive the paſſing of this bill, tho' not abſolutely depriving them of their ſaid right, might keep them *out of poſſeſſion* by unreaſonable *delays*, to the great detriment of our company and their numerous families.

We hope it will be conſidered, that there are multitudes of neceſſitous heirs and penurious parents, perſons in pinching circumſtances with numerous families of children, wives that have lived long, many robuſt aged women with great jointures, elder brothers with bad underſtandings, ſingle heirs of great eſtates, whereby the collateral line are for ever excluded, reverſionary patents, and reverſionary promiſes of preferments, leaſes upon ſingle lives, and play-debts upon joint lives, and that the perſons ſo aggrieved have no hope of being ſpeedily relieved any other way, than by the diſpenſing of drugs and medicines in the manner they now are; burying *alive* being judged repugnant to the known laws of this kingdom.

That there are many of the deceaſed, who by certain mechanical motions and powers are carried about town, who would have been put into our hands long before this time, by any other well-ordered government: by want of a due *police* in this particular, our company have been great ſufferers.

That frequent funerals contribute to preſerve the genealogies of families, and the honours conferred by the crown, which are no where ſo well illuſtrated as on this ſolemn occaſion; to maintain neceſſitous clergy; to enable the clerks to appear in decent habits to officiate of Sundays; to feed the great retinue of ſober and melancholy men, who appear at the ſaid funerals, and who muſt ſtarve without conſtant and regular employment. Moreover, we deſire it may be remembered, that by the

paſſing

paſſing of this bill the nobility and gentry will have their *old coaches* lie upon their hands, which are now employed by our company.

And we further hope, that frequent funerals will not be diſcouraged, as is by this bill propoſed, it being the only method left of *carrying* ſome people to *church*.

We are afraid, that by the hardſhips of this bill our company will be reduced to leave their buſineſs here, and "practiſe at York and Briſtol, where the free uſe of bad "medicines will be ſtill allowed."

"It is therefore hoped, that no ſpecious pretence "whatſoever will be thought ſufficient to introduce an "arbitrary and unlimited power for people to live (in "defiance of art)" as long as they can by the courſe of nature, to the prejudice of our company, and the decay of trade.

That as our company are like to ſuffer in ſome meaſure by the power given to phyſicians to diſſect the bodies of malefactors, we humbly hope, that the manufacture of caſes for ſkeletons will be reſerved ſolely to the coffin-makers.

We likewiſe humbly preſume that the intereſts of the ſeveral trades and profeſſions, which depend upon ours, may be regarded; ſuch as that of hearſes, coaches, coffins, epitaphs, and bell-ropes, ſtone-cutters, feathermen, and bell-ringers; and eſpecially the manufacturers of crapes; and the makers of *ſnuff*, who uſe great quantities of old coffins, and who, conſidered in the conſumption of their drugs, employ by far the greateſt number of hands of any manufacture of the kingdom.

To

To the Right Honourable the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of London,

The humble PETITION of the Colliers, Cooks, Cook-maids, Blackſmiths, Jack-makers, Braſiers, and others,

SHEWETH,

THAT whereas certain *virtuoſi*, diſaffected to the government, and to the trade and proſperity of this kingdom, taking upon them the name and title of CATOPTRICAL VICTUALLERS, have preſumed by gathering, breaking, folding, and bundling up the *ſun-beams*, by the help of certain *glaſſes*, to make, produce, and kindle up ſeveral new *focus's*, or fires, within theſe his Majeſty's dominions, and thereby to boil, bake, ſtew, fry, and dreſs all ſorts of victuals and proviſions, to brew, diſtil ſpirits, ſmelt oar, and in general to perform all the offices of culinary fires; and are endeavouring to procure to themſelves the monopoly of this their ſaid invention: We beg leave humbly to repreſent to your honours,

THAT ſuch grant or patent will utterly ruin and reduce to beggary your petitioners, their wives, children, ſervants, and trades on them depending; there being nothing left to them, after the ſaid invention, but warming of cellars, and dreſſing of ſuppers in the winter time. That the aboliſhing ſo conſiderable a branch of the coaſting trade, as that of the colliers, will deſtroy the navigation of this kingdom. That whereas the ſaid *catoptrical victuallers* talk of making uſe of the *moon* by night, as of the *ſun* by day, they will utterly ruin the numerous body of *tallow-chandlers*, and impair a very conſiderable branch of the *revenue*, which ariſes from the *tax* upon tallow and candles.

THAT the ſaid *catoptrical victuallers* do profane the emanations of that glorious luminary the *ſun*, which is appointed to *rule the day*, and not to *roaſt mutton*. And we humbly conceive, it will be found contrary to the known

known laws of this kingdom, to confine, foreſtall, and monopolize the beams of the ſun. And whereas the ſaid *catoptrical victuallers* have undertaken by burning glaſſes made of ice to roaſt an ox upon the Thames next winter; we conceive all ſuch practices to be an encroachment upon the rights and privileges of the company of watermen.

THAT the diverſity of expoſition of the ſeveral kitchens in this great city, whereby ſome receive the rays of the ſun ſooner, and others later, will occaſion great irregularity as to the time of dining of the ſeveral inhabitants, and conſequently great uncertainty and confuſion in the diſpatch of buſineſs: and to thoſe, who, by reaſon of their northern expoſition, will be ſtill forced to be at the expences of culinary fires, it will reduce the price of their manufacture to ſuch inequality, as is inconſiſtent with common juſtice: and the ſame inconveniency will affect landlords in the value of their rents.

THAT the uſe of the ſaid glaſſes will oblige cooks, and cook-maids to ſtudy optics and aſtronomy, in order to know the due diſtances of the ſaid *focus's*, or fires, and to adjuſt the poſition of their glaſſes to the ſeveral altitudes of the ſun, varying according to the hours of the day, and the ſeaſons of the year; which ſtudies, at theſe years, will be highly troubleſome to the ſaid cooks and cook-maids, not to ſay any thing of the utter incapacity of ſome of them to go thro' with ſuch difficult arts; or (which is ſtill a greater inconvenience) it will throw the whole art of *cookery* into the hands of aſtronomers and glaſs-grinders, perſons utterly unſkilled in other parts of that profeſſion, to the great detriment of the health of his Majeſty's good ſubjects.

THAT it is known by experience, that meat roaſted with ſun-beams is extremely unwholeſome; witneſs ſeveral that have died ſuddenly after eating the proviſions of the ſaid *catoptrical victuallers*; foraſmuch as the ſun-beams taken inwardly render the humours too hot and aduſt, occaſion great ſweatings, and dry up the rectual moiſture.

THE ſun-beams taken inwardly ſhed a malignant influence upon the brain by their natural tendency towards the moon; and produce madneſs and diſtraction at the time of the full moon. That the conſtant uſe of ſo great

great quantities of this inward light will occaſion the growth of quakeriſm to the danger of the church, and of poetry to the danger of the ſtate.

THAT the influences of the conſtellations, thro' which the ſun paſſes, will with his beams, be conveyed into the blood; and when the ſun is among the horned ſigns, may produce ſuch a ſpirit of unchaſtity, as is dangerous to the honour of your worſhips families.

THAT mankind living much upon the ſeeds and other parts of plants, theſe being impregnated with the ſun-beams, may vegetate and grow in the bowels, a thing of more dangerous conſequence to human bodies than breeding of worms; and this will fall heavieſt upon the poor, who live upon roots; and the weak and ſickly, who live upon barley and rice-gruel, *&c.* for which we are ready to produce to your honours the opinions of eminent phyſicians, that the taſte and property of the victuals is much altered to the worſe by the ſaid *ſolar cookery*, fricaſſes being deprived of the *haut gout* they acquired by being dreſſed over charcoal.

Laſtly, Should it happen by an eclipſe of an extraordinary length, that this city ſhould be deprived of the ſun-beams for ſeveral months; how will his Majeſty's ſubjects ſubſiſt in the interim, when common cookery, with the arts depending upon it, is totally loſt?

IN conſideration of theſe, and many other inconveniencies, your petitioners humbly pray, that your honours would either totally prohibit the confining and manufacturing the *ſun-beams* for any of the uſeful purpoſes of life, or, in the inſuing parliament, procure a tax to be laid upon them, which may anſwer both the duty and price of coals, and which we humbly conceive cannot be leſs than thirty ſhillings *per* yard ſquare, reſerving the ſole right and privilege of the *catoptrical cookery* to the *royal ſociety*, and to the commanders and crew of the bomb-veſſels, under the direction of Mr Whiſton for finding out the longitude, who by reaſon of the remoteneſs of their ſtations, may be reduced to ſtreights for want of firing.

AND

AND we likewiſe beg, that your honours, as to the forementioned points, would hear the Reverend Mr Flamſtead, who is the legal officer appointed by the government to *look after the heavenly luminaries*, whom we have conſtituted our truſty and learned ſolicitor.

It

It cannot rain but it pours,

OR,

London ſtrowed with Rarities.

Being an account of the arrival of a white bear, at the houſe of Mr Ratcliff in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet: as alſo of Fauſtina, the celebrated Italian ſinging woman; and of the copper-farthing Dean from Ireland. And laſtly, Of the wonderful wild man that was nurſed in the woods of Germany by a wild beaſt, hunted and taken in toyls; how he behaveth himſelf like a dumb creature, and is a Chriſtian like one of us, being called Peter; and how he was brought to court all in green, to the great aſtoniſhment of the quality and gentry, 1726.

WE ſhall begin with a deſcription of Peter the ſavage, deferring our other curioſities to ſome following papers.

ROMULUS and Remus, the two famous wild men of antiquity, and Orſin that of the moderns, have been juſtly the admiration of all mankind: nor can we preſage leſs of this wild youth, as may be gathered from that famous and well known prophecy of Lilly's, which being now accompliſhed, is moſt eaſily interpreted:

When Rome ſhall wend to Benevento,
And Eſpagne break the Aſſiento;
When eagle ſplit ſhall fly to China,
And Chriſtian folks adore Fauſtina:
Then ſhall an oak be brought to bed
Of creature neither taught nor fed;
Great feats ſhall be atchieve——

The Pope is now going to Benevento: the Spaniards have broke their treaty; the Emperor trades to China; and Lilly, were he alive, muſt be convinced, that it was not the Empreſs Fauſtina, that was meant in the prophecy.

It is evident, by ſeveral tokens about this wild gentleman, that he had a father and mother like one of us; but there being no regiſter of his chriſtening, his age is only to be gueſſed at by his ſtature and countenance, and appeareth to be about twelve or thirteen. His being ſo young was the occaſion of the great diſappointment of the ladies, who came to the drawing-room in full expectation of ſome attempt upon their chaſtity: ſo far is true, that he endeavoured to kiſs the young lady Walpole, who, for that reaſon, is become the envy of the circle; this being a declaration of nature in favour of her ſuperior beauty.

Aristotle ſaith, that man is the moſt mimic of all animals; which opinion of that great philoſopher is ſtrongly confirmed by the behaviour of this wild gentleman, who is endowed with that quality to an extreme degree. He received his firſt impreſſions at court: his manners are firſt to lick people's hands, and then turn his breech upon them; to thruſt his hand into every body's pocket; to climb over people's heads; and even to make uſe of the royal hand to take what he has a mind to. At his firſt appearance he ſeiſed on the Lord Chamberlain's ſtaff, and put on his hat before the King; from whence ſome have conjectured, that he is either deſcended from a grandee of Spain, or the Earls of Kingſale in Ireland. However, there are manifeſt tokens of his innate ambition; he is extremely tenacious of his own property, and ready to invade that of other people. By this mimic quality he diſcovered, what wild beaſt had nurſed him: obſerving children to aſk bleſſing of their mothers, one day he fell down upon his knees to a ſow, and muttered ſome ſounds in that humble poſture.

It has been commonly thought, that he is Ulrick's natural brother, becauſe of ſome reſemblance of manners, and the officious care of Ulrick about him; but the ſuperiority of parts and genius in Peter demonſtrates this to be impoſſible.

Twel

THO' he is ignorant both of antient and modern languages, (that care being left to the ingenious phyſician, who is intruſted with his education) yet he diſtinguiſhes objects by certain ſounds framed to himſelf; which Mr Rotenberg, who brought him over, underſtands perfectly. Beholding one day the ſhambles with great fear and aſtoniſhment, ever ſince he calls man by the ſame ſound, which expreſſeth wolf. A young lady is a peacock, old women magpys and owls; a beau with a *toupee*, a monkey; glaſs, ice; blue, red, and green ribbons, he calls rainbow; an heap of gold, a turd. The firſt ſhip he ſaw, he took to be a great beaſt ſwimming on her back, and her feet tied above her: the men, that came out of the hold, he took to be her cubs, and wondered they were ſo unlike their dame. He underſtands perfectly the language of all beaſts and birds, and is not, like them, confined to that of one ſpecies. He can bring any beaſt what he calls for, and no doubt is much miſſed now in his native woods, where he uſed to do good offices among his fellow-citizens, and ſerved as a mediator to reconcile their differences. One day he warned a flock of ſheep, that were driving to the ſhambles, of their danger; and upon uttering ſome ſounds, they all fled. He takes vaſt pleaſure in converſation with horſes; and going to the Muſe to converſe with two of his intimate acquaintances in the king's ſtables, as he paſſed by, he neighed to the horſe at Charing-croſs, being, as it were, ſurpriſed to ſee him ſo high; he ſeemed to take it ill, that the horſe did not anſwer him; but I think no body can undervalue his underſtanding for not being ſkilled in ſtatuary.

HE expreſſeth his joy moſt commonly by neighing; and whatever the philoſophers may talk of their riſibility, neighing is a more noble expreſſion of that paſſion than laughing, which ſeems to me to have ſomething ſilly in it; and beſides, is often attended with tears. Other animals are ſenſible they debaſe themſelves by mimicking laughter; and I take it to be a general obſervation, that the top felicity of mankind is to imitate monkeys and birds; witneſs Harlequins, Scaramouches, and Maſqueraders: on the other hand, monkeys, when they would look extremely *ſilly*, endeavour to bring themſelves down to

mankind. Love he expreſſes by the cooing of a dove, and anger by the croaking of a raven; and it is not doubted, but that he will ſerve in time as an interpreter between us and other animals.

GREAT inſtruction is to be had from this wild youth in the knowledge of ſimples; and I am of opinion, that he ought always to attend the cenſors of the college in their viſitation of apothecaries ſhops.

I am told, that the new *ſect* * of *herb-eaters* intend to follow him into the fields, or to beg him for a clerk of their kitchen; and that there are many of them now thinking of turning their children into the woods to graze with the cattle, in hopes to raiſe a healthy and moral race, refined from the corruptions of this luxurious world.

HE ſings naturally ſeveral pretty tunes of his own compoſing, and with equal facility in the *chromatic*, *inharmonic*, and *diatonic* ſtyle, and conſequently muſt be of infinite uſe to the academy in judging of the merits of their compoſers, and is the only perſon, that ought to decide betwixt Cuzzoni and Fauſtina †.

I cannot omit his firſt notion of cloaths, which he took to be the natural ſkins of the creatures that wore them, and ſeemed to be in great pain for the pulling off a ſtocking, thinking the poor man was a fleaing.

I am not ignorant, that there are diſaffected people, who ſay he is a *pretender*, and no genuine wild man. This calumny proceeds from the falſe notions they have of wild men, which they frame from ſuch, as they ſee about the town, whoſe actions are rather abſurd than wild; therefore it will be incumbent on all young gentlemen who are ambitious to excel in this character, to copy this true original of nature.

THE ſenſes of this wild man are vaſtly more acute, than thoſe of a tame one; he can follow the track of a man, or any other beaſt of prey. A dog is an aſs to him for finding *trouſles*; his hearing is more perfect, becauſe his ears not having been confined by bandages, he can move

* Dr Cheyne's followers. *Hawkeſ.*

† Two rival ſingers at that time in the Italian operas here. *Hawkeſ.*

move them like a drill, and turn them towards the ſonorous object.

"Let us pray the Creator of all beings, wild and "tame, that as this wild youth, by being brought to "court, has been made a Chriſtian; ſo ſuch as are at "court, and are no Chriſtians, may lay aſide their ſa-"vage and rapacious nature, and return to the meek-"neſs of the goſpel."

The NARRATIVE of Dr ROBERT NORRIS concerning the *ſtrange* and *deplorable frenzy* of Mr JOHN DENNIS *, an officer of the cuſtom-houſe.

Written in the year 1713.

IT is an acknowledged truth, that nothing is ſo dear to an honeſt man as his good name, nor ought he to neglect the juſt vindication of his character, when it is injuriouſly attacked by any man. The perſon I have at preſent cauſe to complain of, is indeed in very melancholy circumſtances, it having pleaſed God to deprive him of his ſenſes, which may extenuate the crime in him. But I ſhould be wanting in my duty, not only to *myſelf*, but alſo to my fellow creatures, to whom my talents may prove of benefit, ſhould I ſuffer my profeſſion or honeſty to be undeſervedly aſperſed. I have therefore reſolved to give the public an account of all, that has paſt between the unhappy gentleman and myſelf.

ON the 20th inſtant, while I was in my cloſet, pondering the caſe of one of my patients, I heard a knocking at my door, upon opening of which entered an old woman with tears in her eyes, and told me, that without my aſſiſtance her maſter would be utterly ruined. I was forced to interrupt her ſorrow by inquiring her maſter's name and place of abode. She told me, he was one Mr Dennis, an officer of the cuſtom-houſe, who was taken *ill* of a violent frenzy laſt April, and had continued in thoſe melancholy circumſtances with few or no intervals. Upon this I aſked her ſome queſtions relating to his humour and

* The hiſtory of Mr Dennis is to be ſeen in Jacob's Lives of the Poets; or in Mr Pope's Dunciad, among the notes upon which the curious reader may find ſome extracts from his writings. The occaſion of this narrative ſufficiently appears from the Doctor's own words. Hawkeſ.

and extravagancies, that I might the better know under what regimen to put him, when the cauſe of his diſtemper was found out. Alas, Sir, *ſays ſhe*, this day fortnight in the morning a poor ſimple child came to him from the printer's; the boy had no ſooner entered the room, but he cried out, *the devil was come*. He often ſtares ghaſtfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his teeth the word *Cator*. or *Cato*. or ſome ſuch thing. Now, Doctor, this Cator is certainly a *witch*, and my poor maſter is under an evil tongue; for I have heard him ſay Cator has bewitched the whole nation. It pitied my very heart to think, that a man of my maſter's underſtanding and great ſcholarſhip, who, as the child told me, had a book of his own in print, ſhould talk ſo outrageouſly. Upon this I went and laid out a groat for a horſe-ſhoe, which is at this time nailed on the threſhold of his door; but I don't find my maſter is at all the better for it; he perpetually ſtarts and runs to the window when any one knocks, crying out, "S'death! a meſſenger from the "French King! I ſhall die in the Baſtile."

HAVING ſaid this, the old woman preſented me with a vial of his urine; upon examination of which I perceived the whole temperament of his body to be exceeding *hot*. I therefore inſtantly took my cane and my beaver, and repaired to the place where he dwelt.

WHEN I came to his lodgings near Charing-croſs, up *three pair* of ſtairs, (which I ſhould not have publiſhed in this manner, but that this lunatic conceals the place of his reſidence on purpoſe to prevent the good offices of thoſe charitable friends and phyſicians, who might attempt his cure) when I came into the room, I found this unfortunate gentleman ſeated on his bed, with Mr Bernard Lintot bookſeller on the one ſide of him, and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have ſince learned, calls himſelf a *grammarian*; the latitude of whoſe countenance was not a little eclipſed by the fulneſs of his peruke. As I am a black lean man, of a pale viſage, and hang my cloaths on ſomewhat ſlovenly, I no ſooner went in, but he frowned upon me, and cried out with violence, "*S'death, a Frenchman!* I am betrayed to the "tyrant! who could have thought the Queen would "*have delivered* me up to France in this treaty, and leaſt

"leaſt of all that you, my friends, would have been in "a conſpiracy againſt me?"—Sir, *ſaid I*, here is neither plot nor conſpiracy, but for your advantage. The recovery of your ſenſes requires my attendance, and your friends ſent for me on no other account. I then took a particular ſurvey of his perſon, and the furniture and diſpoſition of his apartment. His aſpect was furious, his eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he rolled about in an uncommon manner. He often opened his mouth, as if he would have uttered ſome matter of importance, but the ſound ſeemed loſt inwardly. His beard was grown, which they told me he would not ſuffer to be ſhaved, believing the modern dramatic poets had corrupted all the barbers in the town to take the firſt opportunity of cutting his throat. His eye-brows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with indignation, when any thing was ſpoken, inſomuch that he ſeemed not to have ſmoothed his fore-head for many years. His flannel night-cap, which was exceedingly begrimed with ſweat and dirt, hung upon his left ear; *the flap of* his breeches dangled between his legs, and the rolls of his ſtockings fell down to his ankles.

I obſerved his room was hung with old tapeſtry, which had ſeveral holes in it, cauſed, as the old woman informed me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers tyrants, the fierceneſs of whoſe viſages had much provoked him. On all ſides of his room were pinned a great many ſheets of a tragedy called Cato, with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words *abſurd*, *monſtrous*, *execrable*, were every where written in ſuch large characters, that I could read them without my ſpectacles. By the fire-ſide lay three farthings-worth of ſmall coal in a Spectator, and behind the door huge heaps of papers of the ſame title, which his nurſe informed me ſhe had conveyed thither out of his ſight, believing they were books of the black art: for her maſter never read in them, but he was either quite moped, or in raving-fits. There was nothing neat in the whole room, except ſome books on his ſhelves very well bound and gilded, whoſe names I had never before heard of, nor I believe were any where elſe to be found; ſuch as *Gibraltar, a comedy*; *Remarks on Prince Arthur*; *The grounds of criticiſm*

in

in poetry; *An eſſay on public ſpirit*. The only one I had any knowledge of was a *Paradiſe Loſt*, interleaved. The whole floor was covered with manuſcripts, as thick as a paſtry-cook's ſhop on a Chriſtmas eve. On his table were ſome ends of verſe and of candles; a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half-dead ale covered with a Longinus.

As I was caſting my eyes round on all this odd furniture with ſome earneſtneſs and aſtoniſhment, and in a profound ſilence, I was on a ſudden ſurprized to hear the man ſpeak in the following manner.

"BEWARE, Doctor, that it fare not with you as with "your predeceſſor the famous Hippocrates, whom the "miſtaken citizens of Abdera ſent for in this very man-"ner to cure the philoſopher Democritus; he returned "full of admiration at the wiſdom of that perſon, whom "he had ſuppoſed a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was "thus Ariſtotle himſelf, and all the great antients, ſpent "their days and nights, wrapt up in criticiſm, and be-"ſet all around with their own writings. As for me, "whom you ſee in the ſame manner, be aſſured I have "none other diſeaſe, than a ſwelling in my legs, whereof "I ſay no more, ſince your art may further certify you."

I began now to be in hopes, that his caſe had been miſrepreſented, and that he was not ſo far gone, but ſome timely medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper queries, which, with the anſwers made to me, I ſhall ſet down in form of a dialogue, in the very words they were ſpoken, becauſe I would not omit the leaſt circumſtance in this narrative; and I call my conſcience to witneſs, as if upon oath, that I ſhall tell the truth without addition or diminution.

Dr. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this ſwelling?

Denn. By a criticiſm.

Dr. A criticiſm! that's a diſtemper I never read of.

Denn. S'death, Sir, a diſtemper! It is no diſtemper, but a noble art. I have ſat fourteen hours a day at it; and are you a Doctor, and don't know there's a communication between the legs and the brain?

Dr. What made you ſit ſo many hours, Sir?

Denn. Cato, Sir.

Dr.

Dr. Sir, I ſpeak of your diſtemper; what gave you this tumour?

Denn. Cato, Cato, Cato †.

Old Wom. For God's ſake, Doctor, name not this evil ſpirit; it is the whole cauſe of his madneſs: alas! poor maſter is juſt falling into his fits.

Mr Lintot. Fits! Z—what fits! A man may well have ſwellings in his legs, that ſits writing fourteen hours in a day. He got this by the *Remarks*.

Dr. The *Remarks*! what are thoſe?

Denn. S'death! have you never read my remarks? I will be damned, if this dog Lintot ever publiſhed my advertiſements.

Mr Lintot. Z—! I publiſhed advertiſement upon advertiſement; and if the book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G—, as much has been done for the book, as could be done for any book in Chriſtendom.

Dr. We do not talk of books, Sir; I fear thoſe are the fuel that feed his *delirium*; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this diſcourſe.

I deſire a word in private with this other gentleman, who ſeems a grave and ſenſible man: I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are his apothecary.

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

Dr. I doubt it not. What regimen have you obſerved, ſince he has been under your care? You remember, I ſuppoſe, the paſſage of Celſus, which ſays, if the patient on the third day have an interval, ſuſpend the medicaments at night? Let fumigations be uſed to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted ſternutation by hellebore.

Gent. Sir, no ſuch matter, you utterly miſtake.

Dr. Miſtake: am I not a phyſician? and ſhall an apothecary diſpute my *noſtrums*?—You may perhaps have filled up a preſcription or two of *Ratcliff*'s, which chanced to ſucceed, and with that very preſcription, injudiciouſly preſcribed to different conſtitutions, have deſtroyed a multitude. *Pharmacopola componat, medicus ſolus preſcribat.*

† Remarks on Cato, publiſhed by Mr D. in the year 1712.

bat. Fumigate him, I ſay, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Denn. S'death, Sir, my friend an apothecary! a baſe mechanic! He who, like myſelf, profeſſes the nobleſt ſciences in the univerſe, criticiſm and poetry! Can you think I would ſubmit my writings to the judgment of an apothecary! By the immortals, he himſelf inſerted three whole paragraphs in my *Remarks*, had a hand in my *Public ſpirit*, nay, aſſiſted me in my deſcription of the *furies and infernal regions* in my *Appius*.

Mr Lintot. He is an author; you miſtake the gentleman, Doctor; he has been an author theſe twenty years, to his bookſeller's knowledge, and no man's elſe.

Denn. Is all the town in a combination? Shall poetry fall to the ground? Muſt our reputation be loſt to all foreign countries! O deſtruction! perdition! *Opera! Opera*!* As poetry once raiſed cities, ſo when poetry fails, cities are overturned, and the world is no more.

Dr. He raves, he raves; Mr Lintot, I pray you pinion down his arms, that he may do no miſchief.

Denn. O I am ſick, ſick to death!

Dr. That is a good ſymptom, a very good ſymptom. To be ſick to death (ſay the modern phyſicians) is an excellent ſymptom. When a patient is ſenſible of his pain, it is half a cure. Pray, Sir, of what are you ſick?

Denn. Of every thing, of every thing. I am ſick of the *ſentiments*, of the *diction*, of the *protaſis*, of the *epitaſis*, and the *cataſtrophe*.—Alas! what is become of the *drama*, the *drama?*

Old Wom. The *dram*, Sir? Mr Lintot drank up all the *gin* juſt now; but I'll go fetch more preſently!

Denn. O ſhameful want, ſcandalous omiſſion! By all the immortals, here is no *peripætia*, no change of fortune in the tragedy; Z—no change at all!

Old Wom. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, I'll fetch *change*.

Dr. Hold your peace, woman; his fit increaſes; good Mr Lintot, hold him.

Mr Lintot. Plague on't! I am damnably afraid, they are

* He wrote a treatiſe proving the decay of public ſpirit to proceed from Italian operas.

are in the right of it, and he is mad in earneſt. If he ſhould be really mad, who the devil will buy the *Remarks?* [*Here Mr Lintot ſcratched his head.*]

Dr. Sir, I ſhall order you the cold bath to-morrow—Mr Lintot, you are a ſenſible man; pray ſend for Mr Verdier's ſervant, and as you are a friend to the patient, be ſo kind as to ſtay this evening, whilſt he is cupped on the head. The ſymptoms of his madneſs ſeem to be deſperate; for Avicen ſays, that if learning be mixed with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments, till it be totally exhauſted. We muſt eradicate theſe undigeſted ideas out of the *pericranium*, and reduce the patient to a competent knowledge of himſelf.

Denn. Caitiffs ſtand off, unhand me, miſcreants! Is the man, whoſe whole endeavours are to bring the town to reaſon, mad? Is the man, who ſettles poetry on the baſis of antiquity, mad? Dares any one aſſert, there is a *peripætia* in that wiſe piece, that's foiſted upon the town for a dramatic poem? That man is mad, the town is mad, the world is mad. See Longinus in my right-hand, and Ariſtotle in my left; I am the only man among the moderns that ſupport them. Am I to be aſſaſſinated? and ſhall a bookſeller, who hath lived upon my labours, take away that life, to which he owes his ſupport?

Gent. By your leave, gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I muſt not ſee my friend ill treated; he is no more affected with lunacy than myſelf: I am alſo of the ſame opinion as to the *peripætia*——Sir, by the gravity of your countenance and habit, I ſhould conceive you to be a graduate phyſician; but by your indecent and boiſterous treatment of this man of learning, I perceive you are a violent ſort of *perſon*, I am loath to ſay, *quack*, who, rather than his drugs ſhould lie upon his own hands, would get rid of them by cramming them into the mouths of others: the gentleman is of good condition, ſound intellectuals, and unerring judgment: I beg you will not oblige me to reſent theſe proceedings.

THESE were all the words that paſſed among us at this time; nor was there need for more, it being neceſſary,

ſary we ſhould make uſe of force in the cure of my patient.

I privately whiſpered the old woman to go to Mr Verdier's in Long-Acre, with orders to come immediately with cupping-glaſſes; in the mean time, by the aſſiſtance of Mr Lintot, we locked his friend into a cloſet, who, it is plain from his laſt ſpeech, was likewiſe touched in his intellects, after which we bound our lunatic hand and foot down to the bedſted, where he continued in violent ravings, notwithſtanding the moſt tender expreſſions we could uſe to perſuade him to ſubmit to the operation, till the ſervant of Verdier arrived. He had no ſooner clapped half a dozen cupping-glaſſes on his head, and behind his ears, but the gentleman above-mentioned burſting open the cloſet, ran furiouſly upon us, our Mr Dennis's bandages, and let drive at us with a vaſt folio, which ſorely bruiſed the ſhin of Mr Lintot; Mr John Dennis alſo, ſtarting up with cupping-glaſſes on his head, ſeized another folio, and with the ſame dangerouſly wounded me in the ſkuil, juſt above my right temple. The truth of this fact Mr Verdier's ſervant is ready to atteſt upon oath, who, taking an exact ſurvey of the volumes, found that, which wounded my head, to be Gruterus's *Lampas Critica*, and that which broke Mr Lintot's ſhin, was Scaliger's *Poetices*. After this Mr John Dennis, ſtrengthened at once by rage and madneſs, ſnatched up a peruke-block, that ſtood by the bedſide, and wielded it round in ſo furious a manner, that he broke three of the cupping-glaſſes from the crown of his head, ſo that much blood trickled down his viſage.— He looked ſo ghaſtly, and his paſſion was grown to ſuch a prodigious height, that myſelf, Mr Lintot, and Verdier's ſervant were obliged to leave the room in all the expedition imaginable.

I took Mr Lintot home with me, in order to have our wounds dreſt, and laid hold of that opportunity of entering into diſcourſe with him about the madneſs of this perſon, of whom he gave me the following remarkable relation:

THAT on the 17th of May, 1712, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, Mr John Dennis entered into his ſhop, and opening one of the volumes of

the Spectator, in the large paper, did ſuddenly, without the leaſt provocation, tear out that of No—where the author treats of poetical juſtice, and caſt it into the ſtreet. That the ſaid Mr John Dennis, on the 27th of March, 1712, finding on the ſaid Mr Lintot's counter a book called an *Eſſay on criticiſm*, juſt then publiſhed, he read a page or two with much frowning, till coming to these two lines;

> Some have at firſt for wits, then poets paſt,
> Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.

He flung down the book in a terrible fury, and cried, *By G—d he means me*.

THAT being in his company on a certain time, when Shakeſpear was mentioned as of a contrary opinion to Mr Dennis, he ſwore the ſaid Shakeſpear was a *raſcal*, with other defamatory expreſſions, which gave Mr Lintot a very ill opinion of the ſaid Shakeſpear.

THAT about two months ſince, he came again into the ſhop, and caſt ſeveral ſuſpicious looks on a gentleman that ſtood by him, after which he deſired ſome information concerning that perſon. He was no ſooner acquainted, that the gentleman was a new author, and that his firſt piece was to be publiſhed in a few days, but he drew his ſword upon him, and had not my ſervant luckily catched him by the ſleeve, I might have loſt one author upon the ſpot, and another the next ſeſſions.

UPON recollecting all theſe circumſtances Mr Lintot was entirely of opinion, that he had been mad for ſome time; and I doubt not, but this whole narrative muſt ſufficiently convince the world of the exceſs of his frenzy. It now remains, that I give the reaſons, which obliged me, in my own vindication, to publiſh this whole unfortunate tranſaction.

IN the firſt place, Mr John Dennis had induſtriouſly cauſed to be reported, that I entered into his room, *vi et armis*, either out of a deſign to deprive him of his life, or of a new play called *Coriolanus*, which he has had ready for the ſtage theſe four years.

SECONDLY, He hath given out, about Fleetſtreet and the temple, that I was an accomplice with his bookſeller, who

who viſited him with intent to take away divers valuable manuſcripts, without paying him copy-money.

THIRDLY, He hath told others, that I am no graduate phyſician, and that he had ſeen me upon a mountebank ſtage in Moorfields when he had lodgings in the college there.

FOURTHLY, Knowing that I had much practice in the city, he reported at the Royal-Exchange, Cuſtom-houſe, and other places adjacent, that I was a foreign ſpy, employed by the French King to convey him into France; that I bound him hand and foot; and that, if his friend had not burſt from his confinement to his relief, he had been at this hour in the Baſtile.

ALL which ſeveral aſſertions of his are ſo very extravagant, as well as inconſiſtent, that I appeal to all mankind, whether this perſon be not out of his ſenſes. I ſhall not decline giving and producing further proofs of this truth in open court, if he drives the matter ſo far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may reſtore him to the full enjoyment of his underſtanding: ſo wiſheth, as becometh a Chriſtian,

ROBERT NORRIS, M. D.

From my houſe in Snow-hill;
July the 30th, 1713.

God ſave the Queen.

A full and true ACCOUNT of a horrid and barbarous REVENGE BY POISON, on the body of Mr EDMUND CURLL, bookſeller.

With a faithful copy of his laſt will and teſtament.

HISTORY furniſheth us with examples of many ſatirical *authors*, who have fallen ſacrifices to revenge, but not of any *bookſellers*, that I know of, except the unfortunate ſubject of the following paper; I mean Mr Edmund Curll, at the Bible and Dial in Fleetſtreet, who was yeſterday poiſoned by Mr Pope, after having lived many years an inſtance of the mild temper of the Britiſh nation.

EVERY body knows, that the ſaid Mr Edmund Curll, on Monday the 26th inſtant, publiſhed a ſatirical piece, intitled. *Court poems*, in the preface whereof they were attributed to a Lady of quality, Mr Pope, or Gay; by which indiſcreet method, tho' he had eſcaped one revenge, there were ſtill two behind in reſerve.

Now, on the Wedneſday enſuing, between the hours of ten and eleven, Mr Lintot, a neighbouring bookſeller, deſired a conference with Mr Curll, about ſettling a *title-page*, inviting him at the ſame time to take a *whet* together. Mr Pope, who is not the only inſtance how perſons of bright parts may be carried away by the inſtigation of the devil, found means to convey himſelf into the ſame room, under pretence of buſineſs with Mr Lintot, who, it ſeems, is the printer of his Homer. This gentleman, with a ſeeming coolneſs, reprimanded Mr Curll for wrongfully aſcribing to him the aforeſaid poems: he excuſed himſelf by declaring, that one of his authors (Mr Oldmixon by name) gave the copies to the preſs, and wrote the *preface*. Upon this Mr Pope, being to all appearance reconciled, very civilly drank a glaſs of ſack to Mr Curll, which he as civilly pledged; and tho' the liquor, in colour and taſte, differed not from common ſack,

ſack, yet was it plain, by the pangs this unhappy ſtationer felt ſoon after, that ſome poiſonous drug had been ſecretly infuſed therein.

ABOUT eleven o' clock he went home, where his wife obſerving his colour changed, ſaid, "Are you not ſick, "my dear? He replied, "Bloody ſick;" and incontinently fell a vomiting and ſtraining in an uncommon and unnatural manner, the contents of his vomiting being as green as graſs. His wife had been juſt reading a book of her huſband's printing concerning Jane Wenham, the famous witch of Hertford, and her mind miſgave her, that he was *bewitched*; but he ſoon let her know, that he ſuſpected poiſon, and recounted to her, between the intervals of his yawnings, and retchings, every circumſtance of his interview with Mr Pope.

MR Lintot in the mean time coming in, was extremely affrighted at the ſudden alteration he obſerved in him: "Brother Curll, *ſays he*, I fear you have got the vomit-"ing diſtemper; which, I have heard, kills in half an "hour. This comes from your not following my ad-"vice, to drink old hock in a morning, as I do, and ab-"ſtain from ſack." Mr Curll replied in a moving tone, "Your author's ſack, I fear, has done my buſineſs." "Z—ds, *ſays Mr Lintot*, my author!——Why did not "you drink old hock?" Notwithſtanding which rough remonſtrance, he did in the moſt friendly manner preſs him to take warm water; but Mr Curll did with great obſtinacy refuſe it; which made Mr Lintot infer, that he choſe to die, as thinking to recover greater damages.

ALL this time the ſymptoms increaſed violently, with acute pains in the lower belly. "Brother Lintot, *ſays* "*he*, I perceive my laſt hour approaching; do me the "friendly office to call my partner, Mr Pemberton, that "we may ſettle our worldly affairs." Mr Lintot, like a kind neighbour, was haſtening out of the room, while Mr Curll raved aloud in this manner: "If I ſurvive "this, I will be revenged on Tonſon; it was he firſt "detected me as the printer of theſe poems, and I will "reprint theſe very poems in his name." His wife admoniſhed him not to think of revenge, but to take care of his ſtock and his ſoul: and in the ſame inſtant Mr Lin-

tot, whose goodness can never be enough applauded, returned with Mr Pemberton. After some tears jointly shed by these humane booksellers, Mr Curll being, as he said, in his perfect senses, though in great bodily pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal will, Mrs Curll having first put on his night-cap, in the following manner:

GENTLEMEN, in the first place, I do sincerely pray forgiveness for those indirect methods I have pursued in inventing new titles to old books, putting authors names to things they never saw, publishing private quarrels for public entertainment; all which I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honest livelihood.

I do also heartily beg pardon of all persons of honour, lords spiritual and temporal, gentry, burgesses, and commonalty, to whose abuse I have any or every way contributed by my publications; particularly, I hope it will be considered, that if I have vilified his grace the Duke of Marlborough, I have likewise aspersed the late Duke of Ormond; if I have abused the honourable Mr Walpole, I have also libelled the Lord Bolingbroke: so that I have preserved that equality and impartiality, which becomes an honest man in times of faction and division.

I call my conscience to witness, that many of these things, which may seem malicious, were done out of charity; I having made it wholly my business to print for poor disconsolate authors, whom all other booksellers refuse. Only God bless Sir Richard Blackmore! you know he takes no copy-money.

THE second collection of poems, which I groundlessly called Mr Prior's, will sell for nothing, and hath not yet paid the charge of the advertisements, which I was obliged to publish against him: therefore you may as well suppress the edition, and beg that gentleman's pardon in the name of a dying Christian.

THE French Cato, with the criticism shewing how superior it is to Mr Addison's (which I wickedly ascribed to Madam Dacier) may be suppressed at a reasonable rate, being damnably translated.

I protest I have no animosity to Mr Rowe, having printed part of *Callipædia*, and an incorrect edition of his

his poems without his leave in quarto. Mr Gildon's *Rehearſal*, or *Bays the younger*, did more harm to me than to Mr Rowe; though upon the faith of an honeſt man, I paid him double for abuſing both him and Mr Pope.

HEAVEN pardon me for publiſhing the *Trials of Sodomy*, in an Elziver letter! but I humbly hope, my printing Sir Richard Blackmore's *Eſſays* will attone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of theſe laſt, (which is near the whole impreſſion, preſents excepted) and let my poor widow have in exchange the ſole property of the copy of Madam Maſcranny.

[" Here Mr Pemberton interrupted, and would by " no means conſent to this article, about which ſome diſ- " pute might have ariſen unbecoming a dying perſon, if " Mr Lintot had not interpoſed, and Mr Curll vomit- " ed."]

" What this poor unfortunate man ſpoke afterwards, " was ſo indiſtinct, and in ſuch broken accents, (being " perpetually interrupted by vomitings) that the reader " is intreated to excuſe the confuſion and imperfection " of this account."

DEAR Mr Pemberton, I beg you to beware of the indictment at Hicks's-hall for publiſhing Rocheſter's bawdy poems; that copy will otherwiſe be my beſt legacy to my dear wife, and helpleſs child.

THE caſe of impotence was my beſt ſupport all the laſt long vocation.

[" IN this laſt paragraph Mr Curll's voice grew more " free, for his vomitings abated upon his dejections, and " he ſpoke what follows from his cloſe-ſtool."]

FOR the copies of noblemens and biſhops laſt wills and teſtaments, I ſolemnly declare, I printed them not with any purpoſe of defamation; but merely as I thought thoſe copies lawfully purchaſed from doctors commons at one ſhilling a piece. Our trade in wills turning to ſmall account, we may divide them blindfold.

FOR Mr Manwaring's *Life*, I aſk Mrs Oldfield's pardon: neither his nor my Lord Hallifax's lives, though they were of ſervice to their country, were of any to me: but I was reſolved, ſince I could not print their works

works while they lived, to print their lives after they were dead.

WHILE he was ſpeaking theſe words Mr Oldmixon entered. "Ah! Mr Oldmixon, ſaid poor Mr Curll, to "what a condition have your works reduced me! I die "a martyr to that unlucky preface. However, in theſe "my laſt moments I will be juſt to all men; you ſhall "have your third ſhare of the *Court Poems*, as was ſti-"pulated. When I am dead, where will you find "another bookſeller? Your *Proteſtant pocket* might have "ſupported you, had you writ a little leſs ſcurrilouſly; "there is a meaning in all things."

HERE Mr Lintot interrupted. "Why not find ano-"ther bookſeller, brother Curll?" and then took Mr Oldmixon aſide and whiſpered him: "Sir, as ſoon as "Curll is dead, I ſhall be glad to talk with you over a "pint at the Devil."

Mr Curll now turning to Mr Pemberton, told him, he had ſeveral taking title-pages, that only wanted *treatiſes* to be wrote to them; and earneſtly deſired, that when they were written, his heirs might have ſome ſhare of the profit of them.

AFTER he had ſaid this, he fell into horrible gripings, upon which Mr Lintot adviſed him to repeat the Lord's prayer. He deſired his wife to ſtep into the ſhop for a *Common prayer book*, and read it by the help of a candle without heſitation. He cloſed the book, fetched a groan, and recommended to Mrs Curll to give forty ſhillings to the poor of the pariſh of St Dunſtan's, and a week's wages advance to each of his gentlemen-authors, with ſome ſmall gratuity in particular to Mrs Centlivre.

THE poor man continued for ſome hours with all his diſconſolate family about him in tears, expecting his final diſſolution; when of a ſudden he was ſurprizingly relieved by a plentiful fœtid ſtool, which obliged them all to retire out of the room. Notwithſtanding, it is judged by Sir Richard Blackmore, that the poiſon is ſtill latent in his body, and will infallibly deſtroy him by ſlow degrees in leſs than a month. It is to be hoped, the other enemies of this wretched ſtationer will not further purſue their revenge, or ſhorten this ſhort period of his miſerable life.

A fur-

A further Account of the moſt deplorable Condition of Mr Edmund Curll bookſeller.

THE public is already acquainted with the manner of Mr Curll's impoiſonment by a faithful, though unpolite hiſtorian of Grubſtreet. I am but the continuer of his hiſtory; yet I hope a due diſtinction will be made between an undignified ſcribler of a ſheet and a half, and the author of a three-penny ſtitched book, like myſelf.

"Wit, ſaith Sir Richard Blackmore §, proceeds from "a concurrence of regular and exalted ferments, and an "affluence of animal ſpirits rectified and refined to a "degree of purity." On the contrary, when the igneous particles riſe with the vital liquor, they produce an abſtraction of the rational part of the ſoul, which we commonly call *madneſs*. The verity of this hypotheſis is juſtified by the ſymptoms, with which the unfortunate Mr Edmund Curll bookſeller hath been afflicted, ever ſince his ſwallowing the poiſon at the Swan-tavern in Fleet-ſtreet. For though the *neck* of his *retort*, which carries up the animal ſpirits to the head, is of an extraordinary length; yet the ſaid animal ſpirits riſe muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable particles of this uncommon poiſon.

The ſymptoms of his departure from his uſual temper of mind were at firſt only "ſpeaking civilly to his cuſtom-"ers, fingeing a pig with a new purchaſed libel, and re-"fuſing two-and-nine-pence for Sir Richard Blackmore's "Eſſays."

As the poor man's frenzy encreaſed, he began to "void his excrements in his bed, read Rocheſter's baw-"dy poems to his wife, gave Oldmixon a ſlop on the "chops, and would have kiſſed Mr Pemberton's A—— "by violence."

But at laſt he came to ſuch a paſs, that he would "dine "upon nothing but copper-plates, took a clyſter for a "whipt ſyllabub, and made Mr Lintot eat a ſuppoſitory "for a radiſh, with bread and butter.

We

§ Blackmore's Eſſays, vol. i.

WE leave it to every tender wife to imagine, how ſorely all this afflicted poor Mrs Curll: at firſt ſhe privately put a *bill* into ſeveral churches, deſiring the prayers of the congregation for a wretched ſtationer diſtempered in mind. But when ſhe was ſadly convinced, that his misfortune was public to all the world, ſhe writ the following letter to her good neighbour Mr Lintot.

A true copy of Mrs Curll's letter to Mr Lintot.

WORTHY MR LINTOT,

" YOU and all the neighbours know too well the " frenzy, with which my poor man is viſited. I " never perceived he was out of himſelf, till that me- " lancholy day, that he thought he was poiſoned in a " glaſs of ſack; upon this he ran a vomiting all over " the houſe, nay, in the new-waſhed dining-room. Alas! " this is the greateſt adverſity, that ever befel my poor " man, ſince he loſt *one teſticle* at ſchool by the bite of " a black boar. Good Lord! if he ſhould die, where " ſhould I diſpoſe of the *ſtock*? unleſs Mr Pemberton " or you would help a diſtreſſed widow; for God knows, " he never publiſhed any books that laſted above a week, " ſo that if he wanted daily books, we wanted daily " bread. I can write no more, for I hear the rap of " Mr Curll's ivory-headed cane upon the counter.—Pray " recommend me to your paſtry-cook, who furniſhes you " yearly with tarts in exchange for your paper, for Mr " Curll has diſobliged ours, ſince his fits came upon " him;—before that, we generally lived upon baked " meats.—He is coming in, and I have but juſt time to " put his *ſon* out of the way for fear of miſchief: ſo " wiſhing you a merry Eaſter, I remain your

" Moſt humble ſervant,

C. CURLL."

" P. S. As to the report of my poor huſband's ſteal- " ing o' *calf*, it is really groundleſs, for he always binds " in *ſheep*."

BUT

BUT return we to Mr Curll, who all Wedneſday continued outrageouſly mad. On Thurſday he had a *lucid interval*, that enabled him to ſend a general ſummons to all his authors. There was but one porter, who could perform this office, to whom he gave the following bill of directions, where to find them. This bill, together with Mrs Curll's original letter, lie at Mr Lintot's ſhop to be peruſed by the curious.

Inſtructions to a porter how to find Mr Curll's author.

" AT a tallow-chandler's in Petty France, half way " under the blind arch: aſk for the hiſtorian.

" AT the Bedſted and Bolſter, a muſic-houſe in Moor-" fields, two tranſlators in a bed together.

" AT the Hercules and Still in Vinegar-yard, a " ſchool-maſter with carbuncles on his noſe.

" AT a blackſmith's ſhop in the Friers, a pindaric " writer in red ſtockings.

" IN the Calendar-mill-room at Exeter-change, a " compoſer of meditations.

" AT the three Tobacco pipes in Dog and Bitch-yard, " one that has been a parſon, he wears a blue cambleteen " coat, trimmed with black: my beſt writer againſt re-" vealed religion.

" AT Mr Summers a thief-catcher's, in Lewkner's " Lane, the man that wrote againſt the impiety of Mr " Rowe's plays.

" AT the Farthing-pye-houſe in Tooting fields, the " young man, who is writing my new Paſtorals.

" AT the Laundreſſes, at the Hole in the Wall in " Curſitors-alley, up three pair of ſtairs, the author of " my *Church-Hiſtory*,—if his flux be over—you may alſo " ſpeak to the gentleman, who lies by him in the flock-" bed, my *Index-maker*.

" THE Cook's† wife in Buckingham-court; bid her " bring along with her the *ſimiles*, that were lent her " for her next new play.

" CALL at Budge Row for the gentleman, you uſed to " go

† Mrs Centlivre.

" go to in the *cockloft*; I have taken away the *ladder*,
" but his landlady has it in keeping.

" I don't much care if you aſk at the Mint for the old
" beetle-browed critic, and the purblind poet at the Al-
" ley over-againſt St Andrew Holburn. But this as
" you have time.

ALL theſe gentlemen appeared at the hour appointed in Mr Curll's dining-room, two excepted; one of whom was the gentleman in the cockloft, his landlady being out of the way, and the *gradus ad Parnaſſum* taken down; the other happened to be too cloſely watched by the bailiffs.

THEY no ſooner entered the room, but all of them ſhewed in their behaviour ſome *ſuſpicion* of each other; ſome turning away their heads with an air of contempt; others ſquinting with a leer, that ſhewed at once fear and indignation, each with a haggered abſtracted mein, the lively picture of *ſcorn*, *ſolitude*, and *ſhort commons*. So when a keeper feeds his hungry charge of *vultures*, panthers, and of Libyan leopards, each eyes his fellow with a fiery glare; high hung, the bloody liver tempts their maw. Or as a houſewife ſtands before her pales, ſurrounded by her geeſe; they fight, they hiſs, they gaggle, beat their wings, and down is ſcattered as the winter's ſnow, for a poor grain of oats, or tare, or barley. Such looks ſhot thro' the room tranſverſe, oblique, direct; ſuch was the ſtir and din, till Curll thus ſpoke, (but without riſing from his cloſe-ſtool.)

" *Whores* and *authors* muſt be paid beforehand to put
" them in good humour: therefore here is half a-crown
" a piece for you to drink your own healths, and con-
" fuſion to Mr Addiſon, and all other ſucceſsful writers.

" AH gentlemen! what have I not done? what have
" I not ſuffered, rather than the world ſhould be depriv-
" ed of your lucubrations? I have taken involuntary
" purges, I have been vomited, three times have I been
" caned, once was I hunted, twice was my head broke
" by a granadier, twice was I toſſed in a blanket; I
" have had boxes on the ear, ſlaps on the chops; I have
" been frighted, pumped, kicked, ſlandered, and be-
" ſhitten.——I hope, gentlemen, you are all convinced,

that

" that this author of Mr Lintot's could mean nothing " elſe but ſtarving you, by poiſoning me. It remains " for us to conſult the beſt and ſpeedieſt methods of re- " venge."

He had ſcarce done ſpeaking, but the hiſtorian propoſed a hiſtory of his life. The Exeter-Exchange gentleman was for penning articles of his faith. Some pretty ſmart Pindaric, ſays the red-ſtocking poet, would effectually do his buſineſs. But the *index-maker* ſaid, there was nothing like an *index* to his Homer.

After ſeveral debates, they came to the following reſolutions:

" *Reſolved*, That every member of this ſociety, ac- " cording to his ſeveral abilities, ſhall contribute ſome " way or other to the defamation of Mr Pope.

" *Reſolved*, That towards the libelling of the ſaid " Pope there be a ſum employed not exceeding ſix pounds " ſixteen ſhillings and nine pence (not including adver- " tiſements.)

" *Reſolved*, That he has on purpoſe, in ſeveral paſ- " ſages, perverted the true ancient Heathen ſenſe of " Homer, for the more effectual propagation of the " Popiſh religion.

" *Reſolved*, That the printing of Homer's *battles* at " this junctnre has been the occaſion of all the diſturb- " ances of this kingdom.

" *Ordered*, That Mr Barnivelt * be invited to be a " member of this ſociety, in order to make further diſ- " coveries."

" *Reſolved*, That a number of effective *errata*'s be " raiſed out of Pope's Homer (not exceeding 1746,)and " that every gentleman, who ſhall ſend in one error, for " his encouragement ſhall have the whole works of this " ſociety *gratis*.

" *Reſolved*, That a ſum not exceeding ten ſhillings and " ſix-pence be diſtributed among the members of this ſo-

* *The key to the lock*, a pamphlet written by Mr Pope, in which *The rape of the lock* was with great ſolemnity proved to be a political libel, *was publiſhed* in the name of Eſdras Barnivelt apothecary. *Hawkeſ.*

" ciety for *coffee* and *tobacco*, in order to enable them " the more effectually to defame him in *coffee-houſes*.

" *Reſolved*, That towards the further leſſening the " character of the ſaid Pope, ſome perſons be deputed " to abuſe him at ladies *tea-tables*, and that in conſidera- " tion our authors are not well dreſſed enough, Mr " C—y and Mr Ke—l be deputed for that ſervice.

" *Reſolved*, That a *ballad* be made againſt Mr Pope, " and that Mr Oldmixon*, Mr Gildon†, and Mrs Cent- " livre‡, do prepare and bring in the ſame.

" *Reſolved*, That above all, ſome effectual ways and " means be found to encreaſe the joint ſtock of the re- " putation of this ſociety, which at preſent is exceeding " low, and to give their works the greater currency; " whether by raiſing the denomination of the ſaid works " by counterfeit title-pages, or mixing a greater quan- " tity of the fine metal of other authors with the alloy " of this ſociety.

" *Reſolved*, That no member of this ſociety for the " future mix *ſtout* in his *ale* in a morning, and that Mr " B—remove from the Hercules and Still.

" *Reſolved*, That all our members, (except the *cook's* " *wife*) be provided with a ſufficient quantity of the " *vivifying drops*, or Byfield's *ſal volatile*.

" *Reſolved*, That Sir Richard Blackmore || be appoint- "ed to endue this ſociety with a large quantity of *regu-*

" *lar*

* Oldmixon was all his life a party writer for hire: and after having falſified Daniel's Chronicle in many places, he charged three eminent perſons with falſifying Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory, which was diſproved by Dr Atterbury, Biſhop of Rocheſter, the only ſurvivor of them. *Hawkeſ.*

† Mr Gildon, a writer of criticiſms and libels, who abuſed Mr Pope in ſeveral pamphlets and books printed by Curll. *Hawkeſ.*

‡ Mrs Suſannah Centlivre, wife of Mr Centlivre, yeoman of the mouth to his Majeſty, wrote a ſong before ſhe was ſeven years old, and many plays: ſhe wrote alſo a ballad againſt Mr Pope's Homer, before he began it. *Hawkeſ.*

|| Sir Richard Blackmore, in his Eſſays, vol. ii. p. 270. accuſed Mr Pope in very high and ſober terms, of prophaneneſs and immorality, on the mere report of Curll, that he was author of a traveſtie on the firſt Pſalm. *Hawkeſ.*

"*lar and exalted ferments*, in order to *enliven* their *cold ſentiments* (being his true receipt to make wits) *."

THESE reſolutions being taken, the aſſembly was ready to break up, but they took ſo near a part in Mr Curll's afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him ſome advice to reinſtate him in his health.

MR GILDON was of opinion, that in order to drive a *Pope* out of his *belly*, he ſhould get the mummy of ſome deceaſed *Moderator* of the *general aſſembly* in Scotland to be taken inwardly as an effectual antidote againſt *Anti-chriſt*; but Mr Oldmixon did conceive, that the *liver* of the perſon who adminiſtred the poiſon, boiled in broth, would be a more certain cure.

WHILE the company were expecting the thanks of Mr Curll for theſe demonſtrations of their zeal, a whole pile of Sir Richard's *Eſſays* on a ſudden fell on his head; the ſhock of which in an inſtant brought back his delirium. He immediately roſe up, overturned the cloſe-ſtool, and beſh-t the *Eſſays* (which may probably occaſion a *ſecond edition*) then without putting up his breeches, in a moſt furious tone he thus broke out to his books, which his diſtempered imagination repreſented to him as alive, coming down from their ſhelves fluttering their leaves, and flapping their covers at him.

NOW *G—d damn all folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos!* ungrateful varlets that you are, who have ſo long taken up my houſe without paying for your lodging! Are you not the beggarly brood of fumbling *journeymen!* born in *garrets* among *lice* and *cobwebs*, nurſed up on *grey peas*, *bullocks liver*, and *porters ale?*——Was not the firſt light you ſaw, the *farthing* candle I paid for? Did you not come before your time into *dirty ſheets* of brown paper?——And have not I clothed you in double *royal*, lodged you handſomely on *decent ſhelves*, laced your *backs* with *gold*, equipt you with ſplendid *titles*, and ſent you into the world with the names of *perſons of quality?* Muſt I be *always* plagued with you? Why flutter ye your leaves and flap your covers at me? "Damn ye all, ye wolves in ſheeps cloathing; rags ye

* See page 313.

" were, and to rags ye ſhall return." Why hold you forth your *texts* to me, ye paltry *ſermons?*——Why cry ye,—at every word to me, ye *bawdy poems?*—To my ſhop at Tunbridge ye ſhall go, by G—, and thence be drawn like the reſt of your predeceſſors, bit by bit, to the *paſſage-houſe*; for in this preſent emotion of my bowels, how do I compaſſionate thoſe, who have great need, and nothing to wipe their breech with?

HAVING ſaid this, and at the ſame time recollecting that his own was yet unwiped, he abated of his fury, and with great gravity applied to that function the unfiniſhed ſheets of the conduct of the Earl of Nottingham.

A ſtrange

A ſtrange but true RELATION how Mr EDMUND CURLL, of Fleetſtreet, ſtationer, out of an extraordinary deſire of lucre, went into 'Change-alley, and was converted from the Chriſtian religion by certain eminent Jews; and how he was circumciſed, and initiated into their myſteries.

AVARICE (as Sir Richard, in the third page of his Eſſays hath elegantly obſerved) " is an inordinate " impulſe of the ſoul towards the amaſſing or heaping " together a ſuperfluity of wealth without the leaſt re- " gard of applying it to its proper uſes."

AND how the mind of man is poſſeſſed with this vice, may be ſeen every day both in the city and ſuburbs thereof. It has been always eſteemed by Plato, Puffendorff, and Socrates, as the darling vice of old age: but now our young men are turned uſurers and ſtock-jobbers; and, inſtead of luſting after the real wives and daughters of our rich citizens, they covet nothing but their money and eſtates. Strange change of vice! when the concupiſcence of youth is converted into the covetouſneſs of age, and thoſe appetites are now become VENAL, which ſhould be VENEREAL.

IN the firſt place, let us ſhew you how many of the antient worthies and heroes of antiquity have been undone and ruined by this deadly ſin of avarice.

I ſhall take the liberty to begin with Brutus, that noble Roman. Does not Ætian inform us, that he received fifty broad pieces for the aſſaſſination of that renowned Emperor Julius Cæſar, who fell a ſacrifice to the Jews, as Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey did to the Papiſts?

DID not Themiſtocles let in the Goths and Vandals into Carthage for a ſum of money, where they barbarouſly put out the other eye of the famous Hannibal? as Herodotus hath it in his ninth book upon the Roman medals.

EVEN the great Cato (as the late Mr Addiſon hath very well obſerved) though otherwiſe a gentleman of good ſenſe, was not unſullied by this pecuniary contagion; for he ſold Athens to Artaxerxes Longimanus for a hundred *rix-dollars*, which in our money will amount to two *talents* and thirty *ſeſtertii*, according to Mr Demoivre's calculation. "See Heſiod in his ſeventh chapter of Feaſts "and Feſtivals."

ACTUATED by the ſame diabolical ſpirit of gain, Sylla the Roman Conſul ſhot Alcibiades the Senator with a piſtol, and robbed him of ſeveral bank bills and 'chequer notes to an immenſe value; for which he came to an untimely end, and was denied Chriſtian burial. Hence comes the proverb *incidat in Syllam*.

To come near to our own times, and give you one modern inſtance, though well known, and often quoted by hiſtorians, *viz.* Echard, Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus, Virgil, Horace, and others. It is that, I mean, of the famous Godfrey of Bulloigne, one of the great heroes of the holy war, who robbed Cleopatra Queen of Egypt of a diamond necklace, ear-rings, and a Tompion's gold watch (which was given her by Mark Anthony;) all theſe things were found in Godfrey's breeches pocket, when he was killed at the ſiege of Damaſcus.

WHO then can wonder, after ſo many great and illuſtrious examples, that Mr Edmund Curll the ſtationer ſhould renounce the *Chriſtian religion* for the *Mammon* of unrighteouſneſs, and barter his precious faith for the filthy proſpect of lucre in the preſent fluctuation of ſtocks.

IT having been obſerved to Mr Curll, by ſome of his ingenious authors, (who I fear are not over-charged with any religion) what immenſe ſums the Jews had got by *bubbles* *, &c. he immediately turned his mind from the buſineſs, in which he was educated, but thrived *little*, and

* *Bubble* was a name given to all the extravagant projects, for which ſubſcriptions were raiſed, and negociated at vaſt premiums in 'Change-alley, in the year 1720. A name, which alluded to their production by the ferment of the South-ſea, and not to their ſplendor, emptineſs and inutility: for it did not become a name of reproach in this caſe, till time completed the metaphor, and the bubble broke. Hawkeſ.

and resolved to quit his shop for 'Change-alley. Whereupon falling into company with the Jews at their club at the sign of the Cross in Cornhill, they began to tamper with him upon the most important points of the *Christian faith*, which he for some time zealously, and, *like a good Christian, obstinately* defended. They promised him *Paradise*, and many other advantages *hereafter*, but he artfully insinuated, that he was more inclinable to listen to *present* gain. They took the hint, and promised him, that immediately upon his conversion to their persuasion he should become as rich as a Jew.

THEY made use likewise of several other arguments; to wit,

THAT the wisest man that ever was, and inasmuch the richest, beyond all peradventure was a Jew, videlicet, Solomon.

THAT David, the man after God's own heart, was a Jew also. And most of the children of Israel are suspected for holding the same doctrine.

THIS Mr Curll at first strenuously denied, for indeed he thought them Roman catholics, and so far was he from giving way to their temptations, that to convince them of his Christianity he called for a *pork grisking*.

THEY now promised, if he would poison his wife, and give up his *grisking*, that he should marry the rich Ben Meymon's only daughter. This made some impression on him.

THEY then talked to him in the Hebrew tongue, which he not understanding, it was observed, had very great weight with him.

THEY now, perceiving that his *godliness* was only *gain*, desisted from all other arguments, and attacked him on his weak side, namely, that of *avarice*.

UPON which John Mendez offered him an eighth of an advantageous bargain for the *apostles creed*, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

HE then sold the *nine and thirty articles* for a *bull* *; but

* *Bulls* and *bears*. He who sells that of which he is not possessed, is proverbially said *to sell the skin before* he has caught the *bear: it was the* practice of stock-jobbers in the year 1720, to enter

but inſiſted hard upon *black-puddings*, being a great lover thereof.

JOSHUA PEREIRA engaged to let him ſhare with him in his *bottomrye*; upon this he was perſuaded out of his *Chriſtian name*; but he ſtill adhered to *black-puddings*.

SIR Gideon Lopez tempted him with *forty pound* ſubſcription in *Ram's bubble*; for which he was content to give up the *four evangeliſts*, and he was now completed a perfect Jew, all but *black-pudding* and *circumciſion*; for both of which he would have been glad to have had a diſpenſation.

BUT on the 17th of March, Mr Curll (unknown to his wife) came to the tavern aforeſaid. At his entrance into the room he perceived a meager man, with a ſallow countenance, a black forky beard, and long veſtment. In his right-hand he held a large pair of ſheers, and in his left a red hot ſearing-iron. At ſight of this, Mr Curll's heart trembled within him, and fain would he retire; but he was prevented by ſix Jews, who laid hands upon him, and unbuttoning his breeches, threw him upon the table, a pale pitiful ſpectacle.

HE now intreated them in the moſt moving tone of voice to diſpenſe with that *unmanly* ceremonial, which if they would conſent to, he faithfully promiſed, that he would eat a quarter of *paſchal lamb* with them the next Sunday following.

ALL theſe proteſtations availed him nothing, for they threatned him, that all contracts and bargains ſhould be void unleſs he would ſubmit to bear all the *outward* and *viſible* ſigns of Judaiſm.

OUR apoſtate hearing this ſtretched himſelf upon his back,

enter into contract for transferring S. S. Stock at a future time for a certain price; but he who contracted to ſell had frequently no ſtock to transfer, nor did he who bought intend to receive any in conſequence of his bargain; the ſeller was therefore called a *bear*, in alluſion to the proverb; and the buyer a *bull*, perhaps only as a ſimilar diſtinction. The contract was merely a wager to be determined by the riſe or fall of ſtock; if it roſe, the ſeller paid the difference to the buyer proportioned to the ſum determined by the ſame computation to the ſeller. *Hawkeſ.*

back, ſpread his legs, and waited for the operation: but when he ſaw the high-prieſt take up the *cleft ſtick*, he roared moſt unmercifully, and ſwore ſeveral Chriſtian oaths, for which the Jews rebuked him.

THE ſavour of the *effluvia*, that iſſued from him, convinced the old Levite, and all his aſſiſtants, that he needed no preſent purgation, wherefore without further anointing him he proceeded in his office; when by an unfortunate jerk upward of the impatient victim, he loſt five times as much as ever Jew did before.

THEY, finding that he was too much circumciſed, which, by the *levitical law*, is worſe than not being circumciſed at all, refuſed to ſtand to any of their contracts: wherefore they caſt him forth from their ſynagogue; and he now remains a moſt piteous, woful, and miſerable ſight at the ſign of the Old Teſtament and Dial in Fleet-ſtreet; his wife, poor woman, is at this hour lamenting over him, wringing her hands and tearing her hair; for the barbarous Jews ſtill keep, and expoſe at Jonathan's and Garraway's, the memorial of her loſs, and her huſband's indignity.

PRAYER.

[*To ſave the ſtamp* *.]

"KEEP us, we beſeech thee, from the hands of ſuch "barbarous and cruel Jews, who albeit they abhor "the blood of *black-puddings*, yet thirſt they vehemently "after the blood of *white ones*. And that we may avoid "ſuch like calamities, may all good and well-diſpoſed "Chriſtians be warned by this unhappy wretch's woful "example, to abominate the heinous ſin of *avarice*, "which ſooner or later, will draw them into the cruel "clutches of Satan, Papiſts, Jews, and Stock-jobbers. "*Amen.*

GOD's

* All *forms of prayer and thankſgiving, books of devotion*, &c. being excepted in the ſtatute of 12 Anne (1712) charging pamphlets and papers contained in half a ſheet with one half-penny, and *every ſuch* paper, being one whole ſheet, with a ſtamp-duty *of one penny for* every copy. *Hawkeſ.*

GOD's REVENGE againſt PUNNING.

Shewing the miſerable fates of perſons addicted to this crying ſin, in court and town.

MANIFOLD have been the judgments, which heaven, from time to time, for the chaſtiſement of a ſinful people, has inflicted on whole nations. For when the degeneracy becomes common, it is but juſt the puniſhment ſhould be general: of this kind, in our own unfortunate country, was that deſtructive peſtilence, whoſe mortality was ſo fatal, as to ſweep away, if Sir William Petty may be believed, five millions of Chriſtian ſouls, beſides women and Jews.

SUCH alſo was that dreadful conflagration *enſuing*, in this famous metropolis of London, which conſumed, according to the computation of Sir Samuel Morland, one hundred thouſand houſes, not to mention churches and ſtables.

SCARCE had this unhappy nation recovered theſe funeſt diſaſters, when the abomination of play-houſes roſe up in this land: from hence hath an inundation of obſcenity flowed from the court and overſpread the kingdom: even infants diſfigured the walls of holy temples with exorbitant repreſentations of the members of generation; nay, no ſooner had they learnt to ſpell, but they had wickedneſs enough to write the names thereof in large capitals: an enormity obſerved by travellers to be found in no country but England.

BUT when whoring and popery were driven hence by the happy *revolution*; ſtill the nation ſo greatly offended, that Socinianiſm, Arianiſm, and Whiſtoniſm triumphed in our ſtreets, and were in a manner become univerſal.

AND yet ſtill, after all theſe viſitations, it has pleaſed heaven to viſit us with a contagion more epidemical, and of conſequence more fatal: this was foretold to us, firſt,

by

by that unparalleled eclipſe in 1714: ſecondly, by the dreadful corruſcation in the air this preſent year; and, thirdly, by the nine comets ſeen at once over Soho-ſquare, by Mrs Katherine Wadlington, and others; a contagion that firſt crept in amongſt the firſt quality, deſcended to their footmen, and infuſed itſelf into their ladies: I mean the woful practice of PUNNING. This does occaſion the corruption of our language, and therein of the word of God tranſlated into our language, which certainly every ſober Chriſtian muſt tremble at.

Now, ſuch is the enormity of this abomination, that our very nobles not only commit *punning* over tea, and in taverns, but even on the Lord's-day, and in the king's chapel: therefore to deter men from this evil practice, I ſhall give ſome true and dreadful examples of God's revenge againſt *punſters*.

THE Right Honourable——but it is not ſafe to inſert the name of an eminent nobleman in this paper, yet I will venture to ſay, that ſuch a one has been *ſeen*; which is all we can ſay, conſidering the largeneſs of his ſleeves: this young nobleman was not only a flagitious *punſter* himſelf, but was acceſſary to the *punning* of others, by conſent, by provocation, by connivance, and by defence of the evil committed; for which the Lord mercifully ſpared his neck, but as a mark of reprobation *wryed his noſe*.

ANOTHER nobleman of great hopes, no leſs guilty of the ſame crime, was made the puniſher of himſelf with his own hand, in the loſs of five hundred pounds at box and dice; whereby this unfortunate young gentleman incurred the heavy diſpleaſure of his aged grandmother.

A third of no leſs illuſtrious extraction, for the ſame vice, was permitted to fall into the arms of a Dalilah, who may one day cut off his curious hair, and deliver him up to the Philiſtines.

COLONEL F——, an antient gentleman of grave deportment, gave into this ſin ſo early in his youth, that whenever his tongue endeavours to ſpeak common ſenſe, he heſitates ſo, as not to be underſtood.

THOMAS PICKLE, gentleman, for the ſame crime baniſhed to Minorca.

MULEY

MULEY HAMET, from a healthy and hopeful officer in the army, turned a miſerable invalid at Tilbury-fort.

——— EUSTACE, Eſq; for the murder of much of the king's Engliſh in Ireland is quite deprived of his reaſon, and now remains a lively inſtance of emptineſs and vivacity.

Poor Daniel Button for the ſame offence deprived of his wits.

ONE Samuel an Iriſhman, for his forward attempt to *pun*, was ſtunted in his ſtature, and hath been viſited all his life after with *bulls* and *blunders*.

GEORGE SIMMONS, ſhoemaker at Turnſtile in Holborn, was ſo given to this cuſtom, and did it with ſo much ſucceſs, that his neighbours gave out he was a wit. Which report coming among his creditors, no-body would truſt him; ſo that he is now a bankrupt, and his family in a miſerable condition.

DIVERS eminent clergymen of the univerſity of Cambridge, for having propagated this vice, became great drunkards and tories.

From which calamities, the Lord in his mercy defend us all, &c. &c.

End of the Eighth Volume.

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